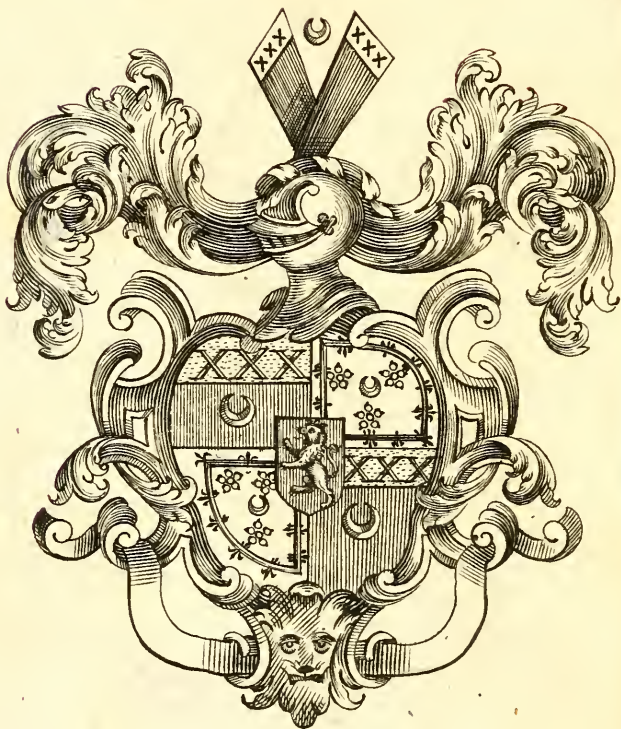




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THE
ART
OF
English POETRY.

CONTAINING,

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|---|---|
| I. RULES for making
VERSES. | <i>scriptions and Characters of Persons and Things, that are to be found in the best English POETS.</i> |
| II. A COLLECTION of
the most Natural, Agreeable and Sublime
THOUGHTS, viz.
<i>Allusions, Similes, Descriptions</i> | III. A DICTIONARY
of RHYMES. |


By EDWARD BYSSHE, Gent.

The EIGHTH EDITION Corrected
and Enlarged.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for F. CLAY, J. BROTHERTON, J. R. and J.
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MDCCXXXVII.



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THE
ART
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.

LABYRINTH. See *Jousts and Tournaments.*

L A M B:

THE tender Firstlings of the woolly Breed. *Dryd. Virg.*
Come lead me forward now, like a tame Lamb,
To Sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal Garlands,
Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,
Trots by th' enticing flatt'ring Priestess's Side ;
And, much transported with its little Pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,
Till, by her bound, he's on the Altar lain. (*Ven. Pres.*
Yet, then too, hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain. *Ottw.*

A hundred Lambs
With bleating Cries attend their milky Dams. *Dryd. Virg.*
A 2 LARK

L A R K. See *Morning*.

The Lark, that shuns on lofty Boughs to build
Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field :
But if the Promise of a cloudless Day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play ;
Then strait she shews 'twas not for want of Voice,
Or Pow'r to climb, she made so low a Choice :
Singing she mounts, her airy Wings are stretch'd
Tow'rs Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Notes she fetch'd. *Wall.*

The wise Example of the heav'nly Lark,
Thy Fellow Poet, *Cowley*, mark :
Above the Clouds let thy proud Musick sound,
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground. *Cowl.*

And now the Herald Lark,
Left his Ground-Nest, high tow'ring to descry
The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song. *Milt.*

L A U R E L. See *Daphne*.

The Laurel is the Sign of Labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground.
From Winter-Winds it suffers no Decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is *May* :
Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow,
The Life is in the Leaf, and still between
The Fits of falling Snows, appears the streaky Green. *Dryd.*
(*The Flower and the Leaf.*)

L A W and L A W Y E R.

Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
Into the noisy Markets of the Law,
The Camp of gowned War. *Cowl. Virg.*

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Pow'r ;
The Cause is bad whene'er the Client's poor :
Those strict-liv'd Men, that seem above our World,
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold ;
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold :
And the grave Knight, that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, hems, and approves the Cause. —

You save th' Expence of long litigious Laws,
Where Suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone. *Dryd.*

He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,

Is sillier than a sottish Chowse,
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his House,
Applies himself to Cunning-Men,
To help him to his Goods agen ;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain.

Had.

For Lawyers, lest Bear Defendant
And Plaintiff Dog should make an End on't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgment and Demurrer,
To let 'em breathe awhile, and then
Cry Whoop ! and set 'em on agen ;
Until with subtil Cobweb Cheats
They're catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets ;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled,
And while their Purses can dispute,
There's no End of th' immortal Suit.

Had.

'Tis Law that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady that's as false recover.
For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ablest Sages ;
Who tho' their Bus'ness at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
Then e'er the *Grecians* did the *Trojans*,
They never manage the Contest
'T' impair their publick Interest,
Or by their Controversies, lessen
The Dignity of their Profession :
For Lawyers have more sober Sense,
Than t' argue at their own Expence ;
But make their best Advantages
Of others Quarrels, like the *Swiss* ;
And out of foreign Controversies,
By aiding both Sides, fill their Purses :
But have no Int'rest in the Cause
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws ;
Nor farther Prospect than their Pay,
Whether they win or lose the Day.
And tho' th' abounded in all Ages
With sundry learned Clerks and Sages ;

Tho' all their Bus'ness be Dispute,
 With which they canvas ev'ry Suit;
 They've no Disputes about their Art,
 Nor in Polemicks controvert;
 While all Professions else are found
 With nothing but Disputes t' abound.
 Divines of all Sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians,
 The *Galenist* and *Paracelsian*,
 Condemns the Way each other deals in:
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out Work to wrangle;
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
 That in their Sleep they talk of Schemes;
 And Herald's stickle who got who,
 So many hundred Years ago.
 But Lawyers are too wise a Nation
 T' expose their Trade to Disputation;
 Or make the busy Rabble Judges
 Of all their secret Piques and Grudges:
 In which, whoever wins the Day,
 The whole Profession's sure to pay.
 Besides, no Mountebanks nor Cheats
 Dare undertake to do their Feats;
 When in all other Sciences,
 They swarm like Insects, and increase:
 For what Bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward Light, a Deed in Law?
 Or could hold forth by Revelation,
 An Answer to a Declaration?
 For those that meddle with their Tools,
 Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools.

Hud.

I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
 A Straw to understand a Case,
 Without the admirable Skill
 To wind and manage it at will;
 To veer, and tack, and steer a Cause
 Against the Weather-gage of Laws,
 And ring the Changes upon Cases,
 As plain as Noses upon Faces;
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which you've earn'd, here 'tis, your Fee. *Hud.*

L E A R N I N G.

A little Learning is a dang'rous Thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* Spring :
 There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,
 And drinking largely, sobers us again.

Pope.

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain :

A Trade of Knowledge as replete
 As others are with Fraud and Cheat :
 A Cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Men's Reason and their own ;
 A Fort of Error to insconce
 Absurdity and Ignorance ;
 That renders all the Avenues
 To Truth, impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain Things, in Debate,
 By Art, perplex'd and intricate ;
 As if Rules were not in the Schools
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
 This pagan heathenish Invention
 Is good for nothing but Contention ;
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight
 All Blows do on the Target light,
 So when Men argue, the great'st Part
 O'th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,
 Until the fustian Stuff be spent.
 And then they fall to th' Argument.

Books had spoil'd him ;

For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession. *Dryd. All for Love.*

L E T H A R G Y.

A Sleep, dull as your last, did you arrest,
 And all the Magazines of Life possess'd ;
 No more the Blood its circling Course did run,
 But in the Veins, like Isicles, it hung ;
 No more the Heart, now void of quick'ning Heat,
 The tuneful March of vital Motion beat :
 Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
 And a short Death crept cold thro' ev'ry Limb.

Oldb.

L E T H E. See *Hell*.

On the dark Banks where *Lethe's* lazy Deep
 Does its black Stores and drowsy Treasures keep, (*Blac.*
 Rolls his slow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves asleep.

LEVIATHAN. See *Creation*.

So when Leviathans dispute the Reign,
 And uncontroul'd Dominion of the Main,
 From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
 And Isles of Sea-Weed on the Waves are borne;
 Such wat'ry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
 'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

Gar.

LIBERTY. See *Brutus, Freedom*.

O *Liberty!* thou Goddess heav'nly-bright!
 Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight!
 Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
 And smiling *Plenty* leads thy wanton Train.
 Eas'd of her Load, *Subjection* grows more light,
 And *Poverty* looks chearful in thy Sight:
 Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the Day. *Add.*
 'Tis quick'ning *Liberty* that gives us Breath;
 Her Absence, more than that of Life, is Death. *Blac.*
 The Love of Liberty with Life is given, *(Arc.*
 And Life it self's th' inferior Gift of Heav'n. *Dryd. Pal. & 3*

O give me Liberty;
 For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
 Still I should long to leap the crystal Walls. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Quoth he, th' one Half of Man, his Mind,
 Is *sui Juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the Heels,
 Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,
 That makes Men Prisoners or free;
 But Perturbations that possess
 The Mind, or Equanimities.
 The whole World was not half so wide
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
 Because he had but one to subdue;
 As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not said,
 For ought that ever I could read,
 To whine, put Finger i'th' Eye, or sob,
 Because he'ad ne'er another Tub.

Hud.

L I F E.

O *Life!* thou *Nothing's* younger Brother ;
So like, that one might take one for the other !

What's Some-body or No-body ?

In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade,
We no such nice Distinction woven see,

As 'tis to be, or not to be.

Dream of a Shadow ! A Reflection made
From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow,
Is a more solid Thing than thou.

Thou weak-built *Ijbmus!* which does proudly rise
Up betwixt two Eternities ;

Yet can'st not Wave or Wind sustain,

But, broken or o'erwhelm'd, the endless Ocean meets again.

From the maternal Tomb,

To the Grave's fruitful Womb,

We call here Life ; but Life's a Name

Which nothing here can truly claim,

This wretched Inn, where we scarce stay to bave,

We call our Dwelling-place ;

We call one Step a Race.

We grow at last by Custom to believe,

That really we live ;

Whilst all these Shadows, that for Things we take, (*Carol.*)
Are but the empty Dreams, which in Death's Sleep we make.

Life is not to be bought with Heaps of Gold ;

Not all *Apollo's Pythian* Treasures hold

Can bribe the poor Possession of a Day :

Lost Herds and Treasures we by Arms regain,

And Steeds unrivall'd on the dusty Plain ;

But from our Lips the Vital Spirit fled,

Returns no more to wake the silent Dead.

Pope Hom.

When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat ;

Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit :

Trust on, and think To-morrow will repay ;

To-morrow's falser than the former Day ;

Lyes more ; and while it says we shall be blest'd

With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess'd.

Strange Coz'nage ! none would live past Years again,

Yet all hope Pleasure, in what yet remain ;

And from the Dregs of Life, think to receive

What the first sprightly Running could not give.

I'm tir'd with waiting for thy Chymick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old. *Dryd. Auren.*

To labour is the Lot of Man below;
And when *Jove* gave us Life he gave us Woe. *Pope Hom.*

For Life can never be sincerely blest'd,
Heav'n punishes the Bad, and proves the Best. *Dryd. Absal. & Achit.*

To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow,
Creep in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the last Minute of revolving Time;
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their eternal Homes.

Life's but a walking Shadow; a poor Player,
That frets and struts his Hour upon a Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing. *Shak. Mach.*

Life is but Air,
That yields a Passage to the whistling Sword,
And closes when 'tis gone. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but whilst thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short permit to Heav'n. *Milt.*

They live too long, who Happiness out-live:
For Life and Death are Things indifferent:
Each to be chose, as either brings content. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue;
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new:
Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers we're pleas'd with seeing more. *Dryd. Auren.*

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For not to live at Ease is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou liv'st, for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old-Wife's Tale, *Dryd. Perf.*

Short Bounds of Life are set to mortal Man;
'Tis Virtue's Work alone to stretch the narrow Span. *Dryd. Virg.*

Improperly we measure Life by Breath;
They do not truly live, who merit Death. *Stepn. Juv.*

Gods! Life's your Gift; then season't with such Fate,
That what you meant a Blessing, prove no Weight.
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd
Of this your Play-thing made in haste, the World;
But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace;
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease;

The Friend I trust in, and the She I love.
Then fix me, and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great, that's wretched, as you can;
Set me in Pow'r, the wofull'st State of Man,
To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a Prey,
But make Life what I ask, or tak't away.

Otw.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too :
To live and die, is all we have to do.

Denb.

L I G H T. See *Creation*.

First-born of *Chaos*! who so fair didst come
From the old *Negro's* darksome Womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Mafs put on kind Looks, and smil'd.
Thou Tide of Glory! which no rest dost know!
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Hail, active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband *Heat* and thee!
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom he.
Say, from what golden Quivers of the Sky
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftnefs and Pow'r by Birth are thine,
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine!
Swift as light Thoughts, their empty Career run;
Thy Race is finish'd when begun.
Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright Wood of Stars survey;
And all the Year dost with thee bring,
Of thousand flow'ry Lights, thy own nocturnal Spring.
Thou, *Scythian*-like, dost round thy Lands above,
The Sun's gilt Tent, for ever move;
And still, as thou in Pomp dost go,
The shining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
Nor amidst all those Triumph's dost thou scorn
The humble Glow-worm to adorn;
And with those living Spangles gild
(O Greatnefs without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.
Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
And *Sleep*, the lazy Owl of Night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear,
They skreen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemisphere;
With them there hailes, and wildly takes th' Alarm,
Of painted Dreams a busy Swarm.

At the first op'ning of the Eye,
 The various Clusters break, the antick Atoms fly.
 The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts,
 Creep conscious to their secret Rests:
 Nature to Thee does Rev'rence pay,
 Ill Omens and ill Sight remove out of thy Way.
 At thy Appearance *Grief* it self is said
 To shake his Wings, and rowze his Head ;
 And cloudy *Care* has often took
 A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.
 At thy Appearance *Fear* it self grows bold ;
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold :
 Ev'n *Lust*, the Master of a harden'd Face,
 Blushes if thou be'st in the Place ;
 To Darkness' Curtains he retires.
 In sympathizing Night he rolls his smoaky Fires.
 When, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head
 Out of the Morning's Purple Bed,
 Thy Choir of Birds about Thee Play,
 And all the joyful World salutes the rising Day.
 All the World's Brav'ry, that delights our Eyes,
 Is but thy sev'ral Liveries.
 Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st ;
 Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.
 A crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,
 A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st.
 The Virgin Lilies in their White,
 Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.
 The Violet, Springs little Infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple Swaddling-bands.
 On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,
 Thou cloath'st it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.
 But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
 In the Empyrean Heav'n does stay ;
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,
 From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must flow. *Cosm.*
 Hail holy *Light* ! Off-spring of Heaven, First-born,
 Or of th' Eternal Co-eternal Beam :
 Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate !
 Or hear'st thou rather pure etherial Stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,
 Before the Heav'ns, thou wert ; and at the Voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle, didst invest
 The rising World of Waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless Infinite :
 Thee I revisit now with bolder Wing,
 Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, tho' long detain'd
 In that obscure Sojourn ; while in my Flight
 Thro' utter, and thro' middle Darkness borne,
 With other Notes than to th' *Orpheon* Lyre,
 I sung of *Chaos* and eternal *Night* ;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark Descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Tho' hard and rare : Thee I revisit safe.
 And feel thy sov'reign vital Lamp ; but thou
 Revisit'lt not these Eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn :
 So thick a Drop Serene has quench'd their Orbs,
 Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hill,
 Smit with the Love of sacred Song : But chief
 Thee, *Sion*, and the flowry Brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit : Nor sometimes forget
 Those other Two, equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in Renown,
 Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Mæonides*,
 And *Phineas* and *Tiresias*, Prophets old :
 Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
 Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
 Or Flocks, or Herds, or human Face divine :
 But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
 Surrounds me ; from the chearful Ways of Man
 Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal Blank
 Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and ras'd ;
 And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out :
 So much the rather, thou Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
 Irradiate ; there plant Eyes, all Mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of Things invisible to mortal Sight. *Milt. Spoken of himself.*
L I G H T.

LIGHTNING. See *Greatness, Necromancer, Sickneſs, Singing, Storm, Thunder.*

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds ruſh on,
And ſtrike like Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone :
For then ſmall Sparks appear, and ſcatter'd Light
Breaks ſwiftly forth, and wakes the ſleepy Night.
The Night, amaz'd, begins to haſte away,
As if thoſe Fires were beams of coming Day. *Cree.Luc.*

As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly thro' the Sky,
Strikes and conſumes ere ſcarce it does appear,
And by the ſudden Ill, prevents the Fear. *Dryd.Ind.EMP.*

As when tempeſtuous Storms o'erſpread the Skies,
In whoſe dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies ;
The wat'ry Vapours, numberleſs, conſpire
To ſmother and oppreſs th' imprizon'd Fire ;
Which, thus collected, gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Courſe
From the Clouds gaping Womb in Lightning flies,
Flaſhing in ruddy Streaks along the Skies. *Blac.*

The diſmal Lightnings all around,
Some flying thro' the Air, ſome running on the Ground,
Some ſwimming o'er the Water's Face,
Fill'd with bright Horror ev'ry Place. *CowL.*

As when, by Lightnings, Jove's etherial Pow'r
Foretels the rattling Hail, or weighty Show'r,
Or ſends ſoft Snows to whiten all the Shore,
Or bids the brazen Throat of War to roar ;
By Fits one Flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And Heav'n flames thick with momentary Fires. *Pope Hom.*

The Clouds,
Juſtling, or puſh'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,
Tine the ſlant Lightning, whoſe thwart Flame, driv'n down,
Kindles the gummy Bark of Fir, or Pine. *Milt.*

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Huſbandry can heal the blaſting Wound ;
Nor b'aded Graſs, nor bearded Corn ſucceed,
But Scales of Scurf and Putrefaction breed. *Dryd.Hind.&Pant.*

Like Lightning's fatal Flaſh,
Which by deſtructive Thunder is purſu'd,
Blatting thoſe Fields on which it ſhin'd before. *Rob.Valent.*

As when a pointed Flame of Lightning flies,
With mighty Noiſe exploded from the Skies ;

The ruddy Terror, with resistless Strokes,
 Invades the mountain Pines, and forest Oaks;
 Wide Lanes across the Woods, and ghastly Tracks,
 Where-e'er it goes, the swift Destruction makes. *Blac.*

L I O N. See *Creation, Enjoyment, Frown, Joy, Paradise, Retreat, Revenge, Twilight.*

So some fell Lion, whom the Woods obey,
 Roars thro' the Desert, and demands his Prey. *Pope Hom.*

Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds
 A gamefome Goat, that frisks about the Folds,
 Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain,
 He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane:
 He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
 The Prey lies Panting underneath his Paws:
 He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
 With unchew'd Morfels, while he churns the Gore. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when some Huntsman, with a flying Spear,
 From the blind Thicket wounds a state'y Deer,
 Down his cleft Sides while fresh the Blood distils,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from Hills to Hills;
 'Till Life's warm Vapour issuing thro' the Wound,
 Wild mountain Wolves the fainting Beast surround:
 Just as their Jaws his prostrate Limbs invade,
 The Lion rushes thro' the woodland Shade,
 The Wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away,
 The lordly Savage vindicates his Prey. *Pope Hom.*

So, press'd with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,
 Descends a Lion on the Flocks below;
 So Stalks the lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
 In sullen Majesty and stern Disdain:
 In vain loud Mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And Shepherds gaul him with an iron War;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his Way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey. *Pope Hom.*

The famish'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
 O'er leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold,
 And tears the peaceful Flocks: With silent Awe
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his Paw. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the gen'rous Lion has in Sight
 His equal Match he rowzes for the Fight;
 But when his Foe lies prostrate on the Plain,
 He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;

And

And pleas'd with bloodless Honours of the Day. (*Panb.*
Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey. *Dryd. Hind. 5.*

As on the fleecy Flocks, when Hunger calls,
Amidst the Field a brindled Lion falls;
If chance some Shepherd with a distant Dart,
The Savage wound, he rowzes at the Smart,
He foams, he roars; the Shepherd dares not Stay,
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring Flocks a Prey;
Heaps fall on Heaps, he bathes with Blood the Ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty Mound. *Pope Hom.*

As when the lordly Lion seeks his Food,
Where grazing Heifers range the lonely Wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious Bound, (*Hom.*
Bends their strong Necks, and tears them to the Ground. *Pope.*

So two young mountain Lions, nurs'd with Blood,
In deep Recesses of the gloomy Wood,
Rush fearless to the Plain, and uncontroul'd,
Depopulate the Stalls, and waste the Fold;
'Till, pierc'd at Distance from their native Den,
O'erpow'r'd, they fall beneath the Force of Men. *Pope Hom.*

As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chace,
He makes a four Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The lordly Beast returns with double Pride:
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,
His Sides he lashes, and erects his Mane.

His Eye-balls flash with Fire,
Thro' his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus as a Lion, when he spies from far
A Bull, that seems to meditate the War,
Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,
To rush from high on his unequal Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat;
'Till caught at length within some hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain: *Amb. Stepm.*
While the surrounding Swains wound him at Pleasure. *Rosce.*

So joys a Lion, if the branching Deer,
Or mountain Goat, his bulky Prize, appear:
In vain the Youths oppose the Mastiffs bay;
The lordly Savage rends the panting Prey. *Pope Hom.*

LOOKS, or Mien. See *Beauty, Eyes.*

The King arose with awful Grace; *(Pal. & Arc.*
Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his Face. *Dryd.*

Deep on his Front, engraven,
Deliberation fate, and publick Care,
And Princely Counsel in his Face yet shone. *Milt.*

Big was he made, and tall; his Port was fierce;
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd. *Dryd. Oedip.*

His awful Presence did the Croud surprize,
Nor durst the rash Spectators meet his Eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born to Kingly Sway,
So fierce they flash'd intolerable Day. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open Sight,
August in Visage, and serenely bright:
His Mother-Goddes, with her Hands Divine,
Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples shine;
Had giv'n his rolling Eyes a sparkling Grace,
And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face;
Like polish'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold. *Dryd. Virg.*

Amid the Press appears the beauteous Boy:
His lovely Face unarm'd; his Head was bare;
In Ringlets, o'er his Shoulders, hung his Hair;
His Forehead circled with a Diadem.
Distinguish'd from the Croud, he shines, a Gem
Enchas'd in Gold; or polish'd Iv'ry, set
Amidst the meaner Foil of sable Jet. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thro' his youthful Face
Wrath checks the Beauty, and sheds manly Grace;
Both in his Looks so join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in Friends, and from an En'my Love.
Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day. *Cowp.*

What's he, who, with contracted Brow,
And sullen Port, glooms downwards with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains or Liberty?
He shuns my Kindness;
And, with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Office: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk, *(Bride.*
At least to talk where he must not command. *Cong. Mourn.*
That

That gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest,
Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul
Resolv'd and brave.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

He looks secure of Death: Superior Greatness;
Like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The Slave of my Creation.

He looks, as Man was made, with Face erect,
That scorns his brittle Corps, and seems asham'd
He's not all Spirit: His Eyes, with a dumb Pride,
Accusing Fortune, that he fell not warm;
Yet now disdains to live.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

By his warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanor, and erected Love,
He's of no vulgar Note.

Dryd. All for Love.

Methinks you breathe
Another Soul; your Looks are more divine;
You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Dryd. All for Love.

Care fate on his faded Cheek; but under Brows
Of dauntless Courage, and consid'rate Pride,
Waiting Revenge. Cruel his Eye, but cast
Signs of Remorse and Passion.

Milt.

His grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible.

Milt.

L O U D.

Loud as the Roar encount'ring Armies yield,
When shouting Millions shake the thund'ring Field.

*(Hom. Pope.)*L O V E. See *Abscence, Enjoyment.*

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find:
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down;
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise;
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r in Love.

Roch.

Love rais'd his noble Thoughts to brave Atchievements:
For Love's the Steel that strikes upon the Flint;
Gives Coldness Heat, exerts the hidden Flame, (*Love Trium.*)
And spreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

For

For Love's not always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind ;
 Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul ;
 And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool.
 Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts
 With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
 Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhyme,
 The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime :
 To lib'ral Arts enlarg'd the Narrow-sould, (*& Iph.*
 Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold. *Dryd. Cym.*

Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long ;
 You fill them with Diseases, Wants, and Woes ;
 And only dash them with a little Love,
 Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Life without Love, is Load, and Time stands still :
 What we refuse to him, to Death we give ; (*Bride.*
 And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Cong. Mourn.*

Love's an heroick Passion, which can find
 No Room in any base degen'rate Mind :
 It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
 To make the Lover worthy his Desire. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love ;
 Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,
 That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,
 No Smoak of Lust. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

What art thou, Love, thou great mysterious Thing?
 From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring?
 'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro' ev'ry Part,
 And hold'st the vast Frame fast, that nothing start
 From the dew Place and Office first ordain'd :
 By thee were all Things made, and are sustain'd. *Cowl.*

The Pow'r of Love,
 In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
 Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod ;
 By daily Miracles declar'd a God :
 He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind, (*& Arc.*
 And moulds and stamps a-new the Lover's Mind. *Dryd. Pal.*

No Law is made for Love :
 Law is to Things which to free Choice relate ;
 Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate.
 Laws are but positive ; Love's Pow'r we see
 Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.
 Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws,
 For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.
 Laws for Defence of civil Right are plac'd ; *Love*

Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen'ral Waste.
 Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction, fall; (*Pal. & Arc.*)
 The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all. *Dryd.*

In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love. *Dryd. Virg.*

For Love the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds:
 Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds. *Dryd.*

The Faults of Love, by Love are justify'd:
 With unresist'd Might the Monarch reigns,
 He raises Mountains, and he levels Plains. *Dryd. Sig. & Guise.*
 Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause;
 But Love for Love alone, that crowns the Lover's Cause.
 (*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*)

Love gives Esteem, and then he gives Desert;
 He either finds Equality, or makes it;
 Like Death, he knows no Diff'rence in Degrees,
 But plains and levels all. *Dryd. Mar. Alamode.*

By Heav'n, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she:
 Why would she asham'd, or angry be,
 To be belov'd by me?
 The Gods may give their Altars o'er;
 They'll smooke, but seldom any more,
 If none but happy Men must them adore.
 The Light'ning, which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
 To strike sometimes does not disdain
 The humble Furzes of the Plain.
 She being so high and I so low,
 Her Pow'r by this does greater show,
 Who, at such Distance, gives so sure a Blow.
 If there be Man who thinks himself so high,

As to pretend Equality,
 He deserves her less than I;
 For he would cheat for his Relief;
 And one would give, with lesser Grief,
 T' an undeserving Beggar, than a Thief.

I knew 'twas Madness to declare this Truth,
 And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.
 'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds,
 Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:
 My Merit but the rash Result of Chance,
 My Birth unequal: All the Stars against me;
 Pow'r, Promise, Choice, the Living and the Dead;
 Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me:
 But such a Love, kept at such awful Distance,

COWLEY

As what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
 Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,
 And so may Gods; else why are Altars rais'd?
 Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
 But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze, (*Span. Fry.*
 'Tis but to weep, and close our Eyes in Darknes. *Dryd.*

Love various Minds does variously inspire;
 He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fire,
 Like that of Incense on the Altars laid;
 But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade:
 A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows, (*Tyr. Love.*
 With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows. *Dryd.*
 So like the Chances are of Love and War,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
 In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly;
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die. *Wall.*

The Fate of Love is such,
 That still it sees too little or too much. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Proverb holds, That to be wise, and love,
 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
 A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is pass'd,
 And all are Fools and Lovers first or last.
 'This both by others and my self I know,
 For I have serv'd their Sov'reign long ago;
 Oft have been caught within the winding Train
 Of female Snares, and felt the Lover's Pain;
 And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts constrain.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Love is the pleasant Frenzy of the Mind;
 And frantick Men, in their mad Actions, show
 A Happiness that none but Madmen know. *Dryd.*

Love is that Madness which all Lovers have;
 But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave:
 'Tis an Enchantment where the Reason's bound;
 But Paradise is in th' enchanted Ground;
 A Palace void of Envy, Cares, and Strife,
 Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life;
 To take those Charms away, and set me free,
 Is but to send me into Misery;
 And Prudence, of whose Care you so much boast, (*Gran.*
 Restores the Pains which that sweet Folly lost. *Dryd. Conq. of*

I have no Reason left that can assist me,
 And none would have. My Love's a noble Madness,
 Which shews the Cause deserves it. Mod'rate Sorrow

Fits

Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man ;
 But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
 I soar'd at first quite out of Reason's View,
 And now am lost above it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

In Love what Use of Prudence can there be ?
 More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful she !
 One Look of hers my Resolution breaks ;
 Reason itself turns Folly when she speaks :
 And, aw'd by her whom it was made to sway, *(Imm.*
 Flatter's her Pow'r, and does its own betray. *Dryd. State of*

Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest ?
 He knows him not his Executioner.
 Oh ! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love ;
 Led him, in golden Bands, to gawdy Slaughter,
 And made Perdition pleasing. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Witness ye Pow'rs !
 How much I suffer'd, and how much I strove :
 But mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,
 For Reason, shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes :
 What would you more ? My Crime I sadly view,
 Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue. *Dryd. Auren.*

For Love does human Policy despise,
 And laughs at all the Councils of the Wise. *D' Av. Circe.*

For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
 Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth, downwards. *Hud.*
 Why so pale and wan, fond Lover ?

Prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
 Prithee why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?

Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;

If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :

The Devil take her.

Suckl.

Tell me then the Reason why
 Love from Hearts in Love does fly ?
 Why the Bird will build a Nest
 Where he ne'er intends to rest ?

Love, like other little Boys,
 Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys ;

Which,

Which, when gain'd in childish Play,
 Wantonly are thrown away.
 Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
 Love does nothing by degrees:
 Basely flying when most priz'd;
 Meanly fawning when despis'd;
 Flatt'ring or insulting ever,
 Generous and grateful never:
 All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
 All his Woes severe Extreame.

Rock.

Oh Love how are thy precious sweetest Minutes
 Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with Disappointments!
 Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels,
 And sullen Coldness, gives us Pains by turns:
 Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
 To bring us Fears, Disquiets, and Delays;
 And ev'n at last, when, after all our waiting,
 Eager we think to snatch our dear-bought Bliss,
 Ambition calls us to its sullen Cares;
 And Honour stern, impatient of Neglect,
 Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures;
 As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
 And Love were not the Bus'ness of our Lives. *Rowe. Ulyss.*

Ah! cruel Heav'n, that made no Cure for Love!
 Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain.

What priestly Rites, alas! what pious Art,
 What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart?
 A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins,
 Where the soft God secure, in Silence reigns:
 Sick with Desire, and seeking him she loves,
 From Street to Street the raging *Dido* roves;
 So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
 Wounds, with a random Shaft, the careless Hind,
 Distracted with her Pain, she flies the Woods,
 Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods,
 With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart
 Sticks in her Side, and rankles in her Heart. *Dryd. Virg.*

Anger, in hasty Words or Blows,
 It self discharges on our Foes;
 And Sorrow too finds some Relief
 In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
 So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
 Unto its own Redress does move:
 But that alone the Wretch inclines
 To what prevents his own Designs;

Makes

Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
 Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
 Postures which render him despis'd,
 Where he endeavours to be priz'd.

Wall.

But I must rowze my self, and give a Stop
 To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd :
 In Minds resolv'd, weak Love is put to Flight,
 And only conquers when we dare not fight:
 But we indulge our Harms, and, while he gains
 An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains. (*Dryd. Sec. Love.*)

Rowze to the Combat,
 And thou art sure to conquer: Wars shall restore thee :
 The Sound of Arms shall wake thy martial Ardour,
 And cure this am'rous Sicknefs of thy Soul,
 Begot by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease.
 The idle God of Love supinely dreams
 Amidst inglorious Shades and purling Streams ;
 In rosy Fetters and fantastick Chains
 He binds deluded Maids and simple Swains:
 With soft Enjoyments woos them to forget
 The hardy Toils and Labours of the Great.
 But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
 To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms ;
 The coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
 On silken Wings sublime he cuts the Air,
 Scar'd at the noble Noise, and Thunder of the War.

Rowe
Tamerl.

Away, thou feeble God,
 I banish thee my Bosom: Hence, I say,
 Be gone; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
 And stab thee in my Heart. The Wars come on:
 By Heav'n I'll drown thy laughing Deity
 In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword.

(Ibrid.
Lee Mi-

Yes! I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
 If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him ;
 Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules* ;
 Make the World drunk, and then, like *Æolus*,
 When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
 I'll stick my Spear into the reeling Globe,
 To let it blood ; set *Babylon* in a Blaze,
 And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

(Lee Alex.

Falling

Falling in LOVE.

I came, I saw, and was undone!

Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;

A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart;

A swift cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Part;

My head turn'd round, nor could it bear

The Poison that was enter'd there.

Cowt.

A Change so swift what Heart did ever feel?

It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream.

And bore me, in a Moment, far from Shore!

I've lov'd my self away in one short Hour;

Already I am gone an Age of Passion.

Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?

These might, perhaps, be found in other Men;

'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me,

That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,

And, with a silent Earthquake, shook his Soul.

But, when he spake, what tender Words he said!

So softly, that, like Flakes of feather'd Snow,

They melted as they fell.

Dry'd. Span. Fry.

Thus anxious Fears already seiz'd the Queen;

She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen:

The Hero's Valour, Acts, and Birth, inspire

Her Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.

His Words, his Looks, imprinted in her Heart,

Improve the Passion, and increase the smart.

Dryd. Virg.

His God-like Features, and his heav'nly View,

And all his Beauties, were expos'd to View;

His naked Limbs the Nymph, with Rapture, spies,

While hotter Passions in her Bosom rise,

Flush in her Cheeks, and Sparkle in her Eyes.

She longs, she burns to clasp him in her Arms;

And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his Charms.

Add. Ovid.

I am not what I was, since Yesterday;

My Food forsakes me, and my needful Rest:

I pine, I languish, love to be alone,

Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh:

When I see *Torrismond*, I am unquiet;

And when I see him not, I am in Pain.

They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd:

Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,

And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.

I went to Bed, and, to my self, I thought

That I would think on *Torrifmond* no more ;
 Then shut my Eyes, but could not shut out him.
 I turn'd, and try'd each corner of my Bed,
 To find if Sleep was there ; but Sleep was lost :
 Fev'rish for want of Rest, I rose, and walk'd,
 And by the Moon-shine to the Windows went ;
 There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
 I cast my Eyes upon the neighb'ring Fields,
 And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to my self,
 There fought my *Torrifmond*. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first her Eyes I saw,
 As I were stung with some Tarantula :
 Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,
 And soften strangely in some new Desire ;
 Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
 But pale, as Fires when master'd by the Light.
 Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more,
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm numb'd and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move ;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love !
 'Tis he ! I feel him now in ev'ry Part ;
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart ;
 Surveys, in State, each Corner of my Breast :
 And now I'm all o'er Love ! *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

He'ad got a Hurt
 On th' Inside, of a deadly Sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his Stand
 Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land ;
 Drew home his Bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an Arrow at the Knight :
 The Shaft against a Rib did glance,
 And gaul'd him in the Purtenance. *Hud.*

O Love ! O cursed Boy !
 Where art thou that torment'st me thus unseen,
 And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,
 With idle Purpose to inflame her Heart,
 Which is as inaccessible and cold
 As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills,
 Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
 Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er them ev'ry Day ;
 And as his Beams, which only shine above,
 Scorch and consume in Regions round below ;
 So Love, which throws such Brightness thro' her Eyes,
 Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.

My Tyrant, but her flatt'ring Slave thou art, *Valent. Roch.*
A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.

That proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly to a Coal,
Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,
That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*,
That cut his Mistress out of Stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.

Hud.

LOVE and OLD AGE.

Love, like a Shadow, while Youth shines, is shown;
But in Old Age's Darkness there is none. *How. D. of Leran.*

Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd;
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature: Yours in your declining Age;
When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd;
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk;
When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire:
Oh! 'tis mere Dotage in you. *Dryd. All for Love.*

The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,
Nor will be gather'd with such wither'd Hands:
You importune us with a false Desire,
Which sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire.
This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring:
Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want:
Have Conscience; give not her you love this Pain;
Solicit not your self and her in vain;
All other Debts may Compensation find,
But Love is strict, and will be paid in Kind. *Dryd. Auren.*

You cannot love, nor Pleasure take nor give;
But Life begin when 'tis too late to live:
On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight;
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night. *Dryd. Auren.*

PROTESTATIONS of LOVE.

While on *Septimius'* panting Breast,
Meaning nothing less than Rest,
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said:
My dearest *Acme*! If I be
Once alive, and love not thee,

With a Passion far above
 All that e'er was called Love,
 In a *Lybian* Defart may
 I become some Lion's Prey;
 Let him, *Acme* ! let him tear
 My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
 Rear'd her gently-bending Head;
 And her purple Mouth, with Joy,
 Stretching to th' delicious Boy,
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
 She kiss'd his drunken rolling Eyes:
 My little Life ! my All ! said she,
 So may we ever Servants be
 To this best God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated Liberty again:
 So may thy Passion last for me,
 As I a Passion have for thee;
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man.
 Into my Marrow it is gone,
 Fix'd and settled in the Bone;
 It reigns not only in my Heart,
 But runs, like Life, thro' ev'ry Part. *Cowl. Cat.*

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
 Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tie *Hud.*

For your Love does lie
 As near and as nigh
 Unto my Heart within,
 As my Eye to my Nose,
 My Leg to my Hose,
 Or my Flesh unto my Skin. *Shak. Locrin.*

My Love's so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure. *Dryd. Virg.*

All constant Lovers shall, in future Ages
 Approve their Truth by *Troilus*: When their Verse,
 Full of Protest, and Oath, and big Compare,
 Want Simile's; as Turtles to their Mates,
 As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,
 Earth to the Centre, Iron to Adamant;
 At last, when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown the Verse,
 And sanctify the Numbers.

Prophet may you be !

If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love ;

When Time is old, and has forgot it self

In all Things else, let it remember me ;

And, after all Comparisons of Falshood,

To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,

Let it be said, as false as *Cressida. Shak. & Dryd. Troil. Cress.*

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,

To which, with trembling Rev'rence, it doth bend ;

Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make ;

Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more ascend :

And when these false to their old Motions prove,

Then will I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

Cocol.

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,

Is to forbid my Pulse to move,

My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,

Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hickup :

Command me to piss out the Moon,

And 'twill as easily be done.

Hud.

That I do love you, O all you Host of Heav'n,

Be witness ! That you are dear to me !

Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,

Dearer than Life to one who fears to die ;

O thou bright Pow'r, be Judge, whom we adore !

Be Witness of my Truth, be Witness of my Love. *Lee Mith.*

If all my Heart and Soul ben't thine,

May thy dear Body ne'er be mine.

Cowf.

O my *Monimia* ! to my dear Soul thou'rt dear

As Honour to my Name ; dear as the Light

To Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness. *Otw. Orph.*

O dearer than the vital Air I breathe !

Dryd. Virg.

O she is dearer to my Soul, than Rest

To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,

To Great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride ! *Otw. Orph.*

Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life ;

Dear as these Eyes that weep, in Fondness, o'er thee. *Otw. Orph.*

Let me haste to tell thee

What and how dear *Moneses* has been to me :

What has he not been ? All the Names of Love,

Brothers or Fathers, Husband, all are poor :

Moneses is my self ; in my fond Heart,

Ev'n in my vital Blood, he lives and reigns :

The last dear Object of my parting Soul

Will be *Moneses* ; the last Breath, that lingers

Within my panting Breast, shall sigh *Monefes. Rowe Tamerl.*

Perdition catch my Soul, but I do love thee ;
And when I love thee not, *Chaos* is come again. *Shak. Othel.*

My Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor shew it where 'tis not. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Quoth he, My Faith, as Adamantine,
As Chains of Destiny, I'll maintain ;
True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Then shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other Pig's-neye ;
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,
Than Love or you shake off my Heart. *Hud.*

How I have lov'd,
Witness ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love ;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love :
The Suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day ;
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more. *Dryd. All for Love.*

'Tis she, she only, that can make me blest ;
Empire and Wealth, and all she brings beside ;
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love. *Dry. Span. Fry.*
Oh she's all Softness !

All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant ;
Nor can you wake her into Cries : By Heav'n,
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles. *Lee. Alex.*

And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy Body in my longing Arms ;
To gaze upon thine Eyes, my happier Stars ;
To taste thy Lips, and thy dear balmy Breath ?
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God. *Lee Alex.*

The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Wasted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odours flow : My ev'ry Faculty *(Stepm.*
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure. *Rowe Amb.*

By Heav'n, my *Edith*,
Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee ! The

The Sweetness of th' *Arabian* Wind still blowing
Upon the Treasures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their Pride and Pleasures call thee Mistress. *Beau. Rolle.*

Sweet as the rosy Morn she breaks upon me;
And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholesome Shade,
Gives way before the golden Dawn she brings. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jessamin,
Nor V'lets Infant-sweets, nor op'ning Buds,
Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breat!

From ev'ry Pore of him a Perfume falls;
He kisses softer than a southern Wind,
Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God!
Then he will talk! good Gods! how he will talk!
Ev'n when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd.

Ev'n then he speaks such Words, and looks such Things,
Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace,
That 'tis a Kind of Heav'n to be deluded by him.

If I but mention him, the Tears will fall;

Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,

But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes. *Lee Alex.*

My Lord, my Love, my Refuge,
Happy my Eyes when they behold thy Face!
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating

At Sight of thee, and bound with sprightly Joy. *Otway Ven. Presf.*

Does she not come like Wisdom, or good Fortune,
Replete with Blessings, giving Wealth and Honour?

The Dowry which she brings is Peace and Pleasure;

And everlasting Joy is in her Arms. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Oh, she's the Pride and Glory of the World!

Without her all the rest is worthless Dross;

Life a base Slav'ry; Empire but a Mock;

And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. *Roch. Valent.*

If Love be Treasure, we'll be wondrous rich:

I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't:

Vows can't express it. When I would declare

How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought:

I swell, and sigh, and labour with my Longing.

O lead me to some Desert wide and wild,

Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul

May have its Vent! where I may tell aloud,

To the high Heav'ns and ev'ry list'ning Planet,

With what a boundless Stock my Bosom's fraught;

Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,

Give loose to Love with Kisses, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

'Tis now that I begin to live again,
Since I behold my *Aurengzebe* appear!
His Name alone afforded me Relief;
Repeated as a Charm to ease my Grief.
I that lov'd Name did as some God invoke,
And printed Kisses on it as I spoke. *Dryd. Auren.*

Lavinia! Oh there's Musick in the Name,
That soft'ning me to Infant-Tenderness, *(Mar.*
Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life. *Otw. Cai.*

Oh *Pierre!* wert thou but she!
How could I pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee 'till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love,
'Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended,
Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then swelling, fighting, raging to be bless'd,
Come, like a panting Turtle, to my Breast. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Hold off, and let me run into his Arms!
My Dearest! my All-Love! my Lord! my King!
Thou shalt not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life!
Give me thy wonted Kindness! bend me, break me
With thy Embraces. *Lee. Alex.*

Love mounts and rolls about my stormy Mind,
Like Fire that's borne by a tempestuous Wind;
Oh! I could stifle you with eager Haste,
Devour your Kisses with my hungry Taste,
Rush on you, eat you, wander o'er each Part,
Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart;
'Then hold you off and gaze! then with new Rage
Invade you, 'till my conscious Limbs presage
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow;
So lost, so bless'd as I but then could know! *Dryd. Aureng.*

The God of Love empties his golden Quiver.
Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart!
She is all mine! by Heav'n! I feel her here,
Panting and warm! the Dearest! Oh *Statira!*

Semandra shall be mine! ev'n all *Semandra!*
The Thought is Ecstasy! These Arms shall hold her
Fast to my throbbing Breast, these ravish'd Eyes
Gaze 'till they're blind with looking on her Blushes!
These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,

And

And follow her with such pursuit of Kisses, *(thrid.*
That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasures. *Lee Mi-*

Who should be lov'd but you ?
So lov'd, that ev'n my Crown and self are vile
When you are by.

Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel ; *(of Guise.*
Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown sit easy. *Lee Duke*

Give, ye Gods, give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This giegaw World, and put him cheaply off ;
I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Gallop apace, ye fire-footed Steeds,
Tow'rs *Phæbus'* Lodging ; such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would lash you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains, Love performing Night,
Thou sober-suited Matron, all in Black,
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to these Arms untalk'd of and unseen.
Oh ! give me *Romeo*, and when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars ;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
That all the World will be in Love with Night
And pay no Worship to the gawdy Sun. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

But oh ! there wants to crown my Happiness
Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights !
My dear *Statira* ! Oh that heav'nly Beam !
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart !
Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been among the Gods ;
If any Ecstasy can make a Height,
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heav'ns. *(Lee Alex.*

Oh ! thou'rt my Soul it self, Wealth, Friendship, Honour !
All present Joys, and Earnest of all future,
Are summ'd in thee ! Methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more
Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever ;
She garrisons my Breast, and mans against me
Ev'n my own rebel Thoughts with thousand Graces,
Ten thousand Charms, and new-discover'd Beauties :
Oh ! hadst thou seen her when she lately bleis'd me,
What Tears, what Looks, what Languishings she darted !

Love bath'd himself in the distilling Balm ;
 And oh ! the subtle God has made his Entrance
 Quite thro' my Heart ! He shouts and triumphs there,
 And all his Cry is Death or *Bellamira* !
 Oh Expectation burns me ! Heart ! how she inflames me !
 Let's talk no more of War ! for now my Theme's all Love !
 The War, like Winter, vanishes ; 'tis gone,
 And *Bellamira*, with eternal Spring,
 Dress'd in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,
 Drops, like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.
 Thus to a glorious Coast, thro' Tempests hurl'd,
 We sail, like him who fought the *Indian* World :
 'Tis more, 'tis Paradise I go to prove,
 And *Bellamira*, is the Land of Love !
 I have her in my View, and hark, she talks ;
 And see, about, like the first Maid, she walks ;
 Fair as the Day, when first the World began,
 And I am doom'd to be the happy Man ! *Lee Cæs. Borg.*

The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
 Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him :
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms :
 I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
 And dances in my Blood. So when *Mahomet*
 Had long been hamm'ring, in his lonely Cell,
 Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
 A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by,
 Passing, she cast at him a side-long Glance,
 And look'd behind in Hopes to be pursued ;
 He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,
 And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

O the killing Joy !

O Ecstasy ! my Heart will burst my Breast,
 To leap into thy Bosom ! But, by Heav'n,
 This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
 For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd !
 For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
 I'll have so many thousand burning Loves ;
 So fill thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
 Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring Eyes ;
 The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
 We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day. *Lee Alex.*

Where am I ? Surely Paradise is round me ;
 Sweets, planted by the Hand of Heav'n, grow here,
 And ev'ry Sense is full of thy Perfection !

To hear thee speak might calm a Madman's Frenzy,
 'Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows :
 But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
 Wou'd make him rage again with Love, as I do:
 To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh !
 Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece !
 Sure, framing thee, Heav'n took unusual Care,
 As its own Beauty it design'd thee fair,
 And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel there. *Otw. Orph.* }

Who can behold such Beauty and be silent?
 Desire first taught us Words : Man, when created,
 At first, alone, long wander'd up and down,
 Forlorn and silent as his Vassal Beasts :
 But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,
 Strange Passion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart.
 Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love. *Otw. Orph.*

Love in your sunny Eyes does basking play ;
 Love walks the pleasant Mazes of your Hair ;
 Love does on both your Lips for ever stray,
 And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there. *Corol.*

The Sun shall now no more dispence
 His own, but your bright Influence :
 I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
 With True-love Knots and Flourishes,
 That shall infuse eternal Spring,
 And everlasting Flourishing :
 Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
 And make it brisk *Champaign* become :
 Where e'er you tread, your Foot shall set
 The Primrose and the Violet :
 All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Powders,
 Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours.
 Nature her Charter shall renew,
 And take all Lives of Things from you :
 The World depend upon your Eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die :
 Only our Loves shall still survive,
 New Worlds and Natures to out-live :
 And, like to Heralds Moons, remain
 All Crescent, without Change or Wane. *Hud.*

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this ;
 Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiss :
 For you will find it a hard Chapter,
 To catch me with poetick Rapture :

In which your Mastery of Art
 Does shew it self, and not your Heart :
 Nor will you raise, in mine, Combustion,
 By Dint of high heroick Fustian.
 She that with Poetry is won,
 Is but a Desk to write upon :
 And what Men say of her, they mean
 No more than that on which they lean.
 Some with *Arabian* Spices strive
 T' embalm her cruelly alive.
 Her Mouth compar'd t'an Oyster's, with
 A Row of Pearls in't, 'stead of Teeth ;
 Others make Posies of her Cheeks,
 Where red and whitest Colours mix :
 In which the Lilly and the Rose,
 For *Indian* Lake and Ceruse goes.
 The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the Skies,
 Are but black Patches which she wears,
 Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars :
 By which Astrologers, as well
 As those in Heav'n above, can tell
 What strange Events they do foreshow
 Unto her Under-World below.
 Her Voice the Musick of the Spheres,
 So loud, it deafens mortal Ears,
 As wise Philosophers have thought,
 And that's the Cause we hear it not.
 This has been done by some, who those
 Th'ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Prose ;
 And in those Garters would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung.

Hud.

L O Y A L T Y. See *Subject*.

For Loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the Game ;
 True as the Dial to the Sun,
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon.

Hud.

But True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the Game goes ;
 And whether Parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :
 While Pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n Delight
 Is more bewitching than the right:

And

And when the Times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the Halter. *Hud.*
 The Faith of most with Fortune does decline ;
 Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design. *How.*
 Let Fools the Name of Loyalty divide ; *(Cleop.*
 Wise Men and Gods are on the strongest Side. *Sedl. Ant. &*
 For whom should we esteem above
 The Men whom Gods do love? *Cowl.*
 The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,
 And 'tis but simple Villany to break them :
 But Faith to Princes broke is Sacrilege,
 An Injury to the God ; and that lost Wretch,
 Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,
 Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own Head,
 And leaves a Curse to his Posterity. *Roch. Valent.*

L U S T.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
 Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n :
 So Lust, tho' to a radiant Angel join'd,
 Will seat it self in a celestial Bed,
 And prey on Garbage, *Shak. Haml.*

To a Lady playing on the L U T E.

The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
 And tell their Joy for every Kiss aloud:
 Small Force there needs to make them tremble so ;
 Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too ?
 Here Love takes Stand, and while she charms the Ear,
 Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer :
 Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,
 That not one Arrow does Resistance find :
 Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
 And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
 So Nero once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome, and as that burn'd he play'd. *Wall.*
 To burning Rome when frantick Nero play'd,
 Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd :
 Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
 And from Destruction call'd a fairer Town :
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build. *Prior.*

L Y R E.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
 And tell thy silent Master's humble Tale,
 In Sounds that may prevail;
 Sounds that gentle Thoughtss inspire:
 Tho' so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be,
 Tell her such diff'rent Notes make all thy Harmony.
 Hark! how the Strings awake,
 And, tho' the moving Hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful Fear
 A kind of num'rous Trembling make:
 Now all thy Forces try,
 Now all thy Charms apply;
 Revenge upon her Ear the Conquests of her Eye.
 Weak Lyre, thy Virtue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound;
 And she to wound, but not to cure
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My Passion to remove:
 Physick to other Ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love.
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
 For thou canst never tell my humble Tale
 In Sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire:
 All thy vain Mirth lay by,
 Bid thy Strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master die. *Covul.*

M A D.

Now see that noble and most sov'reign Reason,
 Like sweet Bells, jangled out of Tune and harsh;
 Mad as the Seas and Winds, when both contend
 Which is the mightier.
 She hems, and beats her Breast,
 Spurns enviously at Straws; speaks Things in Doubt,
 That carry but half Sense:
 Yet her unshap'd Use of Speech does move
 The Hearers to Collection; They aim at it,
 And their Words up-fit to their own Thoughts;
 Which as her Winks and Nods, and Gestures yield them.
 Indeed

Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts;
Tho' nothing suit, yet much, unhappily. *Shak. Haml.*

Behold her lying in her Cell;

Her unregarded Locks

Matted like *Furies* Tresses; her poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground; and 'stead of those Delights,
Which happy Lovers taste, her Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish
Of wretched Sustenance. *Otw. Orph.*

Observe the Gallantry of her Distraction:

Hark how she mouths the Heav'ns, and mates the Gods:
Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,
While with her thund'ring Voice she threatens high,
And ev'ry Accent twangs with smarting Sorrow. *Lee Oedip.*

He raves: His Words are loose

As Heaps of Sand, and scatt'ring wide from Sense.
So high he's mounted in his airy Throne,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Wild

As a robb'd Tigress bounding o'er the Woods. *Lee Oedip.*
Wild as Winds,

That sweep the Desarts of our moving Plains. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*
There is a Pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Madmen ought not to be mad,

But who can help their Frenzy? *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

A Woman! If you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me: But to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains
'Till they ferment to Madness. A Woman is the Thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance. *Otw. Orph.*

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell;

Name not a Woman, and I shall be well:

Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on;
He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,
He vows the Keepers his wrong'd Sense abuse:
But if you hit the Cause that hurt his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again. *Lee Cæs. Borg.*

3

Tom-a-Bedlam.

I have bethought my self
 To take the basest and the poorest Shape,
 That ever Penury in contempt of Man,
 Brought near to Beast. My Face I'll grime with Filth,
 Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in Knots;
 And with presented Nakedness out-face
 The Winds and Persecutions of the Sky.
 The Country gives me Proof and Precedent
 Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who with roaring Voices
 Strike into their numb'd and mortify'd Arms
 Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary;
 And with this horrible Object from low Farms,
 Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-cotes, and Mills,
 Sometimes with lunatick Bans, sometimes with Pray'rs,
 Inforce their Charity. *Shak. K. Lear.*

M A N. See *Babe, Creation, Philosophy.*

Like Leaves on Trees the Race of Man is found,
 Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the Ground:
 Another Race the foll'wing Spring supplies;
 They fall successive and successive rise:
 So Generations in their Course decay;
 So flourish these when those are past away. *Pope.*

Time was when we were sow'd, and just began
 From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man:
 Then *Nature's* Hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to shape the soft coagulated Mass;
 And when the little Man was fully form'd,
 The breathless Embryo with a Spirit warm'd:
 But when the Mother's Throes begin to come,
 The Creature, pent within the Narrow Room,
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
 Cast on the Margin of the World he lies
 A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries:
 He next essays to walk, but, downwards press'd,
 On four Feet, imitates his Brother Beast:
 By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
 His Legs, and to the Rolling-Chair is bound:
 Then walks alone; a Horse-man now become,
 He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.

In Time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years.
 He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age :
 Heavy the Third, and stiff, he sinks apace.

}

And tho' 'tis Down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
 Now sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet and Hands ;
 And *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Senews sees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules* ;
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear the Trees.

}

Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
 Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave :
 Nor are To-day, what Yesterday they were,
 Nor the whole Same To-morrow will appear. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat ;
 Then, form'd, the little Heart begins to beat :
 Secret he feeds, unknowing in his Cell,
 At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
 And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,
 Then, helpless, in his Mother's Lap is laid :
 He creeps, he walks ; and, issuing into Man,
 Grudges their Life from whence his own began :
 Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
 Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne.
 First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last,
 Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste :
 Some thus, but Thousands more in Flow'r of Age ;
 For few arrive to run the later Stage. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Man is but Man, inconstant still and various.
 There's no To-morrow in him like To-day :
 Perhaps the Atoms, rolling in his Brain,
 Make him think honestly this present Hour ;
 The next, a Swarm of base ungrateful Thoughts
 May mount aloft.

Who would trust Chance, since all Men have the Seeds
 Of Good or Ill, which should work upward first ? *Dryd. Cleom.*

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain :
 And yet the Soul shut up in her dark Room,
 Vieing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But, like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,

Works all her Folly up, and cast it outward
To the World's open View.

Dryd. All for Love.

Ah, what is Man when his own Wish prevails !
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in Ill !
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will !

Dryd.

With what unequal Tempers are we fram'd !
One Day the Soul, supine with Ease and Fulness,
Revels secure, and fondly tells her self,
The Hour of Evil can return no more :
The next, the Spirits, pall'd and sick of Riot,
Turn all to Discord, and we hate our Beings ;
Curse the past Joy, and think it Folly all,
And Bitterness and Anguish.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear ;
The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe.
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, despise at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And tho' they're couzen'd still, they still believe.

Gar.

(Vir.

Mankind upon each other's Ruin Rise ;
Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wise.

How. Vest.

Mankind each other's Stories still repeat,
And Man to Man is a succeeding Cheat.

How. D. of Lerm.

Were I [who, to my Cost, already am,
One of those strange prodigious Creatures, Man]
A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share
What case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear ;
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear ;
Or any Thing but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth to contradict the other five :
And before certain Instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,
Which, leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind,
Pathless, and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thro' Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes ;
While the misguided Follow'r climbs, with Pain,
Mountains of Whimseys heap'd in his own Brain ;

3

Stumbling

Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where, like to drown,
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
 In hopes still to o'ertake th' escaping Light ;
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
 Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a Wretch :
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know what World he should enjoy :
 And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence :
 For Wits are treated just like common Whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
 Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Those Creatures are the wisest who attain,
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim :
 If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hare
 Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair,
 Tho' one's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound,
Fowler, in Justice, would be wiser found.

Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other Prey,
 But savage Man alone does Man betray :
 Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food ;
 Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.
 With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's Allowance to supply their Want :
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendship, Praise,
 Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays ;
 With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
 Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.
 For Hunger or for Love they fight and tear,
 While wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear :
 For Fear he Arms, and is of Arms afraid ;
 By Fear to Fear successively betray'd.
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
 His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame :
 The Good he acts, the Ills he does endure,
 'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure :
 Merely for Safety, after Fame we thirst ;
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.

And Honesty's against all common Sense;
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence:
 Mankind's dishonest: If you think it fair
 Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,
 You'll be undone:
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save;
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave:
 Long shall he live insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Roch.

MARRIAGE. See *Husband, Wife.*

To the nuptial Bower

I led her, blushing the Morn; all Heaven,
 And happy Constellations on that Hour
 Shed their selectest Influence: The Earth
 Gave Sign of Gratulation, and each Hill:
 Joyous the Birds. Fresh Gales and gentle Airs
 Whisper'd it to the Woods; and from their Wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub;
 Disporting till the am'rous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening-Star
 On his Hill-top to light the bridal Lamp.

Milt.

And *Venus* bless'd with nuptial Bliss the sweet laborious
Eros and *Anteros* on either Side, (Night.
 One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride;
 And *Hymen*, long attending, from above (Arc.
 Show'r'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove. Dryd. Pal. &

Hail wedded Love! mysterious Law! true Source
 Of human Offspring! sole Propriety
 In Paradise, of all Things common else!
 By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Man
 Among the bestial Herds to range: By thee,
 Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known!
 Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets!
 Here Love his golden Shafts employ; here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings:
 Here reigns and revels; not in the bought Smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
 Casual Fruition; nor in Court-Amours,
 Mix'd Dance, or wonton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
 Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain,

Milt.

In

In Nuptials blest; each loose Desire we shun;
Nor Time can end what Innocence begun. *Garth Ovid.*

When fix'd to one, Love safe at Anchor rides,
And dares the Fury of the Wind and Tides;
But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born, (*Love.*)
It drives away at Will, to ev'ry Wave a Scorn. *Dryd.Tyr.*

All Women would be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* Train,
The same with those in *Lukenor's-Lane*;
But for the Diff'rence Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes. *Hud.*

Marriage, thou Curse of Love, and Snare of Life!
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at Distance would appear,
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landskip near.
Love's nauseous Curse! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please;
And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease,
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties; (*Gran.*)
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies. *Dryd.Conq.of.*

And Wedlock without Love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key;
It is a kind of Rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for ye;
For what does make it Ravishment,
But being 'gainst the Mind's Consent? *Hud.*

A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him of himself t'apply;
So Men are by themselves betray'd
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose. *Hud.*

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in soul Way;
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd. *Hud.*

For after Matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a Lover,
Deserves, for ev'ry Moment, more
Than half a Year of Love before. *Hud.*

Fondness is still th' Effect of new Delight:
 Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day;
 'The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away. *Dryd. Aurenge.*

Marriage at best, is but a Vow,

Which all Men break or bow.

Hud.

Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wife!
 Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
 Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight.
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
 Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd:
 For Man and Woman, tho' in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two:
 He to God's Image, she to his was made;
 So farther from the Fount the Stream, at random, stray'd:
 How could he stand, when, put to double Pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain?
 Each might have stood perhaps, but each alone;
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down:
 Not that my Verse would blemish all the Fair;
 But yet, if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware;
 And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare. *Dryd.*

I would not wed her:

No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
 As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
 With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
 She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
 When I am old, and weary of the World,
 I may grow desperate,

And take a Wife to mortify withal.

Otw. Orph.

Marriage to Maids, is like a War to men;
 The Battle causes Fear, but the sweet Hopes
 Of winning at the last still draws them in.

Lee. Mithrid.

M A R S.

The God of War, whose unresisted Sway
 The Labours and Events of Arms obey. *Dryd. Virg.*

Stern Pow'r of War! by whom the Mighty fall,
 Who bathe in Blood, and shake th'embattl'd Wall. *Pope Hom.*

Mad, furious Pow'r, whose unrelenting Mind
 No God can govern, and no Justice bind. *Pope Hom.*

Of all the Gods that tread the spangled Skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our Eyes:
 Inhumane Discord is thy chief Delight,
 The Waste of Slaughter, and the Rage of Fight:

No Bound, no Law, thy fiery Temper quells,
And all thy Mother in thy Soul rebels.

Pope Hom.

[Spoken by *Jupiter*.

Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus*' freezing Flood,
The God of Battles, in his angry Mood,
Clashing his Sword against his brazen Shield,
Lets loose the Reins, and scours along the Field.
Before the Wind his fiery Coursers fly,
Groans the sad Earth, resounds the rattling Sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
Dire Faces, and deform'd, surround the Car,
Friends of the God, and Foll'w'rs of the War. *Dryd. Virg.*

}

So stalks, in Arms, the grieved God of *Thrace*,
When *Jove* to punish faithless Man prepares,
And gives whole Nations to the Waste of Wars. *Pope Hom.*

Strong God of Arms! whose iron Sceptre sways
The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* wintry Coast,
Where stands thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known;
The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong:
And Disarray and shameful Rout ensue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.

Venus, the publick Care of all above,
Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love:
Now, by her Blandishments and pow'ful Charms,
When, yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms;
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net enthrall'd;

{

(Oh envy'd Ignominy! sweet Disgrace!
When ev'ry God that saw thee, wish'd thy Place!)
By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,
And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.
For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade;
And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair;
But, caught my self, lie struggling in the Snare.
Nought can my Strength avail, unless by thee
Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
If ought I have achiev'd deserve thy Care;

If to my utmost Pow'r, with Sword and Shield
 I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield;
 And, falling in my Rank, still kept the Field.
 So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
 The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine.
 Then shall the War, and strong Debate, and Strife
 Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life;
 And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoils among,
 High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung,
 Rank'd with my Champion's Buckler; and below,
 With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe.
 And while these Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,
 While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,
 Thy smoaking Alter shall be fat with Food
 Of Incense, and the grateful Steam of Blood:
 Burnt-Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine,
 And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine;
 This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair,
 Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
 Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free, (Arc.
 Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee. Dryd.Pal. &

Temple of M A R S

In the Doom of mighty Mars the Red,
 With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread:
 This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace,
 Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
 For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
 And sov'reign Mansion of the Warriour God.
 The Landskip was a Forest wide and bare,
 Where neither Beast nor human Kind repair.
 The Fowl, that Scent afar, the Borders fly,
 And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
 A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
 And prickly Stubs instead of Trees are found;
 Or Woods, with Knots and Knares deform'd and old;
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold.
 A ratt'ling Tempest thro' the Branches went,
 That stript them bare, and one sole way they bent.
 Heav'n froze above severe, the Clouds congeal,
 And thro' the crystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.
 Such was the Face without; a Mountain stood,
 Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:

Beneath

Beneath the louring Brow, and on a Bent,
 The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent.
 The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
 A streight long Entry to the Temple led,
 Blind with high Walls, and Horror over-head;
 Thence issu'd such a Blast and hollow Roar,
 As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
 In, thro' that Door, a Northern Light there shone;
 'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
 The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!
 Which, hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian* Quarries came:
 The Labour of a God! and all along
 Tough Iron-Plates where clench'd, to make it strong.
 A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there,
 A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear;
 There saw I how the secret Felon wrought,
 And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
 And Midwife *Time* the ripen'd Plot to Murder Brought. }
 There the red *Anger* dar'd the pallid *Fear*;
 Next stood *Hypocrisy*, with holy Leer.
 Soft smiling, and demurely looking down;
 But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.
 Th' assassinating Wife, the Houshold-Fiend,
 And, for the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.
 On th' other side there stood *Destruction* bare,
 Unpunish'd *Rapine*, and a Waste of War:
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloisters drawn,
 And all with Blood besmear'd the holy Lawn.
 Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace, }
 And bawling Infamy in Language base,
 'Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place. }
 The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair;
 With Eyes half-clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
 And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen Soul away.
 In midst of all the Dome *Misfortune* sat,
 And gloomy *Discontent*, and fel *Debate*:
 And *Madness* laughing in his ireful Mood;
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft, and Cries of Blood.
 There was the murder'd Corps in Covert laid,
 And vi'lent Death in thousand Shapes display'd.
 The City to the Soldiers Rage resign'd;
 Successless Wars, and Poverty behind.

Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
 And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars.
 The new-born Babe by Nurfes over-laid,
 And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.
 All Ills of *Mars's* Nature; Flame, and Steel :
 The gasping Charioteer beneath the Wheel
 Of his own Carr; the ruin'd House that falls,
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls:
 The whole Division that to *Mars* pertains,
 All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains,
 Were there; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,
 Who forges sharpen'd Faucions, or the Scythe :
 The scarlet *Conquest* on a Tow'r was plac'd,
 With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.
 There saw I *Mars's* Ides, the Capitol,
 The Seer in vain foretelling *Cæsar's* Fall ;
 The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move
 And *Anthony* who lost the World for Love.
 These, and a thousand more the Fane adorn,
 Their Fates were painted ere the Men were born.
 All copy'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
 Of the red Star, in his revolving Course.
 The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood, (*Arc.*
 All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God. *Dryd. Pal. &*

M A Y.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year.
 For thee the *Graces* lead the dancing *Hours*,
 And *Nature's* ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs :
 When thy short Reign is past, the sev'rish Sun (*Pal. & Arc.*
 The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly on. *Dryd.*

For sprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep
 The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggard Sleep:
 Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves, (*& Arc.*
 Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Love. *Dryd. Pal.*

Golden M E A N. See *Greatness*.

Superfluous Pomp and Wealth I not desire,
 But what Content and Decency require. *Har. Juv.*

Pleasures Abroad the Sport of Nature yields;
 Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields;
 And then at Home what Pleasure is't to see
 A little, cleanly, chearful Family !

Which

Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,
 Than Fortune, I the golden Mean prefer.
 Too noble, nor too wise she should not be,
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
 Thus let my Life slide silently away,
 With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day. *Cowl. Mart.*
 Let Woods and Rivers be

My quiet, tho' inglorious Destiny:
 In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid. *Cowl. Virg.*
 Much will always wanting be
 To him who much desires:

Thrice happy he,
 To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n
 With sparing Hand but just enough has giv'n! *Cowl. Her.*

He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,
 Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have:
 The Ground he owns, if he his own can call,
 He quarrels not with Heav'n, because 'tis small.
 Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,
 He loves of homely Littleness the Ease, *Cowl. Mart.*

Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd. *Cong. Juv.*
 His calm and harmless Life,

Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and Storms of Strife,
 Does with substantial Blessedness abound,
 And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round, *Cowl. Virg.*

Their Wealth was the Contempt of it; which more
 They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining Ore. *Cowl.*

A silent Life he led;
 Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,
 But wisely from th' infectious World withdrew. *Dryd. Virg.*

He's no small Prince, who ev'ry Day
 Thus to himself can say:
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
 Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk;

This will I do, here will I stay:
 Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
 My Man and I will presently go ride,
 For we have nothing to provide.
 If thou but a short Journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
 Bus'ness must be dispatch'd ere thou canst go;
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
 A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,

And many a Mule, and many a Cart :
 What an unwieldy Man thou art !
 The *Rhodian* Colossus so
 A Journey too might go.

Cowl.

If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
 Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose :
 For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
 With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
 An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
 More clear untainted Pleasures do afford,
 Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
 To Kings, or to the Favorites of Kings.

Cowl. Hor.

Then might I live by my own surly Rules,
 Not forc'd to worship Knaves, or flatter Fools :
 And thus secur'd of Ease by shunning Strife, (*Juv.*
 With Pleasure would I sail down the swift Stream of Life. *Har.*

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind ;
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait :
 Happy the Man with Little blest'd,
 Of what his Father left, possess'd ;
 No base Desires corrupt his Head,
 No Fears disturb him in his Bed.
 Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
 A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
 Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
 Rich Robes to deck, and make thee please :
 For me, a little Cell I chuse,
 Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse ;
 Which soft Content does best adorn,
 Shunning the Knaves, and Fools I scorn. *Otw. Hor.*

MELANCHOLY. See *Grief*.

A sudden Damp has seiz'd my Spirits,
 And, like a heavy Weight,

Hangs on their active Springs. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

A kind of Weight hangs heavy on my Heart,
 My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
 Fike Fowl in Air too damp, and lags along
 As if she were a Body in a Body,
 And not a mounting Substance, made of Fire.
 My Senses too are dull and stupify'd,
 Their Edge rebated: Sure some Ill approaches,

And

And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Breast,
To tell me Fate's at hand. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Now coming tow'rds me, grieves my inmost Soul. *Shak. Richz.*

Sure some ill Fate's upon me :

Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
And Apprehension shocks my tim'rous Soul. *Otto. Orph.*

This Melancholy flatters, but unmans you ;

What is it else but Penury of Soul?

A lazy Frost, a Numbness of the Mind,
That locks up all the Vigour to attempt,

By barely crying, 'Tis impossible! *Dryd. Cleom.*

It makes a Toy press with prodigious Weight,

And swells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's Height.

For melancholy Men lie down and groan,

Press'd with the Burden of themselves alone.

Crush'd with fantastick Mountains they despair ;

Their Heads are grown vast Globes too big to bear.

A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,

And each weak Blast a Storm too fierce to tame.

So peevish is the quarrelsome Disease,

No prosp'rous Fortune can procure it Ease.

Some absent Happiness they still pursue,

Dislike the present Good, and long for new. *Black.*

M E M O R Y.

Things which offend, when present, and affright
In Memory well painted, move Delight. *Cæc.*

Remember thee!

I, thou poor Ghost! while Memory holds a Seat

In this distracted Globe, Remember thee!

Yes, from the Table of my Memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,

All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,

That Youth and Observation copy'd there ;

And thy Commandment all alone shall live

Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,

Unmix'd with baser Matter. *Shak. Hamil.*

Something like

That Voice methinks I should have somewhere heard,

But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,

Beyond my ken of Soul. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

A confus'd Report

Pass'd thro' my Ears ;

But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,
It vanish'd in the Bus'ness of the Day.

Dryd. Oedip.

'Tis lost;

Like what we think can never shun Remembrance,
Yet of sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Lee Oedip.

M E R C H A N T. See *Money.*

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast,
Gladly, for Life, the Treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape and live:
Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But, driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the rest behind.

(Rowe Fair Pen.

I, in my private Bark already wreck'd
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That, had, by Chance, pack'd up his dearest Treasure
In one rich Casket, and sav'd only that;
Since I must wander farther on the Shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

When Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Nine-pins, they strike others down. *Hud.*

M E R C U R Y.

Hermes obeys; with golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the Western Winds:
But first he grasps, within his awful Hand,
The Mark of sov'reign Pow'r, his magick Wand:
With this he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves;
With this he drives them down to *Stygian* Waves;
With this he seals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light.
Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,
And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space;
Now sees the Top of *Atlas* as he flies,
Where, pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends.
Then, rested thus, he, from the tow'ring Height,
Plung'd downward with precipitated Flight,
Lights on the Seas, and Skims along the Flood.
As Water-Fowl, who seek their fishy Food,
Less and yet less to distant Prospect show,
By Turns they dance aloft and dive below:

Like

Like these the Steerage of his Wings he plies,
And near the Surface of the Water flies;
'Till, having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands,
He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on *Lybian* Lands. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length he pitch'd upon the Ground, and show'd
The Form divine, the Features of a God:
Then hangs his Mantle loose, and sets to Show
The golden Edging on the Seam below;
Adjusts his flowing Curls, and in his Hand
Waves, with an Air, the Sleep-procuring Wand:
The glitt'ring Sandals to his Feet applies,
And to his Heels the well trimm'd Pinion ties. *Ald. Ovid.*

The Herald of the Gods:
His Hat adorn'd with Wings, disclos'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod;
Such as he seem'd, when, at his Sire's Command,
On *Argus*' Head he laid the snaky Wand. *Dryd. Pae & Arc.*

M E R C Y. See *Justice*.

Off spring Divine! in Heav'n the most belov'd,
By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd:
Her Looks so moving, such celestial Grace,
So mild and sweet an Air dwells on her Face;
So tender and engaging all her Charms,
That oft th'Almighty's Fury she disarms:
Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrests. *Black.*
To Threats the stubborn Sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his Crimes, against the Storm prepar'd;
But when his milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.
Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,
As Harbingers, before th'Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his Style, and disappear;
The stiller Sound succeeds, and God is there. *Dryd.*

Heav'n has but
Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man. Sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
'Than punish to Extent. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw
To no Remorse; who rules by Lion's Law;

56 *Metals. Meteor. Milky-Way. Minerva.*

And, deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
Rends all alike, the Penitent and Proud. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

But Kings too tame, are despicably good. *Dryd.*
For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin;
Justice must tame whom Mercy cannot win. *Hal.*

Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne, (*Guise*)
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone. *Dryd. D. of*

M E T A L S.

Now those profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore:
Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright and burnish'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
To th'Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their Love's more vi'lent than the Chymist's Fire. *Gar.*

M E T E O R. See *Archer, Comet.*

M I L K Y-W A Y.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is seen below,
And Mortals by the Name of *Milky* know:
The Ground-work is of Stars, thro' which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode. *Dryd. Ovid.*

A broad and ample Road, whose Dust is Gold,
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky-Way,
Like to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars. *Milt.*

M I N E R V A.

O Progeny of *Jove*! unconquer'd Maid! *Pope Hom.*
O Daughter of that God, whose Arm can wield
Th' avenging Bolt, and shake the sable Shield! *Pope Hom.*
Goddess, whose Fury bathes the World with Gore. *Pope Hom.*
High

High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
 From Rank to Rank she darts her radiant Eyes:
 The dreadful *Ægis*, *Jove's* immortal Shield,
 Blaz'd on her Arm, and lighten'd all the Field:
 Round the vast Orb a hundred Serpents roll'd,
 Form'd the bright Fringe, and seem'd to burn in Gold.
 With this each *Grecian's* manly Breast she warms,
 Swells their bold Hearts, and strings their nervous Arms.
 (Pope. *Hom.*)

M I S E R See *Content.*

Like a Miser 'midst his Store,
 Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more;
 And, when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
 Looks back and sighs on what he left behind. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
 At Midnight thus th' Usurer steals, untrack'd,
 To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
 And feast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon, *Otw. Orph.*
 Slaves, who ne'er knew Mercy;
 Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
 Who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveness, *(Pen.*
 And are, like Fiends, the Factors for Destruction. *Rowe Fair*

M I S T R E S S.

Beware the dang'rous Beauty of the Wanton;
 Shun their Enticements: Ruin, like a Vulture,
 Waits on their Conquests: Falshood too's their Bus'ness;
 They put false Beauty off to all the World,
 Use false Endearments to the Fools that love them;
 And, when they marry, to their silly Husbands
 They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune. *Otw. Orph.*
 You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
 To gild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
 To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
 For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
 And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House;
 And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.

[Spoken by Cleopatra.] *Dryd. All for Love.*

For now the World is grown so wary,
 That few of either Sex dare marry;
 But rather trust on tick t' Amours,
 The Cross or Pile for better or worse:
 A Mode that is held honourable,
 As well as *French* and fashionable

Hud.

M I S T. See *Cloud, Fog.*

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky, and grey,
'Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold ;
Either to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs *Milt.*

M O N E Y. See *Gold.*

Money, being the common Scale
Of Things by Measure, Weight, and Tale ;
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Balance and the Weight. *Hud.*

For Money is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind fall down before. *Hud.*

Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune :
The Soldier does it ev'ry Day,
(Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay :
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools ;
And Merchants, vent'ring thro' the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain. *Hud.*

This Money has a Pow'r above
The Stars and Fates to manage Love ;
Whose Arrows, learned Poets hold,
That never fail, are tipp'd with Gold. *Hud.*

And tho' Love's all the World's Pretence,
Money's the mythologick Sense ;
The real Substance of the Shadow,
Which all Address and Courtship's made to. *Hud.*

For Money 'tis, that is the great
Provocative to am'rous Heat ;
'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
That buds and blossoms at Fourscore ;
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That Men Divine and Sacred call :
For what's the Worth of any Thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring? *Hud.*

Hence 'tis, no Lover has the Pow'r
T'enforce a desperate Amour,
Like him that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too :
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit ;

Has

Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the Trouble. *Hud.*

And to be plain, 'tis not your Person
My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better Part, your Riches,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches. *Hud.*

For Money, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all Things. *Hud.*

M O O N. See *Blush, Creation, Hell.*

As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,
O'er Heav'n's clear Azure sheds her sacred Light;
When not a Breath disturbs the deep Serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercasts the solemn Scene;
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the g'owing Pole:
O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure shed,
And tip with Silver ev'ry Mountain's Head:
Then shine the Vales, the Rocks in Prospect rise,
A Flood of Glory bursts from all the Skies:
The conscious Swains, rejoicing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bless the useful Light. *Pope Hom.*

He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,
And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold;
Be thou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night,
And, as he spoke, she rose clad o'er in Light,
With thousand Stars attending on her Train;
With her they rise, with her they set again. *Cowl*

The Moon,
Rising in clouded Majesty, at length
Unveil'd with peerless Light;
She o'er the Dark her silver Mantle threw,
And in her pale Dominion check'd the Night. *Milt.*

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns:
For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less;
But, gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at Increase, *Dryd. Ovid.*

The Queen of Night, whose vast Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land;
And over moist and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides at Midnight reigns. *Hud.*

M O R N I N G. See *Blush*.

'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of Night ;

And *Phosphor*, on the Confines of the Light,

Promis'd the Sun, ere Day began to spring :

The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her Wing, (*Pal. & Arc.*)

And, flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to sing. *Dryd.*

Now rosy Morn ascends the Court of *Jove*,

Lifts up her Light, and opens Day above.

Pope Hom.

Aurora now, fair Daughter of the Dawn,

Sprinkled with rosy Light the dewy Lawn.

Pope Hom.

And now the rosy Messenger of Day,

Strikes the blue Mountains with her golden Ray.

Pope Hom.

Now Morn her rosy Steps in th'orient Clime

Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Eastern Pearl.

Milt.

Night rolls the Hours away :

The redd'ning Orient shews the coming Day ;

The Stars shine fainter on th' etherial Plains,

And of Night's Empire but a third remains.

Pope Hom.

And now the Morning-Star with early Ray,

Flam'd in the Front of Heav'n, and promis'd Day. *Pope Hom.*

The rosy-finger'd Morn appears,

And from her Mantle shakes her Tears :

The Sun, arising, Mortals cheers,

And drives the rising Mists away,

In Promise of a glorious Day. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

Dim Night her shadowy Cloud withdraws; the Morn,

Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy Hand

Unbarr'd the Gates of Light.

Milt.

Now the fair Morn smiles with a Purple Ray,

Clearing before the Sun the eastern Way ;

Whose radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,

And the new Day does to new Toils invite.

Blac.

And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,

And from before her vanish'd gloomy Night,

Shot through with orient Beams.

Milt.

The saffron Morn, with early Blushes spread,

Now rose refulgent from *Tithonus'* Bed ;

With new-born Day to gladden mortal Sight,

And gild the Courts of Heav'n with sacred Light.

Pope Hom.

Aurora had but newly chas'd the Night,

(*Arc.*

And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light. *Dryd. Pal. &*

'Twas just the Time when the new Ebb of Night

Did the moist World unveil to human Sight.

Corw.

And

And now a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes
 Shoots thro' the crystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
 The savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
 And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauseous Loads, reel Home:
 Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' azure Waste are spread,
 And Mifs from *Inns o' Court* bolts out unpaid. *Gar.*

Mean while, to re-salute the World with sacred Light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd
 The Earth. And now the smiling Morn begins
 Her rosy Progress. *Milt.*

The early Lark, the Messenger of Day,
 Saluted in her Song the Morning grey;
 And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
 That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight.
 He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews, *(Æ Arc.*
 And licks the dropping Leafs, and dries the Dews. *Dryd. Pal.*

Now rose the ruddy Morn from *Tithon's* Bed,
 And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erspread.
 Nor long the Sun his daily Course with-held,
 But added Colours to the World reveal'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length gay Morn smiles in the eastern Sky;
 From robbing silent Graves the Sextons fly:
 The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns,
 The Chanter at his early Mattins yawns:
 The Vi'lets ope their Buds, Cowslips their Bells,
 And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells. *Gar.*

The Sun had long since in the Lap
 Of *Thetis* taken out his Nap;
 And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
 From black to red began to turn. *Hud.*

Aurora on *Etesian* Breezes borne,
 With blushing Lips breathes out the sprightly Morn.
 Each Flow'r in Dew its short-liv'd Empire weeps,
 And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps. *Gar.*

Now had *Aurora* on the Face of Night
 Pour'd from her golden Urn fresh Streams of Light,
 That fin'd and clear'd the Air; while down to Hell
 The shady Dregs precipitated fell. *Blac.*

And now the rising Morn with rosy Light
 Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to Flight. *Dryd. Virg.*

Behold the Morn in russet Mantle clad, *(Æ Jul.*
 Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill. *Shak. Rom.*

The Morn, ensuing from the Mountains Height,
 Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosy Light;

Th'

Th' ethereal Courfers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Nostriils breath'd the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

Behold what Streaks

Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.

Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day

Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drefs'd *(Æ Jul.*

While all the Birds brings Musick to his Levee. *Shak. Rom.*

From amber Shrouds I see the Morning rise;

Her rosy Hand begins to paint the Skies:

And now the City-Emmets leave their Hive,

And rowsing Hinds to chearful Labour drive.

High Cliffs and Rocks are pleasing Objects now,

And Nature smiles upon the Mountain's Brow;

The joyful Birds salute the Sun's Approach,

The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gawdy Coach;

While from his Car the dropping Gems distil; *[Paris.*

And all the Earth and all the Heav'ns do smile. *Lee Mass. of*

It is methinks a Morning full of Fate:

It rises slowly, as her sullen Care

Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung on it.

She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black;

Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood;

And her sick Head is bound about with Clouds,

As if she threaten'd Night ere Noon of Day. *Job. Catiline.*

The Morning rises black, the low'ring Sun

Drives heavily his sable Chariot on:

The Face of Day now blushes scarlet-deep. *Lee Alex.*

Wish'd Morning's come; and now upon the Plains

And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,

The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,

And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.

The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip

Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,

With much Content and Appetite he eats,

To follow in the Field his daily Toil,

And drefs the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.

The Beasts, that under the warm Hedges slept,

And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up;

And, looking tow'ards the neighb'ring Pastures, raise

Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow:

The chearful Birds too on the Tops of Trees

Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes

Salute, and welcome up the rising Sun.

Otw. Orph.
Parent

Parent of Day! whose beauteous Beams of Light
Spring from the darksome Womb of Night,
And 'midst their native Horrors show
Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.
Not Heav'n's fair Bow can equal thee,
In all its gawdy Drapery :
Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day!
Rival of Shade! Eternal Spring of Light!
From thy bright unexhausted Womb
The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.
Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
But 'spite of Time thou'rt ever young.
Thou art alone Heav'n's modest virgin Light,
Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from human Sight.
At thy Approach, Nature erects her Head ;
The smiling Universe is glad ;
The drowsy Earth and Seas awake,
And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.
When thy more chearful Rays appear,
Ev'n Guilt and Women cease to fear :
Horror, Dispair, and all the Suns of Night,
Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.
Thou risest in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy Nest ;
But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary Stay,
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,
Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with Light.
Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last :
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State ;
Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate !

Yald.

M O R P H E U S.

Somnus, the drowsy God,
Excited *Morpheus* from the sleepy Crow'd :
Morpheus, of all his num'rous Train, express'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated best :
The Walk, the Words, the Gesture could supply,
The Habit mimic, and the Mien bely :
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human Kind.
Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images and Monster-shapes:

This

This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall,
 The Gods have nam'd, but Men *Phobetor* call.
 A Third is *Phantafus*, whose Actions roll
 On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul :
 Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs he represents in Dreams,
 And solid Rocks unmov'd, and Running Streams :
 These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,
 The rest before th' ignoble Commons play. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,
 And drowsy Night invades the weary World,
 Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantastick *Morpheus* ;
 Ten thousand mimic Fancies fleet around him,
 Subtile as Air, and various in their Natures :
 Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent Forms,
 In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper ;
 While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
 Imaginary Evils give Mankind. *Rowe Ulyss.*

T O - M O R R O W. See *Drinking.*

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,
 That is not ours which is to come !
 The present Moment's all our Store,
 The next shou'd Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more :
 So all our Life is but one Instant Now.
 Look on each Day you've past
 To be a mighty 'Treasure won ;
 And lay each Minute out in Haste,
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon. *Cong. Hor.*
 To-morrow and her Works defy ;
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r :
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain ;
 Whate'er thou get'st To-day is Gain. *Dryd. Hor.*
 We are not sure To-morrow will be ours ;
 Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours :
 Let us use all ; for if we lose one Day,
 The white one in the Crowd may slip away. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
 Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call To-day his own !
 He, who secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd To-day.

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The Joys I have possess'd in spite of Fate are mine :
Not Heav'n it self upon the past hath Pow'r, (Hor.
But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour. Dryd.

The hoary Fool who many Days
Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hopes, and blindy lays
The desp'rate Bett upon To-morrow :
To-morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,
This Day like all the former fled,
Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To-morrow, 'till To-night he's dead. Prior.
Learn

The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.
Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And 'till To-morrow would the Search delay ;
His lazy Morrow will be like To-day.

Yesterday was once To-Morrow :
That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd ;
For thou hast more To-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task ;
Thou like the hindmost Chariot Wheels art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first. Dryd. Persf.

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,
And still a new To-morrow does come on ;
We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,
'Till th' exhausted Well can yield no more.

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does say,
To-day it self's too late ; the Wise liv'd yesterday. Cowl. Mart.

Life for Delays and doubts no Time does give ;
None ever yet made too much Haste to live. Cowl. Mart.

M O U N T A I N. See Alps. Atlas, *Creation, Parting.*
Teneriff, Vesuvius.

Behold the Mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low Vales, and steal into the Skies. Pope.

His proud Heart the airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds ; his Shoulders and his Sides
A shady Mantle clothes ; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows :
While Winds and Streams his lofty Forehead beat,
The common Fate of all that's high and Great. Denh.
As

As *Alpine* Hills, which o'er the Clouds arise,
 And rear their Heads amidst contiguous Skies,
 Enjoy serene, uninterrupted Day,
 And floating Tempests all beneath survey :
 Their lofty Peaks no threat'ning Meteors wear,
 Nor pond'rous Fogs, which cloud inferiour Air :
 The stedfast Heaps the raging Winds defy,
 So deep they fix their Roots, and raise their Heads so high. *Blac.*

Nigh the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
 Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on ;
 No frisky Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone. *Gar.*

Ridges of high contiguous Hills arise,
 Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies. *Blac.*

Like *Erix*, or like *Athos*, great he shows,
 Or Father *Appenine*, when, white with Snows,
 His Head divine, obscure in Clouds he hides,
 And shakes the sounding Forest on his Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
 By raging Tempests, or by Torrents borne ;
 Or sapp'd by Time, or loosen'd from the Roots,
 Prone thro' the Void, the rocky Ruin shoots,
 Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep ;
 Down sink at once the Shepherds and their Sheep ;
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether Ground ;
 Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and stunn'd from Earth
 rebound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Not with less Ruin than the *Baian* Mole,
 Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall ;
 Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall
 Off the vast Pile : The scatter'd Ocean flies. *(Virg.)*
 Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud arise. *Dryd.*

M U R R A I N.

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,
 A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise.
 During th' autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
 'Tame Cattle, and the Beasts of Nature slew :
 Pois'ning the standing Lakes, and Pools impure,
 Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure ;
 Strange Death ! For when the thirsty Fire had drunk
 Their vital Blood, and their dry Nerves were shrunk ;
 When

When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
 A wat'rish Humour swell'd, and ooz'd agen ;
 Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
 Ordain'd by Nature for a better Use.
 The Victim Ox, that was for Altars press'd,
 Trimm'd with white Ribbands, and with Garlands dress'd,
 Sunk of himself, without the God's Command,
 Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand :
 Or, by the Holy Butcher if he fell,
 Th' inspected Entrails could no Fates foretel :
 Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise,
 But Clouds of smould'ring Smoak forbad the Sacrifice.
 Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
 Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.
 The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake,
 And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack :
 The fawning Dog runs mad : The wheafing Swine
 With Coughs is choak'd, and labours from the Chine.
 The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food :
 The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood :
 He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
 A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears,
 Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
 Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease :
 But in Time's Process, when his Pains increase,
 He rolls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
 With patient Sobblings, and with manly Moans ;
 He heaves for Breath, which from his Lungs supply'd,
 And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring Side :
 To his rough Palate his dry Tongue succeeds,
 And ropy Gore he from his Nostrils bleeds.
 Fir'd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth
 In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death.
 The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
 (Studious of Tillage, and the crooked Plow)
 Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a Flood
 Of foamy Madness mix'd with clotted Blood.
 The Clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
 His mournful Fellow from the Team disjoins ;
 With many a Groan forsakes his fruitless Care,
 And in th' unfinish'd Furrow leaves the Share.
 The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
 Nor flow'ry Meads can ease, nor crystal Floods

Roll'd from the Rocks: his flabby Flanks decrease;
 His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace:
 His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,
 And his unwieldy Neck hangs drooping down.
 The nightly Wolf, that round th' Enclosure prow'd,
 To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold,
 Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe,
 And flying Stag, amidst the Greyhounds go,
 And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe. }
 The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,
 Like shipwreck'd Carcasses, are driv'n aground;
 And mighty *Phocæ*, never seen before
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore.
 The Viper dead within her Hole is found;
 Defenceless was the Shelter of the Ground.
 The Water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,
 With staring Scales lies poison'd in his Bed.
 To Birds their native Heav'ns contagious prove,
 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
 The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around,
 With Lowings, and with dying Bleats, resound;
 At length Fate strikes an universal Blow,
 To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
 Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall; and heap'd on high,
 The diff'ring Species in Confusion lie. *Dryd. Virg.*
 From poison'd Stars a mortal Influence came,
 (The mingled Malice of their Flame)
 A skilful Angel did th' Ingredients take,
 And, with just Hands, the sad Composure make:
 And over all Land did a full Vial shake?
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
 And pining Pains, and shiv'ring Sweats,
 On all the Cattle, all the Beasts, did fall:
 The lab'ring Ox drops down before the Plow;
 And the crown'd Victims, to the Altar led,
 Sink, and prevent the lifted Blow.
 The gen'rous Horse from the full Manger turns his Head,
 Does his lov'd Floods and Pastures scorn,
 Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn;
 Nor can his lifeless Nostrils please,
 With the once ravishing Smell of all his dappled Mistresses.
 The starving Sheep refuse to feed;
 They bleat their inn'cent Souls out into Air:

The faithful Dogs lies gasping by them there: (Cowl.
Th' astonish'd Shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful Reed.

M U S E.

Go, the rich Chariot instantly prepare ;
The Queen, my Muse, will take the Air :
Unruly *Fancy*, with strong *Judgment*, trace ;
Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-plac'd *Eloquence* join with it :
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place ;
Harness all the winged Race :
Let the Postilion, *Nature*, mount,
The Coachman, *Art*, be set ;
And let the airy Footmen, running all beside,
Make a long Row of goodly Pride.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*,
In a well-worded Dress ;
And innocent *Loves*, and pleasant *Truths*, and artful *Lies*,
In all their gawdy Liveries.
Mount, glorious Queen ! thy trav'ling Throne,
And bid put on ;
For long, tho' chearful, is the Way,
And Life, alas ! allows but one ill Winter's Day ;
Where never Foot of Man nor Hoof of Beast
The Passage press'd ;
Where never Fish did fly,
And with short silver Wings cut the low liquid Sky ;
Where Bird, with painted Oar, did ne'er
Row thro' the trackless Ocean of the Air.
Where never yet did pry
The busy Morning's curious Eye,
The Wheels of thy bold Coach pass quick and free,
And all's an open Road to thee ;
Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted Way :
Nay, e'en beyond his Works thy Voyages are known,
Thou hast ten thousand Worlds too of thy own.
Thou speak'st, great Queen ! in the same Style as he ;
And a new World leaps forth, when thou say'st, *Let it be*.
Thou fathom'st deep the Gulph of Ages past,
And can'st pluck up, with Ease,
The Years which thou dost please ;
Like shipwreck'd Treasure, by rude Tempests cast

Long since into the Sea,
 Brought up again to Light and publick Use by thee.
 Nor dost thou only dive so low,
 But fly,
 With an unweary'd Wing, the other Way as high:
 Where Fates among the Stars do grow,
 There into the close Nests of Time doth peep,
 And there, with piercing Eye,
 Thro' the firm Shell, and the thick White dost spy
 Times-to-come a forming lie,
 Close in their sacred Secundine asleep;
 Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital Heat,
 Which o'er them yet does brooding sit,
 They Life and Motion get:
 And, ripe at last, with vig'rous Might,
 Break thro' the Shell, and take their everlasting Flight.

 And sure we may
 The same too of the present say,
 If past and future Times do thee obey:
 Thou stop'st this Current, and dost make
 The running River settle like a Lake;
 Thy certain Hands hold fast this slipp'ry Snake.
 The Fruit, which does so quickly waste,
 Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
 Thou comfitest in Sweets to make it last.
 This shining Piece of Ice,
 Which melts so soon away,
 With the Sun's Ray,
 Thy Verse does solidate and crystallize,
 'Till it a lasting Mirrour be:
 Nay, thy immortal Rhyme
 Makes this one short Point of Time
 To fill up half the Orb of round Eternity:

Cowl.

Invocation of the M U S E S.

Now, ere we venture to unfold
 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned Poets use,
 Invoke th' Assistance of some Muse:
 We think 'tis no great matter which;
 They're all alike; yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our Purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Hud.
Queen

Queen of all harmonious Things,
Dancing Words, and speaking Strings,
What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?

What happy Man to equal Glories bring?

Begin, begin thy noble Choice; (Covcl. Pind.

And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.

Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inspire,

And fill his Soul with thy Celestial Fire. Dryd. Virg.

And now the mighty Labour is begun,

Ye Muses, open all your *Helicon*;

For well you know, and can record alone (Virg.

What Fame to future Time conveys but darkly down. Dryd.

Say, Virgins, seated round the Throne divine!

All-knowing Goddesses! Immortal Nine!

Since Earth's wide Regions, Heav'n's unmeasur'd Height,

And Hell's Abyss, hide nothing from your Sight,

(We, wretched Mortals! lost in Doubts below,

But guess'd by Rumour, and but boast we know.

Daughters of *Jove*, assist! Inspir'd by you,

The mighty Labour, dauntless, I pursue.

Pope Hom.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,

Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song;

For you in singing martial Facts excel;

You best remember, and alone can tell.

Dryd. Virg.

Descend from Heav'n, *Urania*! by that Name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine

Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soar;

Above the Flight of *Pegasæan* Wing:

The Meaning, not the Name, I call; for thou

Nor of the Muses Nine, nor on the Top

Of old *Olympus* dwell'st; but, heav'nly-born,

Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain's flow'd,

Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse;

Wisdom, thy Sister, and with her did'st play

In Presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd

With thy celestial Song: Upheld by thee,

Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,

And earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Air,

Thy Temp'ring: With like Safety guided down,

Return me to my native Element:

Left from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once

Bellerophon, tho' from a lower Clime)

Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall,

Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn.

Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound

Within

Within the visible diurnal Sphere ;
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, tho' fall'n on evil Days,
 On evil Days tho' fall'n and evil Tongues ;
 In Darkness, and with Dangers compass'd round,
 And Solitude. Yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my Slumbers nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the East ; still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit Audience find, tho' few ;
 But drive far off the barb'rous Dissonance
 Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
 Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Ears
 To Rapture, till the savage Clamour drown'd
 Both Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty Dream.

Milt.

Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
 And force them, tho' it were in Spite
 Of Nature and their Stars to write ;
 Who, as we find in sullen Writs,
 And cross grain'd Works of modern Wits,
 With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
 The Wonder of the Ignorant,
 The Praises of the Author, penn'd
 B' himself, or Wit-insuring Friend,
 The Itch of Picture in the Front,
 With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't ;
 All that is left o' th' forked Hill,
 To make Men scribble without Skill :
 Can'st make a Poet Spite of Fate,
 And teach all People to translate ;
 Tho' out of Languages in which
 They understand no Part of Speech :
 Assist me but this once I implore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

Hud.

M U S I C K. See *Lute*, *Lyre*, *Poetry*, *Singing*.

Tell me, O Muse ! (for thou, or none, can'st tell)
 The mystick Pow'rs that in blest Numbers dwell.
 At first a various unform'd Hint we find
 Rise in some Godlike Poet's fertile Mind,

Till

Till all the Parts and Words their Places take;
 And, with just Marches, Verse and Musick make.
 Such was God's Poem, this World's new Essay;
 So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay:
 Th' ungovern'd Parts no Correspondence knew,
 And artless War from thwarting Motions grew,
 Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought
 By the eternal Mind's poetick Thought:
 Water and Air he for the Tenour chose,
 Earth made the Base, the Treble Flame arose:
 To th' active Moon a quick brisk Stroke he gave,
 To Saturn's String a Touch more soft and grave:
 The Motions, streight, and round, and swift, and slow,
 And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so,
 Did in such artful Figures smoothly fall,
 As made this decent measur'd Dance of All.
 And this is Musick.

Cowley.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
 This universal Frame began:

From Harmony to Harmony;

Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
 The Diapason closing full in Man.

Dryden.

And Man may justly tuneful Strains admire;
 His Soul is Musick, and his Breast a Lyre:
 A Lyre, which, while its various Notes agree,
 Enjoys the Sweets of its own Harmony.
 In us rough Hatred with soft Love is join'd,
 And sprightly Hope with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
 To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.
 What ravishes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
 Is Musick, tho' a various Dress it wear.
 Beauty is Musick too, tho' in Disguise;
 Too fine to touch the Ear, it strikes the Eyes,
 And, thro' 'em, to the Soul the silent Stroke conveys.
 'Tis Musick heav'nly, such as in a Sphere,
 We only can admire, but cannot hear.
 Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers less below,
 By them all Humours yield, all Passions bow,
 And stubborn Crouds are chang'd, yet know not how.
 Let other Arts in senseless Matter reign,
 Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain;
 Musick, the mighty Artist, Man, can rule,
 As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
 And much as Man can those mean Arts controul.

If Musick be the Food of Love, play on :
 That Strain again : It had a dying Fall :
 Oh ! it came o'er my Ear like a sweet Sound
 That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
 Stealing and giving Odours. *Shak. Twelfth Night.*

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast ;
 To soften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak :
 I've read that Things inanimate have mov'd,
 And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd *(Bride.*
 By magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound. *Cong. Mourn.*

Let there be Musick, let the Master touch
 The sprightly String, and softly-breathing Flute ;
 Till Harmony rowze ev'ry gentle Passion !
 Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,
 And the fierce Youth languish at her Feet.
 Begin ! Ev'n Age it self is chear'd with Musick,
 It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth, *(Pen.*
 Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport. *Rowe Fair*

The breathing Flutes soft Notes are heard around,
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound :
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring ;
 These touch the vocal Stop, and those the trembling String.
 Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,
 Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion could inspire ;
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly Strain
 Could swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the martial Train. *Pope*
(Jan. and May.

Hear how *Timotheus'* various Lays surprize,
 And bid alternate Passions fall and rise ;
 While, at each Change, the Son of *Lybian Jove*,
 Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love.
 Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,
 Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow :
Persians and *Greeks* like Turns of Nature found,
 And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound. *Pope.*

'Twas at the Royal Feast for *Persia*, won
 By *Philip's* warlike Son ;
 Aloft, in awful State,
 The God-like Hero sat
 On his Imperial Throne.
 His valiant Peers were plac'd around,
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,
 (So should Desert in Arms be crown'd)

The lovely *Thais*, by his Side,
 Satelike a blooming Eastern Bride,
 In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.
 Happy, happy, happy, Pair!

None but the Brave, none but the Brave,
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on High
 Amid the tuneful Choir,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And heav'nly Joy inspire,
 The Song began from *Jove*,
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love!)

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:
 Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
 When he to fair *Olympia* press'd;
 And while he fought her snowy Breast,
 Then round her slender Waste he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the World;
 The list'ning Croud admire the lofty Sound,
 A present Deity! they shout around,
 A present Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Musician sung,
 Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly God in Triumph comes;
 Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums;
 Flush'd with a purple Grace,
 He shews his honest Face.

Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes! he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking Joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' Blessings are Treasure,
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure,

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain,
 Fought all his Battles o'er again,

And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And, while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride:

He chose a mournful Muse,

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung *Darius* great and good,

By too severe a Fate,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n from his high Estate,

And welt'ring in his Blood;

Deserted, at his utmost Need,

By those his former Bounty fed:

On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,

With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below:

And now and then a Sigh he stole,

And Tears began to flow.

The mighty Master smil'd to see

That Love was in the next Degree;

'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,

For pity melts the Soul to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,

Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures:

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,

Honour but an empty Bubble;

Never ending, still beginning;

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the World be worth thy Winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying!

Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee;

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The many rend the Skies with loud Applause;

So Love was crown'd; but Musick won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length with Wine and Love at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

Now

Now strike the golden Lyre again,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain;
 Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
 And rowze him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
 Has rais'd up his Head;
 As awak'd from the Dead,
 And, amaz'd, he stares round.
 Reveng! Revenge! *Timotheus* cries,
 See the *Furies* arise!
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!
 Behold a ghastly Band,
 Each a Torch in his Hand!
 These are *Grecian* Ghosts that in Battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious, on the Plain;
 Give the Vengeance due
 To the valiant Crew:
 Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods!
 The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy:
Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey;
 And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.
 Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
 And sounding Lyre,
 Could swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire. *Dryd.*
 Thus *Davia's* Lyre did *Saul's* wild Rage controul,
 And tune the harsh Disorders of his Soul.
 His Sheep would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,
 And savage Beasts stand by as tame as they.
 Rivers, whose Waves roll'd down aloud before,
 Mute as their Fish, would listen tow'rd's the Shore. *Cowb.*
 The Groves rejoyc'd the *Thracian* Verse to hear;
 In vain did Nature bid them stay:
 When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,
 They

They call'd their wond'ring Roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

Cowl.

For *Orpheus'* Lute could soften Steel and Stone,
Make Tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands. *Shak. The*
(two Gent. of Verona.

Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore,
And fought his mournful Mind with Musick to restore.
On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung: His Griefs with Day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.
Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night
He took his Way, thro' Forests void of Light;
And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable King.
Th' infernal Mansions, nodding, seem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to snarl;
The *Furies* hearken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his Pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing Wheel.

Dryd. Virg.

M Y R R H A.

Mean while (*) the mis-begotten Infant grows,
And, ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throes
The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.
The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,
Writhes here and there to break the Bark in vain;
And, like a lab'ring Woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid.
The bending Bowl sends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.
The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood;
Then reach'd her Midwife-hand to speed the Throes,
And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose.
The Bark divides the living Load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive Tree.

Dryd. Ovid.

(*) The Poets feign that Myrrha was got with Child by her Father, and deliver'd after she was chang'd into a Tree.

NATURE and ART. See *Painting*.

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light,
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Test of Art.
Art from that Fund each just Supply provides,
Works without Show, and without Pomp presides :
In some fair Body thus the secret Soul
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the Whole,
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve sustains ;
It self unseen, but in Effect remains.

Pope.

Let Art use Method and good Husbandry :
Art lives on Nature's Alms, is weak and poor ;
Nature her self has unexhausted Store ;
Wallows in Wealth, and runs a turning Maze,
That no vulgar Eye can trace :
Art, instead of mounting high,
About her humble Food does hov'ring fly ;
Like the ignoble Crow, Rapine and Noise does love ;
While Nature, like the sacred Bird of *Jove*,
Now bears loud Thunder, and anon, with silent Joy,
The beauteous *Phrygian* Boy,
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying Prey ;
And sometimes basks in th' open Flames of Day ;
And sometimes too he shrowds
His soaring Wings among the Clouds.

Cowley.

N E C R O M A N C E - R, See *Witch*.

Him have I seen (on *Ister's* Banks he stood,
Where last we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood
In sudden Ice ; and, where most swift it flows,
In crystal Nets the wond'ring Fishes close :
Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Stream enlarge,
And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.
In a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Soldiers call ;
Who flow to wounded Bodies did repair,
And, loth to enter, shiver'd in the Air :
These his dread Wand did to short Life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battle to foretel.
In a lone Tent, all hung with Black, I saw
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw :
Four Angels, made by that Circumference,
Bore holy Words inscrib'd of mystick Sense ;

When first a hollow Wind began to blow,
 The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low ;
 Around the Field did nimble Light'ning play,
 Which offer'd us by Fits, and snatch'd the Day.
 'Midst this was heard the shrill and tender Cry
 Of well pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly,
 Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,
 Till to the magick Circle they were bound. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

By my rough Magick I have oft bedimm'd
 'The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds ;
 And 'twixt the green Sea and the azure Vault
 Set roaring War : To the dread rattling Thunder
 Have I giv'n Fire ; and risted *Jove's* stout Oak
 With his own Bolt. Graves, at my Command,
 Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent Art. *Shak. Temp.*

Let the dark Mysteries of Hell begin.

Chuse the darkeſt Part o'th' Grove ;
 Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love :
 Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
 Where the Bones of *Laius* lie :
 Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone
 Will th' infernal Powers have none.
 Is the Sacrifice made fit ?
 Draw her backward to the Pit :
 Draw the barren Heifer back ;
 Barren let her be and black.
 Cut the curled Hair that grows
 Full between her Horns and Brows ;
 Pour in Blood, and Blood-like Wine,
 To *Mother-Earth* and *Proserpine*.
 Mingle Milk into the Stream,
 Feast the Ghosts that love the Stream.
 Snatch a Brand from fun'ral Pile ;
 Toss it in, to make 'em boil :
 And turn your Faces from the Sun.
 Answer me, if all be done ?

Dryd. Oedip.

N E P T U N E.

Neptune, the Ruler of the Seas profound,
 Whose liquid Arms the mighty Globe surround. *Pope Hom.*
Neptune, the hoary Monarch of the Deep ! *Pope Hom.*
 Strong God of Ocean ! thou, whose Rage can make
 The solid Earth's eternal Basis shake. *Pope Hom.*
 Where-

Where e'er the Sun's refulgent Rays are cast,
Thy Pow'r is honour'd, and thy Fame shall last. *Pop. Hom.*

His finny Train *Saturnian Neptune* joins ;
Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws.
And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.
High on the Waves his azure Car he guides ;
Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides,
And the smooth Ocean rolls her silent Tides.
The Tempests fly before their Father's Face ;
Trains of inferior Gods his Triumph grace :
And Monster-Whales before their Master play,
And Quires of *Tritons* crowd the watry Way.
The marshal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide
To Right and Left ; the Gods his better Side
Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and *Nereids* ride. *Dryd.*

}

When thus the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the Seas his sov'reign Trident rears,
Their Fury falls ; he skims the liquid Plains,
High on his Chariot, and with loosen'd Reins
Majestick moves along, and awful Peace maintains. *Dryd.*

*(Virg.)**(Virg.)*

N I G H T.

Darkness now rose, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy Off-spring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of Light, and absent Day. *Milt.*

The Night descends, *(Brut.)*
With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World. *Lee L. J.*

And now from End to End
Night's Hemisphere had veil'd th' Horizon round. *Milt.*

Now deep in Ocean sunk the Lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy Veil of Night. *Pope Hom.*

Now Night, advancing, draws her sable Train
Along the Air, and shades th' etherial Plain. *Blac.*

The weary Sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horison, and roll'd down the Light ;
While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply, *(Man.)*
And Night's dark Mantle overspreads the Sky. *Pope Jan. and*

The Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale :
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, *(Virg.)*
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World resign'd. *Rosc.*

Soon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees ;

And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds. *Gar.*

Now Night had shed her silver Drops around,
And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground *Dryd. Virg.*

Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now dewy Night
New-decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now her brown Wings the silent Night displays,
Night, sprinkled o'er with *Cynthia's* silver Rays:

Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,

And Sleep's soft Chains make fast the Gates of Light. *Blac.*

Mean while the rapid Heav'ns roll'd down the Light,
And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

'Twas at an Hour when busy Nature lay
Dissolv'd in Slumbers from the noisy Day:

When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms spread

A Darkness o'er the universal Bed,

And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled.

Dorf. }

And now the Night does her black Throne ascend,

And dusky Shades her silent State attend:

While pale-fac'd *Cynthia*, with her starry Train

Dart down their trembling Lustre on the Main;

The weary Lab'ers their stiff Limbs repose,

And Sleep's soft Hands their drowsy Eye-lids close. *Blac.*

When the still Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,

Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground;

And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,

While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme;

The Surges gently dash against the Shore,

Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar;

Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes.

Gar.

'Tis Night; the Season when the Happy take

Repose, and only Wretches are awake:

Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,

Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholesome Grounds;

Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,

To frighten them with some sad Tale of Fate. *Otw. Don. Carl.*

The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,

Put down, some say, by Ladies Eyes;

The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,

That hides her Face, by Day, from Sight:

(Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,

That's both her Lustre and her Shade)

And

And in the Night as freely shone,
 As if her Rays had been her own :
 For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere
 Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
 The twinkling Stars began to muſter,
 And glitter with their borrow'd Luſtre :
 While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
 By counterſeiting Death reviv'd.
 For Night's the Sabbath of Mankind,
 To reſt the Body and the Mind.

Hud.

Midnight.

The Night proceeding on with ſilent Pace,
 Stood in her Noon, and view'd, with equal Face,
 Her ſleepy Riſe and her declining Race. *Dryd. Virg.*
 The Steeds of Night had travel'd half the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Now had Night meaſur'd with her ſhad'wy Cone,
 Halfway up-hill this vaſt ſublunar Vault. *Milt.*

It was the Time when the ſtill Moon
 Was mounted ſoftly to her Noon. *Cowl.*

Now all is huſh'd, as Nature were retir'd,
 And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill;
 So much ſhe from her Work appears to ceaſe,
 And ev'ry warring Elément's at Peace:
 All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd;
 The Fiſhes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
 And to the Murmurs of the Waters ſleep:
 The feeling Air's at reſt, and feels no Noiſe,
 Except of ſome ſhort Breaths upon the Trees,
 Rocking the harmleſs Birds that reſt upon them. *Otw. Orph.*

'Twas ſtill low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
 Was twinkling in the muſſed Hemifphere ;
 But all around in horrid Darkneſs mourn'd,
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;
 When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
 Shot thro' the ſolid Darkneſs of the Night :
 In diſmal Silence Nature ſeem'd to ſleep,
 And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep :
 No whiſp'ring *Zephyrus* aloft did Blow,
 No warring Boughs were murmuring below :
 No falling Waters daſh'd, no Rivers purld,
 But all conſpir'd to huſh the drowſy World.

Dorf.

'Twas in the dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
 Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares. *Dryd. Virg.*

Dogs cease to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roll themselves asleep upon the Shore. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

'Twas Night, when Nature was in Sables dress'd;
Tempestuous Winds in hollow Caves did rest,
Impending Rocks with Slumber seem'd to bow,
And drowsy Mountains hung their heavy Brow:
The weary Waves roll'd nodding on the Deep, *(Blac.*
Or, stretch'd on oozy Beds, they murmur'd in their Sleep.

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise:

No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees,
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas:

Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;

No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;

Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,

To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie:

The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,

Nor to the Windows of the dying cleave:

The Owls forget to scream; no Midnight Sound

Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground.

In Vaults the waking Fires extinguish'd lie;

The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and seem to die. *LeeTheod.*

'Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies close

Their Eyes in balmy Sleep and soft Repose.

The Winds no longer whisper'd thro' the Woods,

Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods:

The Stars, in silent Order, mov'd around;

And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the Ground.

The Flocks, and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl,

Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,

Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, securely lay,

Forgetting the past Labours of the Day.

Dryd. Virg.

All Things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead;

The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head:

The little Birds, in Dreams, their Songs repeat,

And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew sweat:

Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

All Things are hush'd, as when the Drawers tread

Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head;

The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,

As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle, burns:

The little Foot-boy snores upon the Stair,

And greasy Cook-maid sweats in Elbow-Chair:

No Coach nor Link is heard.

Rate.

N I G H T.

NIGHTINGALE, See *Creation, Light.*

The warbling Bird
Tunes sweetest her Love-labour'd Song. *Milt.*

She all Night long her am'rous Descant sings.
Trills her thick-warbled Notes the Summer long. *Milt.*

So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
The Mother Nightingale laments alone :
Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence,
By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
And melancholly Musick fills the Plains. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus, in some Poplar Shade, the Nightingale,
With piercing Moans does her lost Young bewail :
Which the rough Hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy Nest, had stol'n away :
But she in mournful Sounds does still complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable Strain. *Lee Theod.*

So when the Nightingale to Rest removes,
The Thrush may chaunt to the forsaken Groves ;
But, charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial Audience clap their Wings. *Pope.*

N O B I L I T Y. See *Bastard.*

Nobility of Blood

Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good :
The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with in-bred Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid,
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:
Then what can Birth on mortal Men bestow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow ?
We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.
Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
And vast Estates, to mighty Titles ty'd,
Did not your Honour, but their own, advance ;
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance :
If you tralin'ate from your Father's Mind,
What are you else but of a Bastard Kind ?
Do as your great Progenitors have done, *(Bath's Tale.*
And by your Virtues prove your self their Son. *Dryd. Wife of Vir-*

Virtue alone is true Nobility:

Let your own Acts immortalize your Name;

'Tis poor relying on another's Fame:

For take the Pillars but away, and all

The Superstructure must in Ruins fall:

As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd

From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Step. Juc.

Search we the Springs,

And backward trace the Principles of Things;

There shall we find, that, when the World began,

One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man;

One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd,

And kneaded up alike with moist'ning Blood.

The same Almighty Power inspir'd the Frame

With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the same;

The Faculties of Intellect and Will

Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill;

Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.

Thus born alike, from Virtue first began

The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man.

He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood;

But that which made him noble, made him good:

Warm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame,

He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd to Fame;

The Rest remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.

This Law, tho' Custom now diverts the Course,

As Nature's Institute, is yet in Force:

Uncancel'd, tho' disus'd; and he whose Mind

Is virtuous, is alone of noble Kind;

Tho' poor in Fortune, of celestial Race:

And he commits the Crime who calls him base.

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,

And Kings by Birth to lowest Ranks return:

All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance;

For Fortune can depress, and can advance.

But true Nobility is of the Mind,

Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd.

(Sig. & Guise.

Dryd.

No Father can infuse or Wit or Grace;

A Mother comes across, and marring the Race;

A Grandfire or a Grandame taints the Blood;

And seldom three Descents continue good.

Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name

Could never vilinize his Father's Fame:

But,

But, as the first, the last of all the Line,
Would, like the Sun, ev'n in descending shine.

Nobility of Blood is but Renown
Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known.
And a long Trail of Light to thee descending down.
If in thy Smoak it ends, their Glories shine,
But Infamy and Vilenage is thine. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.*
And still more puplick Scandal Vice extends,
As he is Great and Noble who offends. *Step. Juv.*

Fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty Birth.
The Pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
The Sap, which at the Root is bred,
In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread ;
But Virtues, which in Parents shine
Make not like Progress thro' the Line.
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of native Worth :
They blow those Sparks, and make 'em rise
Into such Flames as touch the Skies.
To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
A Pedigree that reach'd to Heav'n.
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Who other Mortals so excell'd :
And Beauty too, in such Excess
As yours, *Zelinda*, claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can describe the shady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove* ;
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name.
Thy matchless Form will Credit bring
To all the Wonders I shall sing. *Wall.*

N O O N.

The fiery Sun has finish'd half his Race. *Dryd. Virg.*
The southing Sun inflames the Day,
And the dry Herbage thirsts for Dews in vain ;
And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain. *Dryd. Virg.*

The full blazing Sun
Does now sit high in his meridian Tow'r ;
Shoots down direct his fervid Rays, to warm
Earth's inmost Womb. *Milt.*

N O

N O T H I N G.

Nothing, thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade!
 Thou had'st a Being ere the World was made,
 And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.
 Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not;
 When primitive Nothing Something strait begot:
 Then all proceeded from the great united — What?
 Something, the nat'ral Attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
 Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.
 Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
 And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand
 Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air, and Land.
 Matter, the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
 By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
 And Rebel Light obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.
 With Form and Matter Time and Place did join;
 Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful Reign, and ruin all thy Line.
 Yet Turn-coat Time assists thy Foes in vain,
 And, brib'd by thee, destroys their short-liv'd Reign;
 And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.
 These Mysteries are barr'd from Laicks Eyes,
 And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
 Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies;
 Yet this of thee the Wise may truly say,
 Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away;
 And to be Part of thee the Wicked wisely pray.
 Great Negative! how vainly would the Wise
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Did'st thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies!
 Is, or is not? the two great Ends of Fate;
 And true or false, the Subject of Debate,
 That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate;
 When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
 Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
 And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.
 Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
 For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
 Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like
 (thee, look wise.
French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
King's Promises, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

}
Rob.

NOVELTY.

All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect.

Gar.

Actions of the last Age, are like Almanacks of the last
(Year;

And, when remote in Time, like Objects
Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatness.
And what is new, finds better Acceptation
Than what is good and great.

Denb. Sophy.

NUNNERY.

Oh! shut me in a Cloyster: There, well pleas'd,
Religious Hardships I will learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r:
Nor think it hard within a lonely Cell,
With melancholy speechless Saints to dwell;
But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran, (*Rowe Fair. Pen.*
Free from the Marriage-Chain, and from that Tyrant, Man.

Some solitary Cloyster will I chuse,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Coarse my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy Midnight Bell:
There hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears.
Fasting, and Tears, and Penitence, and Pray'r,
Shall do dead *Sancho* Justice ev'ry Hour:
'Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the last shall say,
Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

O A K. See *Fighting at Sea, Trees.*

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees:
Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in State; and in three more decays. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Jove's own Tree,

That holds the Woods in awful Sov'reignty,
Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,
And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound;
High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend;

There-

Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
 His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows :
 For Length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,
 And Lives of mortal Man contend with his in vain.
 Full in the Midst of his own Strength he stands,
 Stretching his brawny Arms and leafy Hands,
 His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands. }
 (Dryd. Virg.)

As a tall Oak, that young and verdant stood
 Above the Grove, it self a nobler Wood,
 His wide-extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,
 Shading its Trees, as much as they the Ground.
 Young murm'ring Tempests in his Boughs are bred,
 And gath'ring Clouds frown round his lofty Head :
 Outrageous Thunder, stormy Winds, and Rain,
 Discharge their Fury on his Head in vain :
 Earthquakes below, and Lightnings from above,
 Rend not his Trunk, nor his fix'd Root remove.
 But then his Strength worn by destructive Age,
 He can no more his angry Foes engage :
 He spreads to Heav'n his naked wither'd Arms,
 As Aid imploring from invading Harms :
 From his dishonour'd Head the lightest Storm
 Can tear his Beauties, and his Limbs deform :
 He rocks with ev'ry Wind, while on the Ground
 Dry Leafs and broken Arms lie scatter'd round. Blac.

As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try,
 Jostling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
 'This Way and that the Mountain-Oak they bend ;
 His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend :
 With Leafs and falling Mast they spread the Ground,
 'The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound :
 Unmov'd the Royal Plant their Fury mocks,
 Or, shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks.
 Far as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,
 So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie. Dryd. Virg.

Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus*' Banks adorn,
 Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unshorn ;
 And, over-press'd with Nature's heavy Load, (Virg.
 Dance to the whistling Winds, and at each other nod. Dryd.

As two tall Oaks they rise ;
 Their Roots in Earth, their Heads amidst the Skies ;
 Whose spreading Arms, with leafy Honours crown'd,
 Forbid the Tempest, and protect the Ground :

High on the Hills appears their stately Form,
And their deep Roots for ever brave the Storm. *Pope. Hom.*

As the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
Does in soft Wreathes and am'rous Foldings twine,
Easy and slight appears: The Winds from far
Summon their noisy Forces to the War.
But tho' so gentle seems his outward Form,
His hidden Strength outbraves the loudest Storm;
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field;
Showing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild. *Hal.*

So when a noble Oak that long has stood
High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood,
Is shock'd by stormy Winds, he either Way
Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway:
His lab'ring Roots disturb the neigh'ring Ground,
And make a heaving Earthquake all around;
Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storm defies,
His Roots still keep the Earth, his Head the Skies. *Blac.*

O A T H.

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;
Too feeble Implements to bind;
And Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
Know little of their Priviledge.
For if the Dev'l, to serve his Turn,
Can tell Truth; why the Saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lye,
I think there's little Reason why. *Hud.*

We're not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear;
But to swear idly and in vain,
Without Self-Interest or Gain:
For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying. *Hud.*

Oaths were not purpos'd more than Law,
To keep the Just and Good in Awe;
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold. *Hud.*

If Oaths can do a Man no Good
In his own Bus'ness, why they should
In other Matters do him Hurt,
I think there's little Reason for't. *Hud.*

He that imposes an Oath, makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:

Then

Then how can any Man be said
To break an Oath he never made ?

Hud.

O B S T I N A T E.

So fullenly addicted still
To's only Principle, his Will;
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
No Force of Argument could move ;
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of *Holborn*,
Could render half a Grain less stubborn :
For he at any Time would hang,
For th' Opportunity t' harangue ;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear Delight, to wrangle :
In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd :
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease ;
And with its everlasting Clack,
Set all Men's Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner could a Hint appear,
But up he started to pickeer ;
And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in Controversy ;
Not by the Force of carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing ;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable :
For tho' his Topicks, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of Sense
With greater Heat and Confidence :
As Bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer. *Hud.*
He still resolv'd, to mend the Matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :
And still the skittisher and looser
His Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer. *Hud.*
For Fools are stubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay :
And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief. *Hud.*

O E D I P U S *tearing out his Eyes.*

Thrice he struck

With all his Force his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus with Outcries to himself complain'd :
But thou can'st weep then ? and thou think'st 'tis well !
These Bubbles of the shallow'st emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on :
Yet these, thou think'st are ample Satisfaction
For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust !
No, Parricide ! if thou must weep, weep Blood,
Weep Eyes instead of Tears ! O, by the Gods !
'Tis greatly thought, he cries, and fits my Woes.
With that he smil'd revengefully, and leap'd
Upon the Floor ; thence gazing on the Skies,
His Eye-balls fry red, and glowing Vengeance :
Gods ! I accuse you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glasses,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
I find your dazling Beings. Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal farewell View ;
Then with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force, lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore from out their bloody Orbs
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground. *See Oed.*

OLD AGE. *See Death, Dying of Old Age, Youth.*

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching flow,
To distant Fate by easy Journeys go :
Gently they lay them down, as Ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.
So noiseless would I live, such Death to find :
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind.
But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,
And, dying, nothing to my self would owe.
Thus daily changing, with a duller Taste
Of less'ning Joys, I by Degrees would waste.
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And steal my self from Life, and melt away. *(of Inn. Dryd., State*

How happy is the Ev'ning Tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with!

Free

Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That tofs the thoughtful, active, busy Mind! *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

For Youth it self's an empty wav'ring State :
Cool Age advances venerably wife,
Turns on all Hands its deep-discerning Eyes,
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall :
Concludes from both, and best provides for all. *Pope Hom.*

But Heav'n its Gifts not all at once bestows,
Theſe Years with Wiſdom crowns, with Action thoſe.
The Field of Combate fits the Young and Bold ;
The ſolemn Council beſt becomes the Old :
To Youth the glorious Conſliſt I reſign,
Let ſage Advice, the Palm of Age be mine. *Pope Hom.*

The Soul, with nobler Reſolutions deck'd,
The Body ſtooping, does her ſelf erect.
Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes
Conceal that Happineſs which Age deſcries.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by Weakneſs, wiſer Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home.
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the Threshold of the new. *Wall.*

We yet may ſee the old Man in a Morning,
Luſty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
And there purſue the Chace, as if he meant
T' o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again. *Otw. Orph.*

As in a green Old Age his Hair juſt grieved. *Dryd. Oedip.*
While yet few Furrows on my Face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, and Old Age is green,
And *Lachefis* has ſomewhat left to ſpin. *Dryd. Juv.*

Now my chill'd Blood is curdled in my Viens,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a Man remains. *Dryd. Virg:*

Now the ſlow Courſe of all impairing Time
Unſtrings my Nerves, and ends my manly Prime. *Pope Hom.*

Now waſting Years, that wither human Race,
Exhauſt my Spirits, and my Arms unbrace. *Pope Hom.*

I am left-behind,
To drink the Dregs of Life, by Fate aſſign'd :
Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gone. *Dryd. Virg.*

Dodder'd with Age, the Winter of Man's Life !
The gloomy Eve of endless Night. *Dryd.*

Propp'd on a Staff, ſhe takes a trembling Mien ;
Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obſcene :

Deep

Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheeks she draws,
Sunk are her Eyes, and toothlels are her Jaws ;
Hoary her Hair

Dryd. Virg.

Time has plow'd that Face with many Furrows *Dryd.*
(Oedip.

His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin,
His Beard was stubble, and his Cheeks were thin. *Dryd. Juv*

Decrepid Bodies, worn to Ruin,
Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,
And to let drop the Soul. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.*

When my Blood was warm,
This languish'd Frame when better Spirits fed, *(Dryd. Virg.*
Ere Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o'er-snow'd my Head.

Jove! grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more :

Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young, conspire
In this one silly mischievous Desire.

Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call !

'Tis a long, nasty, darksome Hospital !

A ropy Chain of Rheums ! a Visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff !

A Stitch-fall'n Cheek that hangs below the Jaw ;

Such Wrinkles as a skilful Hand would draw

For an old Grandame Ape, when with a Grace

She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.

In Youth Distinctions infinite abound ;

No Shape, no Feature just alike is found :

The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong ;

But the same Foulness does to Age belong ;

The self-same Palsy both to Limbs and Tongue.

The Skull and Forehead an old barren Plain,

And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain. *Dryd. Juv.*

These are th' Effects of doating Age,
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution ;

The second Nonage of a Soul more wise,

But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,

Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Oft am I by the Women told,

Poor *Anacreon* ! thou grow'st old :

Look how thy Hairs are falling all :

Poor *Anacreon* ! how they fall !

Whether I grow old or no,

By th' Effects I do not know :

This I know without being told,
 'Tis Time to live, if I grow old ;
 'Tis Time short Pleasures now to take,
 Of little Life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last Stake. *Cowl. Ana.*

O P P R E S S I O N .

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong,
 For patient Duty to employ his Tongue,
 Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breasts
 All Reason, and all Sense of Duty wrests.
 'The Gods are safe, when under Wrongs we groan,
 Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
 Shall Princes then, who are but Gods of Clay,
 Think they may safely with our Honour play? *Wall.*

Be careful to with-hold

Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold :
 Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair ;
 For tho' your Violence should leave them bare
 Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
 And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain ;
 The Plunder'd still have Arms. *Step. Juv.*

O R P H E U S. See *Musick.*

O W L,

The boding Bird,
 Which haunts the ruin'd Piles and hollow Urns,
 And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings,
 Where Songs obscene on Sepulchres she sings. *Dryd. Virg.*

With boding Note

The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat :
 Or on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height, (*Dryd. Virg.*
 With Songs obscene disturbs the Silence of the Night.

As an Owl that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little Beast within his Reach,
 'Then starts and seizes on the Wretch. *Hud.*

P A I N.

Now grinding Tortures his strong Bosom rend ;
 Less keen those Darts the fierce *Ilythiæ* send ;

The

The Pow'rs that cause the teeming Matron's Throes,
Sad Mothers of unutterable Woes *Pope Hom.*

What avails
Valour or Strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with Pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the Hands
Of mightiest Men? Sense of Pleasure we may well
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest Life :
But Pain is perfect Misery, the worst
Of Evils; and, excessive, overturns
All Patience.

Milt.

PAINTER and PAINTING.

Rare Artisan! whose Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
Strange, that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire;
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so :
But confounded with thy Art, *(Van Dyke.*
Inquires her Name that has his Heart. *Wall.to*

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
(And still the sweet Idea Charms my Mind)
True, she was dumb, for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue;
But smiling said, She still shall gain the Prize,
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes :
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller!* such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will!
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
Lives there, and wants but Words to speak her Thought.
At least thy Pictures look a Voice, and we
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that Degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight ;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all :
Such are thy Pieces! imitating Life
So near, they almost conquer'd in the Strife;

}

And from their animated Canvas came
 Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame,
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
 His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay ;
 And either would thy noble Work inspire,
 Or think it warm enough without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise ;
 This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :
 From hence the Rudiments of Art began,
 A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man.
 Perhaps the Shadow taken on a Wall,
 Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original ;
 'Ere Canvas yet was strain'd, before the Grace
 Of blended Colours found their Use and Place,
 Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.
 By slow Degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,
 As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd :
Greece added Posture, Shade, and Perspective,
 And then the mimic Piece began to live.
 Yet Perspective was lame ; no Distance true,
 But all came forward in one common View :
 No Point of Light was known, no Bounds of Art ;
 When Light was there, it knew not to depart ;
 But glaring on remoter Objects play'd,
 Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
 Long time the Sister-Arts, in Iron Sleep,
 A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep :
 At length, in *Raphael's* Age at once they rise,
 Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
 Thence rose the *Roman* and the *Lombard* Line,
 One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like *Homer's*, was the nobler Part :
 But *Titian's* Painting look'd like *Virgil's* Art.
 Thy Genius gives thee both ; where true Design,
 Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
 Likeness is ever there, but still the best,
 Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dress'd :
 Where Light, to Shades descending, plays, not strives,
 Dies by Degrees, and by Degrees revives.
 Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought ;
 Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.
 Our Arts are Sisters, tho' not Twins in Birth ;
 For Hymns were sung in *Eden's* happy Earth
 By the first Pair.

But oh ! the Painter Muse, tho' last in Place,
 Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's Race*.
Apelles' Art an *Alexander* found ;
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's Gold* abound :
 But *Homer* was with barren Laurel crown'd.
 Thou had'st thy *Charles* a while, and so had I ;
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by.
 Thou paint'st as we describe ; improving still,
 When on wild Nature we engraft our Skill :
 But not creating Beauties at our Will.
 But Poets are confin'd, in narrow'r Space,
 To speak the Language of their Native Place :
 The Painter widely stretches his Command ;
 Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.
 But we who Life bestow, our selves must live ;
 Kings cannot reign unless their Subjects give.
 And they who pay the Taxes bear the Rule ;
 Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a Fool ;
 But so his Follies in thy Postures sink,
 The senseless Idiot seems at least to think.
 Rich in thy self, and of thy self divine,
 All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine :
 A graceful Truth thy Pencil can command ;
 The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand :
 Likeness appears in ev'ry Lineament ;
 But Likeness in thy Work is eloquent.
 Tho' Nature there her true Resemblance bears,
 A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
 So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous Frame,
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.
 More cannot be by mortal Art express'd ;
 But venerable Age shall add the rest.
 For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand,
 Re-touch your Figures with his rip'ning Hand ;
 Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint,
 Add ev'ry Grace which Time alone can grant :
 To future Ages shall your Fame convey, (G. Kneller.
 And give more Beauties than he takes away. Dryd. To Sir

Men thought so much a Flame by Art was shown.
 The Picture's self would fall in Ashes down. Corol.
 The Painter, who so long had vex'd his Cloth,
 Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,

His desp'rate Pencil at the Work did dart ;
 His Anger reach'd that Rage which pass'd his Art :
 Chance finish'd that which Art could but begin ;
 And he sat smiling how his Dog did grin.

Marv.

So when the faithful Pencil has design'd
 Some bright Idea of the Master's Mind,
 Where a new World leaps out at his Command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his Hand ;
 When the ripe Colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just Shade and Light :
 When mellowing Years their full Perfection give,
 And each bold Figure just begins to live ;
 The treach'rous Colours the fair Art betray,
 And all the bright Creation fades away.

*Pope.**Prometheus ill painted.*

How wretched doth *Prometheus*' State appear,
 While he his second Mis'ry suffers here !
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's Hands.
 It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow ;
 The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

*Cowd.**Under a Lady's Picture.*

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy
 That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy* ?
 But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair *Greek*,
 Th'am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek
 Or hope for Pity ; but with silent Moan,
 And better Fate, had perished alone.

*Wall.**Women's Painting.*

As Pirates all false Colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary Mariner ;
 So Women, to surprize us, spread
 The borrow'd Flags of White and Red.
 Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues
 In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Periwigs ;
 With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
 Than *Philip Nye*'s Thanksgiving-Beard.
 Prepost'rously t'entice and gain
 Those to adore them they disdain.

Quoth

Quoth she, if you're impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own Temptation done;
 That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the Slight:
 For when we find you're still more taken
 With false Attracts of your own making;
 Swear that's a Rose and that's a Stone,
 Like Sots, to us that laid it on;
 And what we did but slightly Prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhyme:
 You force us, in our own Defences,
 To copy Beams and Influences;
 To lay Perfections on the Graces.
 And draw Attracts upon our Faces:
 And in Compliance to your Wit,
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit;
 Which when they're nobly done, and well,
 The simple natural excel.
 How fair and sweet the planted Rose,
 Beyond the wild in Hedges grows!
 For, without Art, the noblest Seeds
 Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
 And polish'd, looks a Diamond!
 Tho' Paradise was ere so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care.
 The whole World, without Art and Dress,
 Would be but one great Wilderness;
 And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
 For all that Nature has conferr'd:
 This does but rough-hew and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

Hud.

PALLAS. See Minerva.

Pallas, mean while, her various Veil unbound,
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, with Art immortal crown'd;
 The radiant Robe her sacred Fingers wove,
 Floats in rich Waves, and spreads the Court of *Jove*;
 Her Father's Arms her mighty Limbs invest;
Jove's Culrass blazes on her ample Breast:
 Deck'd in sad Triumph for the mournful Field,
 O'er her broad Shoulders hangs his horrid Shield;
 Dire, black, tremendous! round the Margin roll'd,
 A Fringe of Serpents hissing guards the Gold;

Here all the Terrors of grim *War* appear,
 Here rages *Force*, here tremble *Flight* and *Fear*,
 Here storm'd *Contention*, and here *Fury* frown'd:
 And the dire Orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.
 The massy golden Helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'ershading Plumes;
 So vast, the broad Circumference contains
 A hundred Armies on a hundred Plains.
 The Goddess thus th' imperial Car ascends:
 Shook by her Arm the mighty Jav'lin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge; that when her Fury burns,
 Proud Tyrants humbles, and whole Hosts o'erturns. *Pope Hom.*

P A R A D I S E.

The Groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long.
 Live in Description, and look green in Song. *Pope.*

So on he fares, and to the Border comes
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her Enclosure green,
 As with a rural Mound, the champain Head
 Of a steep Wilderness; whose hairy Sides,
 With Thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd: And over head up-grew
 Insuperable Height of loftiest Shade;
 Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm;
 A sylvan Scene! And as the Ranks ascend
 Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,
 Of stateliest View; and higher than their Tops
 The verd'rous Wall of Paradise up-sprung;
 And higher than that Wall a circling Row
 Of goodliest Trees, loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hew,
 Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams,
 Than on fair Ev'ning Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God has show'r'd the Earth: So lovely seem'd
 That Landscape! And of pure, now purer Air
 Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires
 Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
 All Sadness, but Despair: Now gentle Gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
 Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy Spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past

Mozambick, off at Sea North-East Winds blow
Sabæan Odours from the spicy Shore
 Of *Arabie* the *Blest*: With such Delay
 Well pleas'd, they slack their Course; and many a Leauge,
 Chear'd with the grateful Smell, old *Ocean* smiles.
 So entertain'd those od'rous Sweets the Fiend.

Garden of Eden.

A blisful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,
 And flowing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balm;
 A Wilderness of Sweets! for Nature here
 Wanton'd as in her Prime; and play'd, at Will,
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet
 Wild, above Rule or Art, enormous Blis!
 Out of this fertile Ground God caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest Kind for Sight, Smell, Taste;
 And all amid'st them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold; and, next to Life,
 Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by.
 Southward thro' *Eden* went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his Course, but thro' the shaggy Hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; and thence, thro' Veins
 Of porous Earth, with kindly Thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and, with many a Rill,
 Water'd the Garden: Thence, united, fell
 Down the steep Glade, and met the nether Flood.

But oh! what Art can tell

How from that Sapphyre Fount, the crisped Brook,
 Rolling on orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,
 With many Error, under pendant Shades,
 Ran Nectar; visiting each Plant, and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise: which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse, on Hill, and Dale, and Plain,
 Both where the Morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade
 Imbrown'd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place
 A happy rural Seat, of various View:
 Groves, whose rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm;
 Others, whose Fruit, burnish'd with golden Rind,
 Hung amiable; *Hesperian* Fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious Taste:
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks

Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd;
 Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
 Of some irriguous Valley, spread her Store;
 Flow'rs of all Hew, and, without Thorn, the Rose:
 Another Side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves
 Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine
 Lays forth her purple Grapes, and gently creeps,
 Luxuriant. Mean while murmur'ing Waters fall
 Down the slope Hills, dispers'd, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
 Her crystal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.
 The Birds their Choir apply: Airs, vernal Airs,
 Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
 The trembling Leafs; while universal *Pax*,
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in Dance,
 Led on th' eternal Spring.

Adam and Eve in Paradise,

His large fair Front and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute Rule; his Hyacinthian Locks
 Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
 She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waste
 Her unadorn'd golden Tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
 As the Vine curls her Tendrils.
 Under a Tuft of Shade, that on the Green
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh Fountain-Side
 They fate them down.

There to their Supper-Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they fate recline
 On the soft downy Bank, damask'd with Flow'rs.
 The savoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,
 Still, as they thirsted, scoop the brimming Stream.

About them frisking play'd
 All the Beasts of th' Earth, since wild, and of all Chase
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forest or Den:
 Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw
 Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tigers, Ounces, Pards,
 Gambol'd before 'em: Th' unwieldy Elephant,
 To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreath'd
 His lithe Proboscis: Close the Serpent fly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian-Twine

His breed'd Train, and of his fatal Guile
Gave Proof unheeded: Others on the Grass
Couch'd, and, now fill'd with Pasture, gazing fate. *Milt.*

P A R D O N.

Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong; (*Conq. of Gran.*
But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong. *Dryd.*

The Laws that are inanimate,
And feel no Sense of Love or Hate,
That have no Passions of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals, as strict.
But to have Pow'r to forgive,
Is Empire and Prerogative:
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.

Hud.

P A R T I N G.

Parting is worse than Death; 'tis Death of Love!
The Soul and Body part not with such Pain,
As I from you. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Now I would speak the last Farewel, but cannot;
It would be still Farewel, a thousand Times;
And multiply'd in Echoes still, Farewel.
I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand:
And be thou silent too, my lost *Sebastian!*
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Adieu then, O my Soul's far better Part!
Thy Image sticks so close,
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.
A last Farewel!

For since a Last must come, the rest are vain, (*of Gran.*
Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain. *Dryd. Conq.*

I cannot, cannot tell her, we must part:
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go;
And th' other should not weep: But oh! (*Love.*
How many Deaths are in this Word Depart! *Dryd. All for*

Death is Parting:

'Tis the last sad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body.
But this is somewhat worse! My Joy, my Comfort,
All that was left in Life fleets after thee:
My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties:
So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,

And leaves the Traveller, in pathless Woods, 'T
Benighted and forlorn: Thus, with sad Eyes,
Westward he runs, to mark the Light's Decay;
Till, having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,
Cheerless in Darkness he pursues his Way. *Rosve Tamerl.*

Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger, eats his Fill
Before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes
Before we part: For I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There's such sweet Pain in Parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

What have we gain'd by this one Minute more
Only to wish another and another,
A longer struggling with the Pangs of Death.
Oh! those that do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die.
When I but think this Sight may be our last,
If *Jove* should set me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He could not press me more.

Oh! let me go, that I may know my Grief:
Grief is but guess'd, while thou art standing by:
But I too soon shall know what Absence is.

Why, 'tis to be no more; another Name for Death;
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North,
And I, methinks, stand on some icy Cliff,
To watch the last low Circles that he makes,
Till he sink down from Heaven. O only *Cressida*!
If thou depart from me I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to last for Grief,
But thou shalt hear what Grief has done with me.

If I could live to hear it, I were false:
But as a fearful Traveller, who, fearing
Assaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I trust my Heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty Casket.

Then I will live, that I may keep that Treasure;
And, arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go;
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When, whistled off, she mounts into the Wind.

Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempests beat their aged Fleet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know, (*Cress.*
But scorn the threat'ning Rack that rolls below. *Dryd. Troil. &*

Since Fate divides us then, since I must lose thee,
For Pity's Sake, for Love's, Oh! suffer me,
Thus languishing, thus dying, to approach thee,
And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom :
Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets ;
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight ;
Thus, for my last of Moments, gaze upon thee,
Thou best, thou only Joy, thou lost *Semanthe*.

For ever I could listen, but the Gods,
The cruel Gods, forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember, Oh! remember me, *Telemachus!*
Perhaps thou wilt forget me ; but no Matter :
I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad Companion of this faithful Breast,
While Life and Thought remain : And when at last
I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-strings break, and all my Senses fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my closing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. *Rowe Ulyss.*

P A S S I O N S.

They fate them down to weep, nor only Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within
Began to rise ; high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord ; and shook sore
Their inward State of Mind ; calm Region once,
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent :
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath,
Usurping over Sovereign Reason, claim'd
Superior Sway.

Milt.

Now Fear, pale Comrade of inglorious Flight,
And Heav'n bred Horror, ———
Sate on each Face, and sadden'd ev'ry Heart.
As, from its cloudy Dungeon issuing forth,
A double Tempest of the West and North
Swells o'er the Sea, from *Thracia's* frozen Shore,
Heaps Waves on Waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar ;

That Way and that the boiling Deeps are tost :
Such various Passions urg'd the troubled Host. *Pope Hom.*

Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought,
Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast. *Dryd. Virg.*

Stupid he sat, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
And various Cares revolving in his Mind.
Rage, boiling from the Bottom of his Breast,
And Sorrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppress'd ;
And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought,
And Love, by Jealousy to Madness wrought.
By slow Degrees his Reason drove away
The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*

Love, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge,
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast,
And I am all a Civil War within :
And, like a Vessel struggling in a Storm, *(Span. Fry.*
Require more Hands than one to steer me upright. *Dryd.*

Thus while he spoke, each Passion dimm'd his Face,
Thrice chang'd with pale Ire, Envy, and Despair,
Which marr'd his Visage. *Milk.*

With Grief and Rage oppress'd,
His Heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his Breast :
Distracting Thoughts, by Turns, his Bosom rul'd ;
Now fir'd by Wrath, and now by Reason cool'd :
That prompts his Hand to draw the deadly Sword ;
This whispers soft his Vengeance to controul,
And calm the rising Tempest of his Soul. *Pope Hom.*

Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows. *Lee Alex.*

To Reason yield the Empire o'er thy Mind,
And let Revenge no longer bear the Sway :
Command thy Passion, and the Gods obey. *Pope Hom.*

P A T I E N C E.

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear ;
But in brave Minds a Scorn of what they bear. *How. Ind. Queen.*

Come what come may,
Patience and Time run through the roughest Day. *Shak. Macb.*

Men counsel, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
Would give instructful Med'cine unto Rage,
Fetter strong Madness in a silken Thread,

Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words :
 Thus it is all Men's Office to speak Patience
 To those that wring under the Load of Sorrow ;
 But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself.
 My Griefs cry louder than Advertifement ;
 And there was never yet Philosopher
 That cou'd endure the T'ooth-ach patiently,
 However they have writ the Style of Gods, (*about Nothing.*
 And made a Pifh at Chance and Sufferance. *Shak. Much Ado*

P E A C E. See *War.*

Our Armours now may rust, our idle Scimitars
 Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use ;
 Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums ;
 And all the noisy Trades of War no more
 Shall wake the peaceful Morn :
 Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name
 Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*
 Again the Hinds may sing and plow.
 And fear no Harm but from the Weather now ;
 Again may Tradesmen love their Pain,
 By knowing now for whom they gain :
 The Armour now may be hung up to Sight,
 And only in the Halls the Children fright. *Cowp.*

P E A C O C K, See *Creation.*

P E R S E C U T I O N.

A Fury crawl'd from out her horrid Cell ;
 The bloodiest Minister of Death and Hell.
 Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
 And Death's dark Courts with their loud Hissing rung.
 Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,
 Like subterranean Damps, gave present Death.
 Flames, worse than Hell's, shot from her bloody Eyes,
 And Fire and Sword eternally she cries.
 No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
 No Limbs distinct in th' odious Fiend appear.
 Her squallid bloated Belly did arise,
 Swoln with black Gore, to a prodigious Size,
 Distended vastly by a mighty Flood
 Of slaughter'd Saints, and constant Martyr's Blood.

Part stood out prominent, but Part fell down,
 And, in a swagging Heap, lay wall'wing on the Ground.
Horror, till now the ugliest Shape esteem'd;
 So much out-done, a harmless Figure seem'd.
Envy, and *Hate*, and *Malice*, blush'd to see
 Themselves eclips'd by such Deformity.
 Her sev'rish Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,
 Not of the Impious, but the Just and Good;
 'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguish'd Rage,
 Nor can th' exhausted World her Wrath assuage. *Blat.*
 To subdue the unconquerable Mind,
 To make one Reason have the same Effect
 Upon all Apprehensions; to force this
 Or this Man just to think as thou and I do;
 Impossible! unless Souls, which differ
 Like human Faces, were alike in all. *Rowe Tamerl.*

PHILOSOPHER and PHILOSOPHY.

Happy the Man! alone thrice happy he,
 Who can thro' gross Effects their Causes see:
 Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs;
 Nor vainly fears inevitable Things:
 But does his walk of Virtue calmly go
 Thro' all the Alarms of Death and Hell below. *Cowl. Virg.*

He his Study bent
 To cultivate his Mind; to learn the Laws
 Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause. *Dryd. Ovid.*

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move
 With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyss above;
 And penetrate, with his interior Light,
 Those upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight.
 And what he had observ'd and learn'd from thence,
 Lov'd, in familiar Language, to dispense.
 The Crow'd with silent Admiration stand,
 And heard him as they heard their God's Command.
 When he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,
 The World's Original, and Nature's Cause;
 And what was God, and why the fleecy Snows
 In Silence fell, and ratt'ling Winds arose:
 What shook the steadfast Earth, and whence begun
 The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun:
 If Thunder was the Voice of angry Jove;
 Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above. *Dryd. Ovid.*
 Some

Some few, whose Lamps shone brighter, have been led,
 From Cause to Cause, to Nature's secret Head :
 And found that one first Principle must be :
 But What, or Who, that universal He ;
 Whether some Soul, encompassing this Ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all ;
 Or various Atoms interfering Dance
 Leap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance ;
 Or this great All was from Eternity :
 Not ev'n the *Stagyrite* himself could see ;
 And *Epicurus* guess'd as well as he.
 As blindly grop'd they for a future State,
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
 But least of all could their Endeavours find
 What most concern'd the Good of human Kind ;
 For Happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted Ground.
 One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd ;
 This, ev'ry little Accident destroy'd.
 The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toil ;
 A thorny, or, at best, a barren Soil :
 In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would sleep ;
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,
 And leaky Vessels, which no Bliss could keep.
 'Thus anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roll,
 Without a Centre where to fix the Soul.
 In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end :
 How can the Less the Greater comprehend ?
 Or finity Reason reach Infinity ?

(*Laici.*
Dryd. Rel.)

'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from Shore
 The rolling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar ;
 Not that another's Pain is our Delight ;
 But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving Legions mingled in the War :
 But much more sweet, any lab'ring Steps to guide
 To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
 And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd ;
 From thence to look below on human Kind,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.
 O wretched Man ! in what a Mist of Life,
 Inclos'd with Dangers and with noisy Strife,

He spends his little Span ; and over feeds
 His cramm'd Desires with more than Nature needs!
 For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight ;
 Which Minds, unmix'd with Cares and Fears, obtain ;
 A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.
 But, just as Children are surpriz'd with Dread,
 And tremble in the Dark ; so riper Years,
 Ev'n in broad Day-light, are possess'd with Fears.
 And shake at Shadows, fanciful and vain
 As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.
 These Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
 No Rays of outward Sun-shine can dispel ;
 But Nature and right Reason must display
 Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to Day.
(Dryd. Lucr.)

Oh ! if the foolish Race of Man, who find
 A Weight of Cares still pressing on their Mind,
 Could find as well the Cause of this Unrest,
 And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breast ;
 Sure they would change their Course, not live as now,
 Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
 Uneasy both in Country and in Town,
 They search a Place to lay their Burden down.
 One, restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load :
 But straight returns ; for he's as restless there,
 And finds there's no Relief in open Air.
 Another to his *Villa* would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on Fire ;
 No sooner enter'd at his Country Door,
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
 Or seeks the City which he left before.
 Thus ev'ry Man o'erworks his weary Will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill ;
 The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
 No Prospect of Repose, nor Hope of Ease ;
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease ;
 Which known, would all his fruitless Trouble spare,
 For he would know the World not worth his Care :
 Then would he search more deeply for the Cause,
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws. Dryd. Lucr.

Natural Philosophy. See Country-Life.

In all her Mazes, *Nature's* Face they view'd,
 And, as she disappear'd, they still purſu'd:
 Wrapp'd in the Shades of Night the Goddeſs lies;
 Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Diſguiſe;
 But ſhuns the groſs Acceſs of vulgar Eyes.
 They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
 Here ſhe's too ſparing, there profuſely vain.
 How ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
 Of Infant Atoms, kindling into Life;
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
 And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes;
 And how the viſcous ſeeks the cloſer Tone,
 By juſt Degrees to harden into Bone;
 Whiſt the more looſe flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return;
 How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp ariſe,
 And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes;
 How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
 To ſlake a ſev'riſh Heat with ambient Show'rs;
 Whence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim;
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
 How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
 The greateſt Pleaſure and the greateſt Pain;
 Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
 And Floods of Chyle in ſilver Currents run.
 How the dim Speck of Entity began
 To work its brittle Being up to Man;
 To how minute an Origine we owe
 Young *Ammon*, *Cæſar*, and the great *Naffau*.
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan Diſguiſe,
 And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the Eyes.
 All Ice why *Lucrece*; or *Sempronia* Fire;
 Why *Sedley* rages to ſurvive Deſire:
 Whence *Milo's* Vigour at th' *Olympicks* ſhown;
 Whence *Tropes* to *Finch*, or Impudence to *Sloan*;
 Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* ſevere;
 Why *Methuen* muddy, *Montague* why clear.
 Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cauſe to find,
 How Body acts upon impaſſive Mind;

How

How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
 Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire;
 Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
 And how the Passions in the Features are;
 How Touch and Harmony arise between
 Corporeal Substances and Things unseen.
 With mighty Truths mysterious to descry,
 Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

Gar.

He sung

The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun;
 The Original of Man and Beast; and whence
 The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispence,
 And fix'd and erring Stars dispose their Influence:
 What shakes the solid Earth; what Cause delays
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days. *Dryd. Virg.*

His noble Verse thro' Nature's Secrets leads:
 He sung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded Wane,
 While foolish Men beat sounding Brass in vain:
 Why the great Waters her slight Horns obey;
 Her changing Horns not constanter than they.
 He sung how griesly Comets hang in Air;
 Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair:
 Why Contraries feed Thunder in the Clouds;
 What Motions vex it, till it roar so loud:
 How lambent Fires become so wond'rous tame,
 And bear such shining Winter in their Flame;
 What radiant Pencil draws the wat'ry Bow;
 What ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow;
 What Palsy of the Earth here shakes fix'd Hills
 From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers spills.

Cowl.

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
 And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there;
 And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night,
 Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light:
 How rising Streams in th' azure Fluid blend,
 Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend;
 Or, if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
 In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
 How Honey-Dews imbalm the fragrant Morn,
 And the fair Oak with luscious Sweets adorn.
 How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
 Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.

Why

Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
Or bold Tornado's bluster in the Sky.
Why a prolifick *Aura* upward tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.
How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills.
Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River-Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

Gar.

How in the Moon such Change of Shapes is found,
The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound :
What shakes the solid Earth; what strong Disease
Dares trouble the fair Centre's ancient Ease :
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance :
Varieties too regular for Chance !

What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.

Coul. Virg.

Then sung the Bard, how the light Vapours rise
From the warm Earth, and cloud the smiling Skies.
He sung, how some, chill'd in their airy Flight,
Fall scatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night;
How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Streams,
On the reflected Points of bounding Beams;
'Till, chill'd with Cold, they shade th' ethereal Plain,
Then on the thirsty Earth descend in Rain,
How some, whose Parts a slight Contexture show,
Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow.
How Part is strung in silken Threads, and clings
Entangled in the Grass in glewy Strings:
How others, stamp'd to Stones, with rushing Sound,
Fall from their crystal Quarries to the Ground.
How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
In harmless Fire by Night about the Sky.
How some on Winds blow with impetuous Force,
And carry Ruin where they bend their Course;
While some conspire to form a gentle Breeze,
To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
How some, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud,
That cracks as if the Axis of the World
Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Tow'rs were downwards hurl'd.

(Blac.

He was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over.

Whatever Sceptick could enquire for,
 For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore.
 He could reduce all Things to Acts,
 And knew their Nature by Abstracts :
 Where Entity and Quiddity,
 The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly :
 Where Truth in Person does appear,
 Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysick Wit can fly.

Hud.

P H O E N I X.

Thus all receive their Birth from other Things,
 But from himself the Phoenix only springs ;
 Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame,
 In which he burn'd, another and the same :
 Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains :
 But the sweet Essence of Amomum drains ;
 And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
 While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
 He (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
 His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling Tops of Palm : And first he draws
 The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
 Nature's Artificers ; on this the Pile
 Is form'd, and rises round : Then with the Spoil
 Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
 For Softness strew'd beneath, his fun'ral Bed is rear'd ;
 Fun'ral and bridal both ; and all around
 The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd.
 On this incumbent, 'till ethereal Flame
 First catches, then consumes, the costly Frame ;
 Consumes him too as on the Pile he lies ;
 He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
 An infant Phoenix from the former springs,
 His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
 Shakes off his parent Dust : His Method he pursues,
 And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.
 When, grown to Manhood, he begins to reign,
 And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,
 He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
 His Father's Royal Sepulchre before,
 And his own Cradle ; this, with pious Care,
 Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,

Seeks

Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch. *Dryd. Ovid.*

P H Y S I C K.

Physick can but mend a crasy State;
Patch an old Building, not a new create. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The first Physicians by Debauch were made;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade. *Dryd.*

By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten:
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than Fee the Doctor for a pos'nous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend:
God never made his Work for Man to mend. *Dryd.*

He 'scapes the best, who, Nature to repair, *(Dryd.)*
Draws Physick from the Fields in Draughts of vital Air.

P I T Y.

As softest Metals are not slow to melt,
So Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

And Pity on fresh Objects only stays,
But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Rocks were mov'd to Pity with his Moan,
Trees bent their Heads to hear him sing his Wrongs,
Fierce Tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning Tongues.
(Dryd. Virg.)

The Brave and Wise we pity in Misfortunes;
But when Ingratitude and Folly suffer,
'Tis Weakness to be touch'd. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

P L A G U E.

The rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,
And Blafts of noisome Winds corrupt the Year.
The Trees devouring Caterpillers burn,
Parch'd was the Grass, and blighted was the Corn:
Nor 'scape the Beasts, for *Sirius* from on high
With pestilential Heats infest the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

The raw Damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scatt'ring their pestilential Colds and Rheums
Thro' all the lazy Air: Hence Murrains follow
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.

At last the Malady
 Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
 Dy'd at his Master's Feet ; and next his Master :
 For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
 First on inferiour Creatures try'd their Force,
 And last they seiz'd on Man :
 And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,
 And ev'ry Dart took Place. All was so sudden,
 That scarce a first Man fell : One but began
 To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder two ;
 A Third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
 Dropp'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan ?
 A Troop of Ghosts took Flight together there.
 Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
 For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes.
 With dead and dying Men our Streets lie cover'd ;
 And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
 More than she hides in Graves.
 Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
 The nuptial Torch do common Offices
 Of Marriage and of Death. Cast round your Eyes,
 Where late the Streets were so thick-sown with Men,
 Like *Cadmus'* Brood, they jostled for their Passage ;
 Now look for those erected Heads, and see them,
 Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways. *Dryd. Oedip.*
 O'er *Ethiopia*, and the Southern Sands,
 A mortal Influence came,
 Kindled by Heav'n's angry Beam :
 Who all the Stores of Poison sent,
 Threat'ning at once a gen'ral Doom,
 Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant
 In future Ages to be innocent.
 Those *Africk* Desarts straight were double Desarts grown :
 The rav'nous Beasts were left alone.
 The rav'nous Beasts then first began,
 To pity their old En'my Man, (done.
 And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have
 Nor staid the cruel Evil there ;
 Plagues presently forsake
 The Wilderness which they themselves do make ;
 Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
 Driv'n by a mighty Wind :
 The loaded Wind went swiftly on,
 And, as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan :

Thence

Thence it did *Persia* over-run ;
 In ev'ry Limb a dreadful Pain they felt ;
 Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt.
 The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd their Pain :
 They look'd up to their God no more,
 But curse the Beams they worshipp'd before.
 Glutted with ruins of the *East*,
 She took her Wings, and down to *Athens* past :
 Just Plague ! which dost no Party take,
 But *Greece* as well as *Persia* sack :
 Without the Wall the *Spartan* Army fate ;
 The *Spartan* Army came too late,
 For now there was no farther Work for Fate.
 They saw the City open lay,
 An easy and a bootless Prey ;
 They saw the Ramparts empty stand,
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd
 No Need of Cruelty or Slaughter now,
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do.
 They now might unresisted enter there,
 Did they not the very Air,
 More than th' *Athenians* fear ;
 The Air it self to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.
 The Air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal Poison grow.
 The Lungs, which us'd to fan the Heart,
 Serv'd only now to fire each Part ;
 What should refresh, increas'd the Smart.
 And now their very Breath,
 The chiefest Sign of Life, became the Cause of Death.
 Upon the Head first the Disease,
 As a bold Conqu'ror does seize ;
 Blood started thro' each Eye ;
 The Redness of that Sky
 Foretold a Tempest nigh.
 The Tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted Filth and Gore :
 Hoarseness and Sores the Throat did fill,
 And stopt the Passages of Speech and Life :
 Too cruel and Imperious Ill !
 Which not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,
 Dost take from Men the very Power to complain.

Then

Then down it went into the Breast,
 There all the Seats and Shops of Life possess'd :
 Such noisome Smells from thence did come,
 As if the Stomach were a Tomb.
 No Food would there abide,
 Or, if it did, turn'd to th' Enemy's Side ;
 'The very Meat new Poisons to the Plague supply'd.
 Next to the Heart the Fires came,
 The tainted Blood its Course began,
 And carry'd Death where-e'er it ran :
 That which before was Nature's noblest Art,
 The Circulation from the Heart,
 Was more destructive now,
 And Nature speedier did undo.
 The Belly felt at last its Share,
 And all the subtle Labyrinths there
 Of winding Bowels did new Monsters bear.
 Here sev'n Days, it rul'd and sway'd,
 And oftner kill'd, because it Death so long delay'd :
 But if thro' Strength and Heat of Age
 The Body overcame its Rage,
 The vanquish'd Evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, some Part, some Limb ;
 Some all their Lives before forgot,
 Their Minds were but one darker Blot :
 Those various Pictures in the Head,
 And all the num'rous Shapes were fled ;
 They pass'd the *Lethe* Lake altho' they did not die.
 What ever lesser Maladies Men had,
 Those petty Tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their Head.
 Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,
 Gout, Cholick, and Consumption,
 And all the milder Generation,
 By which Mankind is by Degrees undone,
 Were quickly routed out and gone.
 Physicians now could nought prevail,
 No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Pow'r ;
 None of *Apollo's* Art could cure ;
 But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.
 Some cast into the Pit the Urn,
 And drank it dry at its Return :
 Again they drew, again they drank ;

They

They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
 And only added to the burning Store.
 So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,
 They like some Burden bear
 The lightest Covering of Air:
 The Virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear;
 The Pain and the Disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce Men to
 That Nakedness once more,
 Which perfect Health and Innocence caus'd before.
 Their fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night,
 No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,
 Their wand'ring and affrighted Minds possess'd,
 Upon their Souls, and Eyes,
 Hell and eternal Horror lies.
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray,
 Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breathe;
 Not Sleep, but Waking now was Sister unto Death.
 Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take the Flesh away.
 In vain she call'd; they came not nigh,
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy:
 * *Whom Tyrant Hunger press'd;*
And forc'd to taste; he prov'd a wretched Guest;
The Price was Life; it was a costly Feast.
 Here lies a Mother and her Child,
 The Infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd,
 But strait by its own Food was kil'd.
 There Parents hugg'd their Children last,
 Here parting Lovers last embrac'd;
 But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd and went away together.
 Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
 And gain a two-fold Liberty:
 Here others, poyson'd by the Scen:
 Which from corrupted Bodies went,
 Quickly return the Death they did receive,
 And Death to others give.
 And ev'n after Death they all are Murd'ers here.
 Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,
 He, tho' Death's Servant is not freed.

* *These three Lines are in Creech's Lucretius.*

The Learned too as fast as others die,
 They from Corruption are not free,
 Are mortal, tho' they give an Immortality.
 They turn'd their Authors o'er to try,
 What Help, what Cure, what Remedy,
 All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply.
 And tho' besides they shunn'd it ev'ry where,
 They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.
 There was no Number now of Death,
 The Sisters scarce stood still to breathe,
 But, weary'd quite with cutting single Threads,
 Began at once to part whole Looms;
 One Stroke did give whole Houses Dooms.
 But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,
 Hell forth its Magazine of Lust did call,
 Into the upper World it went;
 Such Guilt, such Wickedness,
 Such Irreligion did increase,
 That the few Good that did survive,
 Were angry with the Plague for suff'ring them to live,
 More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.
 Some robb'd the very Dead,
 Tho' sure to be infected e're they fled.
 Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,
 Nor Gods, nor Heav'ns fear'd,
 Tho' such Examples of their Pow'r appear'd.
 Virtue was now esteem'd an empty Name,
 And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame.
 For having pass'd those tort'ring Flames before,
 They thought the Punishment already o'er;
 Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

(Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens.)

P L A N E T.

Like some malignant Planet,
 Foe to the Harvest, and the healthy Year,
 That scouls adverse, and lours upon the World,
 When all the other Stars with gentle Aspect
 Propitious shine, and meaning Good to Man. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Planet of Saturn.

Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
 Till Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.

Man

Man feels me when I press th' etherial Plains,
 My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.
 Mine is the Shipwreck in a wat'ry Sign,
 And in an earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.
 Cold shiv'ring Agues, melancholy Care.
 And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
 And wilful Death resulting from Despair.
 The throttling Quinsey 'tis my Star appoints,
 And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints.
 When Churls rebel against their native Prince,
 I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence:
 And housing in the *Lion's* hateful Sign,
 Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are mine:
 Mine is the privy Pois'ning: I command
 Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
 By me King's Palaces are push'd to Ground,
 And Miners crush'd beneath their Mines are found.
 'Twas I slew *Samson*, when the pillar'd Hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the Fall.
 My Looking, is the Sire of Pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince. *Æ Arc.*
Dryd. Pal.

P L A Y E R.

I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
 Speak, and look big, and pry on ev'ry Side.
 Tremble and start at the wagging of a Straw,
 Intending deep Suspicion. Ghastly Looks
 Are at my Service, like inforced Smiles:
 And both are ready in their Offices,
 At any time to grace my Stratagems. *Shak. Rich. 3.*

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
 But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
 Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,
 That from her Working all his Visage warm'd;
 Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,
 A broken Voice, and his whole Function suting
 With Forms to his Conceit? And all for Nothing!
 For *Hecuba*! What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do
 Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Passion
 That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears,
 And cleave the gen'ral Ear with horrid Speech:
 Make mad the Guilty, and apale the Free,

Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

Shak. Haml.

Like a Player,

Bellowing his Passion till he break the Spring, *(Cress.*
And his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience. *Shak. Troil. &*

The purple Emp'rors, who in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread.

Gar.

P L E A S U R E.

Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,

But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury :

And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
Ere it can reach his Lips 'tis dash'd with Gall

By some left-handed God.

Dryd. Oedip.

The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile ;

The Crocodile infests the fertile *Nile*.

Lions and Tigers on the *Lybian* Plain,

Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swain.

Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,

They fear their Ruin 'midst of their Delight.

Dorf.

Delights, those beautiful Illusions, play

Around us; and when grasp'd, they glide away:

They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,

But, like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretel.

Pure unmix'd Pleasures on us never flow'd,

But stream, like wat'ry Sun-Beams thro' a Cloud.

Blac.

And frequent Use does the Delight exclude :

Pleasure's a Toil when constantly pursu'd.

Cong. Juv.

One Grain of Bad imbitters all the Best.

Dryd. Horn.

P L U T O.

Pluto, the grievously God, who never spares,

Who feels no Mercy, and who hears no Pray'rs,

Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's Abodes,

And Mortals hate him as the worst of Gods.

Pope Hom.

P O E T A S T E R.

He Rhymes appropriate could make,

To ev'ry Month in th' Almanack :

When Terms begin and end could tell,

With their Returns, in Doggerel.

When the Exchequer opes and shuts,

And Sow-gelder with Safety cuts.

When

When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
 And when be temp'rate, if they will.
 When use, and when abstain from Vice,
 Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
 In Lyricks he would write an Ode on
 His Mistress eating a Black Pudding.
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
 It puff'd him with poetick Rapture.
 His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crow'd,
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,
 Like *Orpheus* look'd among the Beasts.
 A Carman's Horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to Poetry :
 Each Window like a Pil'ry 'pears,
 With Heads thrust thro', nail'd by the Ears:
 All Trades run in as to the Sight
 Of Monsters, or their dear Delight
 The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse
 Breeds Bus'ness for Heroick Verse:
 Which none does hear, but would have hung.
 T' have been the Theme of such a Song. *Hud.*

POETRY and POETS. *See* Musick, River, Style, Verse,
 Sometimes of humble rural Things,
 Thy Muse in middle Air with vary'd Numbers sings ;
 And sometimes her sonorous Flight
 To Heav'n sublimely wings.
 But first takes time with Majesty to rise,
 Then without Pride divinely great,
 She mounts her native Skies,
 And Goddess-like retains her State,
 When down again she flies.
 Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
 Both to depress her Flight, and raise.
 Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,
 But still, descending, Dignity maintains;
 As much a God upon our humble Plains,
 As when he tow'ring re-ascends to Heav'n.
 But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,
 With such a Majesty, to such a Height,
 As can alone suffice to prove
 That she descends from mighty *Jove* ;

Gods ! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine !
Immortal Spirit animates each Line :

Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,
Each has Magnificence of Sound,
And Harmony divine.

Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds
With shining Pomp advance,
And to their own cœlestial Sounds
Majestically dance.

Or with eternal Symphony they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
And each inform'd by the prodigious Force
Of an Empyrean Soul.

Dennis to Dryd.

In your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense and sink in Sound :
Slide without falling, without straining soar.
Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncooth appear ;
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Sense and Numbers if you would excel,
Read *Wycherley*, consider *Dryden* well.

In one what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine !
In th' other *Sirens* warble in each Line !
If *Dorset's* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,
And little *Lores* confess their am'rous Fire.

The gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addison*.

As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Wood, the list'ning *Fauns* the Plains,
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.

When *Stepney* paints the God-like Acts of Kings,
Or what *Apollo* dictates *Prior* sings,
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
And silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Gar.

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art
That can with a resistless Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart ;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

Robt.

Such were the Numbers, which could call
The Stones into the *Theban* Wall.

Cowd.

As

As there is Musick uninform'd by Art,
 In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
 The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
 Who better taught at Home, yet please us less:
 So in your Verse a native Sweetness dwells,
 Which shames Composure, and its Art excels.
 Singing no more can your soft Numbers grace,
 Than Paint and Charms unto a beauteous Face.
 Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
 Their even Calmness does suppose them deep;
 Such is your Muse:

So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
 Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet. *Dryd. to Sir Rob. Howard.*

The Colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade. *Steph. to L. Hallifax.*

Not fierce, but awful in his manly Page;
 Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage. *Dryd. Pers.*

We must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
 Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
 Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as thy Eye.

'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,

Or rather, 'tis angelical,

For, as in Angels, we

Do in thy Verses see

Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet; (*Cowl. to Orinda.*
 They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet,

With conceal'd Design

Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join;

And with a sly insinuating Grace

Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:

Would raise a blush where secret Vice he found,

And tickle while he gently prob'd the Wound.

With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd,

And made the desp'rate Passes when he smil'd. *Dryd. Pers.*

Pindar's unnavigable Song,

Like a swell'n Flood from some steep Mountain, pours along;

The Ocean meets with such a Voice

From his enlarg'd Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise.

So *Pindar* does new Words and Figures roll

Down his impetuous *Dithyrambick* Tide,

Which in no Channel deigns t' abide;

Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.

Whether th' immortal Gods he sings

In no less immortal Strain,

Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.

Whether at *Pisa's* Race he please
To carve in polish'd Verse the Conqu'rors Images:
Whether the Swift, the Skilful, or the Strong,
Be crown'd in his nimble, artful, vig'rous Song;
Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate,
In words worth dying for he celebrate.

He bids him live and grow in Fame,
Among the Stars he sticks his Name;
The Grave can but the Dross of him devour;
So small is Death's, so great the Poet's Power.
Lo! how th' obsequious Wind and swelling Air

The *Theban* Swan do upwards bear
Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way.

While, Alas! my tim'rous Muse

Unambitious Tracts pursues;

Does with weak unballast Wings

About the mossy Brooks and Springs,

About the Trees new-blossom'd Heads,

About the Gardens painted Beds,

About the Fields and flow'ry Meads;

And all inferior beauteous Things,

Like the laborious Bee,

For little Drops of Honey flee,

And there with humble Sweets content her Industry. *Cerul. Her.*

Mean as I am, yet have the *Muses* made

Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade;

I could have once sung down a Summer's Sun,

But now the Chime of Poetry is done;

My Voice grows hoarse, I feel the Notes decay:

For Cares and Time

Change all Things, and untune my Soul for Rhime. *Dryd Virg.*

P O I S O N.

Observe in this small Phial certain Death;

It holds a Poison of such deadly Force,

Should *Æsculapius* drink it, in five Hours,

(For then it works) the God himself were Mortal: -

I drew it from *Nonacris'* horrid Spring.

It scatters Pains,

All Sorts and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,

Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns:

Drives

Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
'Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling. *Lee Alex.*

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded Reins :
Pull, draw it out :

Oh ! I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cross my Shoulders, the sad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.
Ha ! what a Change of Torments I endure ?
A Bolt of Ice runs hissing thro' my Bowels,
'Tis sure the Arm of Death ;

Cover me, for I freeze, my Teeth Chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heav'n bless the King !

Alex. Ha ! who talks of Heav'n ?

I am all Hell, I burn, I burn again.

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lee Alex.

Nothing in vain the Gods create ;
This Bough was made to hasten Fate.

'Twas in Compassion of our Woe,
That Nature first made Poisons grow ;
For hopeless Wretches, such as I,
Kindly providing Means to die.

As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep :

The Indispos'd she does invite,
To go to Bed before 'tis Night.

Dead I shall be, as when unborn,
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn,
Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion and from Injury.

The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
In Triumph led, her Changes feel :

And Conquerors kept Poisons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.

Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow ;

But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough. *Wall.*

Quick Shootings thro' my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,
Shiv'ring of Cold, and Burning of my Entrails,
Within my little World make medley War,
Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground ;

Some deadly Draught, some Enemy to Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

P O L Y P H E M U S and his D E N.

The Cave, tho' large, was dark : The dismal Floor
Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
The monstrous Host, of more than human Size,
Erects his Head, and stares within the Skies.
Bell'wing his Voice, and horrid is his Hiew.
The Joints of slaughter'd Wretches are his Food.
And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.
These Eyes beheld, when with his spacious Hand
He seiz'd two Captives of the *Grecian* Band ;
Stretch'd on his Back, he dash'd against the Stones
Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones :
With spouting Blood the purple Pavement swims,
While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.

Thus gorg'd with Flesh, and drunk with humane wine,
While fast asleep the Giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
His indigested Foam and Morfels raw ;

We surrounded

The monstrous Body stretch'd along the Ground :
Each, as he could approach him, lends a Hand
To bore his Eye-ball with a flaming Brand.
Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye :
For only one did the vast Frame supply ;
But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd,
Like the Sun's Disk, or like a *Grecian* Shield.
The Stroke succeeds, and down the Pupil bends.
Such, and so vast as *Polypheme* appears,
A hundred more this hated Island bears :
Like him, in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,
Like him, their Herds on Tops of Mountains keep,
Like him, with mighty Strides they stalk from Steep to Steep. }
I oft from Rocks a dreadful Prospect see
Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree :
From far I here his thund'ring Voice resound,
And trampling Feet, that shake the solid Ground.

Scarce had he said, when on the Mountain's Brow
We saw the Giant-Shepherd stalk before
His foll'wing Flock, and leading to the Shore.
A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight :
His Staff a Trunk of Pine, to guide his Steps aright.

His

His pond'rous Whistle from his Neck descends ;
 His woolly Care their pensive Lord attends ;
 This only Solace his hard Fortune sends.
 Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves,
 From his gor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he leaves :
 He gnash'd his Teeth, and groan'd ; thro' Seas he strides,
 And scarce the topmost Billows touch'd his Sides.
 Seiz'd with a sudden Fear, we run to Sea ;
 And buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
 The Giant hearken'd to the dashing Sound ;
 But when our Vessel out of Reach he found,
 He strided downward, and in vain essay'd
 Th' *Ionian* Deep, and durst no farther wade.
 With that, he roar'd aloud ; the dreadful Cry
 Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas : The Billows fly,
 Before the Bell'wing Noise to distant *Italy*.
 The neighb'ring *Ætna* trembling all around,
 The winding Caverns echo to the Sound.
 His Brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar ;
 And rushing down the Mountains croud the Shore.
 We saw their stern distorted Looks from far,
 And one-ey'd G'ance, that vainly threaten'd War.
 A dreadful Council, with their Heads on high,
 The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly ;
 Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of *Jove*,
 Or tallest Cypress of *Diana's Grove*. *Dryd. Virg.*

P O P L A R.

So falls a Poplar, that in wat'ry Ground
 Rais'd high the Head, with stately Branches crown'd,
 (Fell'd by some Artist with his shining Steel,
 To shape the Circle of the bending Wheel)
 Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous Honours on its Head ;
 There left a Subject to the Wind and Rain,
 And scorch'd by Suns, it withers on the Plain. *Pope Hom.*

P O P U L A C E.

The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod, *(Auren.*
 Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God. *Dryd.*
 That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb :
 Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,
 But harder by Usurpers.

Almighty Croud! thou shorten'st all Dispute,
 Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute:
 Nor Faith nor Reason makes thee at a Stay, (*Dryd. Med.*
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths in thy *Pindarick* Way.

Base mongril Souls! flesh 'em but once with Fortune,
 And they will worry Royalty to Death:
 But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
 They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tales. (*of Guise.*
 Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy. *Lee D.*
 Dissensious Rogues,

That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
 Make your selves Scabs.
 That like not Peace nor War: The one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud.

Who deserves Greatness,
 Deserves your Hate. Your Affections are
 A sick Man's Appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his Evil. He that depends
 Upon your Favours, swims with Fins of Lead. *Shak. Coriol.*
 The Scum

That rises upmost when the Nation boils. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*
 The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
 And listen with their Mouths.

Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make it,
 And he that lyes most loud, is most believ'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night,
 Than at the Mid-day Sun: A drowsy Horror
 Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake:
 All crow'd in Heaps, as at a Night-Alarm,
 The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,
 T'imboss their Hives in Clusters: All ask News;
 Their busy Captain runs the weary Round,
 To whisper Orders; and commanding Silence, (*Don. Seb.*
 Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs. *Dryd.*

The Common-wealth is sick of her own Choice;
 Her over-greedy Love has surfeited:
 A Habitation giddy and unsure
 Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.
 O thou fond Many! with what loud Applause,
 Did'st thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullingbrook*,
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
 But being trim'd up in thy own Desires,
 Thou beastly Feeder art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.

So, so, thou common Dog, did'st thou disgorge
 Thy glutton Bosom of the Royal *Richard*,
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead Vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What Trust is in these Times?
 They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd of his Grave:
 Thou that threw'st Dust upon his goodly Head,
 When thro' proud *London* he came fighting on,
 After th' admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrook*,
 Cry'st now, O Earth! yield us that King again,
 And take thou this. *Shak. 2 Part Hen. 4.*

The Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny:
 They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madness:
 Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak Pretence,
 Bluff'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd;
 Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World:
 Restless in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
 They love Religion, sweeten'd to the Sense;
 A good luxurious palatable Faith.
 Thus Vice and Godliness, preposterous Pair,
 Ride Cheek by Jowl! but Churchmen hold the Reins:
 And when'ere Kings would lower Clergy Greatness,
 They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
 And whose the Subjects are. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

By Heav'n 'twas never well since sawcy Priests
 Grew to be Masters of the list'ning Herd,
 And into Mitres cleft the Regal Crown. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*
 Empire, thou poor and despicable Thing, *(Gran.*
 When such as these unmake or make a King! *Dryd. Conq. of*

Observe the Mountain Billows of the Main,
 Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
 Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return
 Into their quiet first created Calm;
 Such is the Rage of busy bluff'ring Crouds,
 Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great:
 Cut off the Causes, and th' Effects will cease,
 And all the moving Madness fall in Peace. *Dryd. Cleom.*

I have no Taste
 Of popular Applause, the noisy Praise
 Of giddy Crouds, as changeable as Winds;
 Still vehement, and still without a Cause:
 Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
 Of swoln Success, but veering with its Ebb,
 It leaves the Channel dry. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
 As

As when in Tumults rise 'th ignoble Croud,
 Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud ;
 And Stones and Brands in rattling Volleys fly,
 And all the rustick Arms that Fury can supply :
 If then some grave and pious Man appear,
 They hush their Noise and lend a list'ning Ear ;
 He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
 And quenches their innate Desire of Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
 With Noise say Nothing, and in Parts divide. *Dryd. Virg.*

In Tumults People reign, and Kings obey. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

The People like a head-long Torrent go,
 And ev'ry Dam they Break or overflow :
 But unoppos'd they either loose their Force, *(Gran.*
 Or wind in Volumes to their former Course. *Dryd. Conq. of*

Their Fright to no Persuasions will give Ear, *(Gran.*
 There's a deaf Madness in a Peoples Fear. *Dryd. Conq. of*

P O P U L A R.

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with Surprise,
 And on his goodly Person feed their Eyes ;
 His Joy conceal'd, he sets himself to Show,
 On each Side bowing popularly low :
 His Looks, his Gestures, and his Words he frames,
 And with familiar Ease repeats their Names.

Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret Hearts ;
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star,
 And Shouts of Joy salute him from afar.
 Each House receives him as a Guardian-God,
 And consecrates the Place of his Abode. *Dryd. Abs & Achit.*

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,
 And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours :
 The thronging Clouds press on you as you pass,
 And with their eager Joy make Triumph flow. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Desire,
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their Guardian Fire :
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land :
 Whose dawning Day, in ev'ry distant Age,
 Has exercis'd the sacred Prophet's Rage ;
 The People's Pray'r, the glad Deviner's Theme,
 The young Mens Vision, and the old Mens Dream.
 Thee Saviour, thee the Nation's Vows confess ;
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless.

Swift,

Swift, unbespoken Poms thy Steps proclaim, (*Æ Achit.*
And stamm'ring Babes are taught to lisp thy Name. *Dryd. Abs.*

All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared Sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him. The Kitchen Malkin pins
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
Clamb'ring the Walls to see him :
Stalls, Bulks, Windows are smother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
I've seen the dumb Men throng to see him,
And the blind Men to hear him speak, The Nobles bended
As to *Jove's* Statue; and the Commons made
A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts. *Shak. Cori.*

P R A Y E R.

The Gods, (the only great and only wise)
Are mov'd by Off'ring, Vows, and Sacrifice:
Offending Man their high Compassion wins,
And daily Pray'rs atone for daily Sins.
Pray'rs are *Jove's* Daughters, of celestial Race,
Lame are their Feet, and wrinkled is their Face;
With humble Mein and with dejected Eyes,
Constant they follow where *Injustice* flies :
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er Mankind,
While *Pray'rs*, to heal her Wrongs, moves slow behind.
Who hears these Daughters of Almighty *Jove*,
For him they mediate to the Throne above :
When Man rejects the humble Suit they make
The Sire revenges for the Daughter's Sake.
From *Jove* commission'd fierce *Injustice* then
Descends to punish unrelenting Man.

Pope Hom.

P R E D E S T I N A T I O N and F R E E - W I L L. See Fate.

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute,
Some hold Predestination absolute :
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresees,
And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.
If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will;
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill;
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or his eternal Prescience may be vain.

As

As bad for us if Prescience had not been :
 For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming Man
 Say worse, ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
 For how can that eternal Pow'r be just
 To punish Man, who sins because he must ?
 Or, how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
 Which is not done by us, but first decreed ?
 I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,
 As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can :
 If Prescience can determine Actions so,
 That we must do, because he did foreknow :
 Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict Necessity.
 This strict Necessity they simple call,
 Another Sort there is conditional.
 The first so binds the Will, that Things foreknown,
 By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done,
 Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing at their Oar,
 Content to work in prospect of the Shore ;
 But would not work at all, if not constrain'd before.
 That other does not Liberty restrain ;
 But Man may either act, or may refrain :
 Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
 And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race,
 And Prescience only held the second Place.
 If he could make such Agents wholly free,
 I'll not dispute, the Point's too high for me :
 For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can sound,
 Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?
 He made us to his Image ; all agree,
 That Image is the Soul, and that must be,
 Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.
 But whether it were better Man had been
 By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin, (*and the Fox.*
 I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock. *Dryd. The Cook*
 The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-Will ;
 Will to do what, but what Heav'n first decreed ?
 Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
 Since from eternal Causes they proceed.
 Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
 Mere senseless Engines, that are mov'd by Fate :

Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,
Toft by the Winds and driven by the Tide. *Dryd.Span.Fry.*

Hard State of Life! fince Heav'n foreknows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Il?
Why am I trusted with my felf at large,
When he's more able to fustain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,
'Twould fhew more Grace my Frailty to confine.
For knowing the Succels, to leave me free,
Excufes him, and yet fupports not me. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

P R I E S T.

A Parifh Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train:
An awful, rev'rend, and religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity it felf was in his Face.
Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor,
As God had cloath'd his own Ambaffador:
For fuch, on Earth, his blest Redeemer bore.
Réfin'd himfelf to Soul, to curb the Senfe,
And made almoft a Sin of Abftinence.
Yet had his Afpect nothing of fevere,
But fuch a Face as promis'd him fincere.
Nothing reserv'd or fullen was to fee;
But fweet Regards, and pleafing Sanctity:
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Soul was arm'd;
Tho' harfh the Precept yet the Preacher charm'd.
He bore his great Commiffion in his Look:
But fweetly temper'd Awe, and foften'd all he fpoke.
He taught the Gofpel rather than the Law;
And forc'd himfelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat,
Exhales the Soul fublime to feek her native Seat.
The Tithes, his Parifh freely paid, he took:
But never fu'd, or curs'd with Bell and Book.
With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,
Since ev'ry Man is free to lofe his own.
Yet of his Little he had fome to fpare,
To feed the Famifh'd, and to cloth the Bare:
For mortify'd he was to that Degree,
A poorer than himfelf he could not fee:
True Priests, he faid, and Preachers of the Word
Were only Stewards of their Sov'reign Lord:

Nothing

Nothing was theirs ; but all the publick Store,
 Intrusted Riches to relieve the Poor,
 Who, should they steal for Want of his Relief,
 He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.
 And still he was at Hand, without Request,
 To serve the Sick, to succour the Distress'd.
 He duly watch'd his Flock by Night and Day ;
 And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey,
 But hungry sent the wily Fox away.
 The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd,
 Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd :
 His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
 (A living Sermon of the Truth he taught.)
 For this, by Rules severe, his Life he squar'd,
 That all might see the Doctrine which they heard :
 For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest,
 The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :
 But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
 The Sov'reign's Image is no longer seen :
 If they be foul, on whom the People trust,
 Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.
 With what he begg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd,
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd :
 Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd by Proof 'twas easy to be poor. *Dryd.*

Quoth *Ralpho*, you mistake the Matter,
 For in all Scruples of this Nature,
 No Man includes himself, nor turns
 The Point upon his own Concerns.
 As no Man of his own self catches
 The Itch, or amorous *French* aches ;
 So no Man does himself convince
 By his own Doctrine of his Sins :
 And 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In Love and Preaching that must sway. *Hud.*

Priesthood, that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n :
 Priesthood, that sells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings,
 And forces us to pay for our own Couz'nage :
 Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offalls,
 Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
 And keeps the best for private Luxury. *Dryd. Troil. & Cress.*

The Gods are theirs, not ours ; and when we pray
 For happy Omens, we their Price must pay :
 In vain at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant stands ;
 In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands.

Fat

Fat Off'rings are the Priesthood's only Care ;
 They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r :
 Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
 And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit. *Dryd. Cleom.*

The pious Priesthood the fat Goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the Godhead must forgive. *Dryd Juv.*

For Gain has wonderful Effects,
 T' improve the factory of Sects ;
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And Great *Diana* of th' *Ephefians*. *Hud.*

For Priests of all Religions are the same :
 Of whatso'er Descent their Godhead be,
 Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedegree ;
 In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold :
 For 'tis their Duty, all the Learned think, *(Æ Achit.*
 T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink. *Dryd. Abs.*

I tell thee, *Musti*, if the World were wise,
 They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels ;
 Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet ;
 The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World, *(Seb.*
 Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm. *Dryd. Don.*

For whether King or People seek Extremes,
 Still Conscience and Religion are the Themes.
 And whatsoever Change the State invades,
 The Pulpit either forces, or persuades.
 Others may give the Fuel or the Fire, *(Soph.*
 But Priests, the Breath that makes the Flame, inspire. *Den.*

We know their Thoughts of us ; that Lay-men are
 Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
 Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
 Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
 And bid us pass for Men. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

We know their holy Jugglings,
 Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem
 Not this, nor that, but all Religions false. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

You wanted to lead
 My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion ;
 Check'd of its noble Vigour : Then, when baited
 Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
 And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith :
 So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

If we must pray,
 Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
 Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice ; *And*

And not a grey-beard forging Priest come there,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with their Dotage mad the gaping World. *Lee Oedip.*

Why seek we Truth from Priests ?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradesmens Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell:
Oh ! why has Priesthood Priviledge to lye,
And yet to be believ'd ?

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient ?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this ?
Were you not bred apart from wordly Noise,
To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases ?
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.
Why then these foreign Thoughts of State Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding ?
Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys ;
What Wonder is it if you know not Men ?
Yet there you live demure, with down-cast Eyes,
And humble as your Discipline requires :
But when let loose from thence, to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies :
Then Luxury succeeds : and, set agog
With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast ;
Of all your Coiledge Virtues nothing now
But your original Ignorance remains. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace.
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face :
How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin ?
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance.
But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
So wither green, and blossom in Decay.
Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air ;
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Prayer.

But bloated with Ambition, Pride, and Avarice,
You swell to counsel Kings and govern Kingdoms.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone ;
For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
And you, like *Archimedes*, tofs the Globe. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Your Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below :
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,
In Purple he was crucify'd, not born ;
They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons but those of *Zebedee*.

}

Dryd.

Yet Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woful, awkward Politicians :
They make lame Mischief, tho' they meant it well.
Their Int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,
But Seams are coarsly bungled up and seen. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
That Grace is founded in Dominion.
Great Piety consists in Pride ;
To rule, is to be sanctify'd.
To domineer and to controul,
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect Discipline
Of Church Rule, and by Right Divine.
Bel and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far ;
For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat :
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have Wealth and Power too ;
Or else with Blood and Desolation,
They'll tear it out o'th' Heart o'th' Nation.
Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood to derive :
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders, and Presbyters of Kirks :
Whose Directory was to kill,
And some believe that 'tis so still.
The only Diff'rence is, that then,
They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.

For

For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*.
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole Nation.

*Hud.**Chaplain.*

My Time is spent pleasantly ;
My Lord is neither haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical : He has good Nature,
And I have good Manners.

His Sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are ;
I meddle with no Man's Business but my own.

I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,

Take my innocent Pleasures freely : *(Orph.*

So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family. *Otw.*

P R O M I S E.

Promises once made are past Debate ;
And Truth's of more Necessity than Fate. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

It is no Scandal nor Aspersion
Upon a Great and Noble Person,
To say, he nat'rally abhor'd
Th' old-fashion'd Trick to keep his Word :
Tho' 'tis Perfidiousness, and Shame,
In meaner Men to do the same :
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the Great,
Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes.
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.

Hud.

P R O T E U S.

In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes Abode
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God :
High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
His azure Car and finny Coursers guides :
Proteus his Name.

Him not alone the River-Gods adore,
But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.
With sure Foresight, and with unerring Doom,
He sees what is, and was, and is to come :
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly Flocks that graze the wat'ry Deep.

When

When weary with his Toil and scorch'd with Heat,
 The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat;
 His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcast,
 With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast:
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought,
 Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
 The flipp'ry God will try to loose his Hold,
 And various Forms assume to cheat thy Sight,
 And with vain Images of Beasts affright.
 With foamy Tusks will seem a bristly Boar,
 Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar;
 Break out in crackling Flames to shun thy Snares,
 Or hiss a Dragon, or a Tiger stares.
 Or, with a Wile thy Caution to betray,
 In fleeting Streams attempt to slide away;
 Will weary all his Miracles of Lyes,
 'Till having shifted ev'ry Form to 'scape,
 Convince'd of Conquest he resumes his Shape.

Proteus's Cave.

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb there lies
 A large Recess, conceal'd from human Eyes:
 Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
 In Form of War their wat'ry Ranks divide,
 And there, like Centries set, without the Mouth abide.
 A Station safe for Ships, when Tempests roar,
 A silent Harbour and a cover'd Shore.
 Secure within resides the various God,
 And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.
 His finny Flocks about their Shepherd Play,
 And rolling round him spirit the bitter Sea.
 Unwieldly they wallow first in Ooze,
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.
 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,
 Takes of his muster'd Flocks a just Account:
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom,
 Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning Home;
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,
 Provoke the prowling Wolf to nightly War.

Dryd. Virg.

P R O V I D E N C E.

The holy Pow'r that cloathes the senseless Earth
 With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs, and verdant Grass,
 Whose bounteous Hands feeds the whole brute Creation,
 Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us.

Rowe Fair Pen.
 P R U.

P R U D E N C E. *See Wisdom.*

Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art fought,
 And, with Age purchas'd, art too dearly bought :
 We're past the Use of Wit, for which we toil :
 Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil. *Dryd. Auren.*

P Y G M Y.

So when the *Pygmys*, marshal'd on the Plains,
 Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes,
 The Poppets to their Bodkin-Spears repair,
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
 But soon as ere the imperial Bird of *Jove*,
 Stoops on his sounding Pinions from Above,
 Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crouds,
 And the *Strymonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds. *Gar.*

When Cranes invade, his little Sword and Shield
 The *Pygmy* takes, and straight attends the Field ;
 And not one Soldier is a Foot in Height :
 The Fight's soon o'er ; the Cranes descend and bear
 The sprawling Warriors thro' the liquid Air. *Cre. Juw.*

PYTHAGOREAN *Philosophy.* *See Transmigration of Souls.*

Know first, that Heav'n and Earth's compacted Frame,
 And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame,
 And both the radiant Lights, one common Soul
 Inspires ; and feeds, and animates the Whole.
 This active Mind, infus'd thro' all the Space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty Mass :
 Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain ;
 And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main.
 Th' etherial Vigour is in all the same,
 And ev'ry Soul is fill'd with equal Flame ;
 As much as earthly Limbs, and gross Allay
 Of mortal Members, subject to Decay,
 Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n, and Edge of Day.
 From this coarse Mixture of terrestrial Parts,
 Desire, and Fear, by Turns, possess their Hearts ;
 And Grief and Joy : Nor can the grov'ling Mind,
 In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native Skies, or own its heav'nly Kind,
 Nor Death it self can wholly wash their Stains :
 But long contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul, remains.
 The Reliques of invet'rate Vice they wear ;
 And Spots of Sin obscene in ev'ry Face appear.

For this are various Penances enjoin'd;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the Wind;
 Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires,
 'Till all the Dregs are drain'd, and all the Rust expires :
 All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear,
 The few, so cleans'd, to bless'd Abodes repair,
 And breathe in ample Fields the soft *Elysian* Air.
 Then are they happy, when by length of Time,
 The Scurf is worn away of each committed Crime.

}

No Speck is left of their habitual Stains ;
 But the pure *Æther* of the Soul remains.

But when a thousand rolling Years are past,
 (So long their Punishments and Penance last)
 Whole Drokes of Minds are, by the driving God,
 Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood :
 In large forgetful Draughts to steep the Cares
 Of their past Labours, and their irksome Years ;
 That unrememb'ring of its former Pain,
 The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again.

Dryd. Virg.

He first the Taste of Flesh from Tables drove,
 And argu'd well, if Arguments could move.
 O Mortals! from your Fellows Blood abstain,
 Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane :
 While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
 And planted Orchards bend their willing Load ;
 While labour'd Gardens wholesome Herbs produce,
 And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice :
 Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kinds are lost,
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost :
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
 And Bees their Honey, redolent of Spring :
 While Earth not only can your Needs supply,
 But, lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury :
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.
 Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain Brethren fill ;
 And yet not all ; for some refuse to kill :
 Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed,
 On Browze, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed.
 Bears, Tigers, Wolves, the Lion's angry Brood,
 Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
 He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
 In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,
 Where stronger Beasts oppose the Weak by Might,
 And all in Prey and purple Feasts delight.

O impious Use! to Nature's Law oppos'd,
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
 Where fatten'd by their Fellows Fat they thrive,
 Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
 'Tis then for nought that Mother-Earth provides
 The Stores of all she shews, and all she hides,
 If Men with fleshy Morfels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread.
 What else is this, but to devour our Guests,
 And barb'rously renew *Cyclopean* Feasts?
 We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain,
 And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meets obscene.

Not so the golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
 Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
 And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove:
 Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear;
 For all was peaceful; and that Peace sincere.
 Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity;
 Th' Essay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
 And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man:
 Had he the Sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
 On Beasts of Prey, that other Beasts destroy'd,
 Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
 This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,
 And Self-Defence: but who did Feasts begin
 Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin:
 To kill Man-killers Man has lawful Pow'r;
 Not the extended License to devour.

The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up
 Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop,
 And intercept the sweating Farmer's Hope.
 The cov'tous Churl, of unforgiving Kind,
 Th' Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd:
 Her Hunger was no Plea; for that she dy'd.
 The Goat came next in order to be try'd:
 The Goat had crop'd the Tendrils of the Vine:
 In Vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
 Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine.
 Here was at least some Shadow of Offence:
 The Sheep was sacrific'd on no Pretence,
 But meek and unresisting Innocence.

A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer ;
 And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
 A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
 Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
 And is of least Advantage when she dies.
 How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve,
 A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve ?
 O Tyrant ! with what Justice canst thou hope
 The promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop ;
 When thou destroy'd thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd
 And plough'd with Pains thy else ungrateful Field ?
 From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
 That Neck, with which the surly Clods he broke ;
 And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
 Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began.
 From whence, O mortal Men, this Gult of Blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food ?
 Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won :
 And when you eat the well-deserving Beast,
 Think on the Lab'rer of your Field you feast.

Besides whatever lies

In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
 All suffer Change ; and we, that are of Soul
 And Body mix'd, are Members of the Whole :
 Then, when our Sires or Grandfires shall forsake
 The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take ;
 Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy Father in the Beast ;
 Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of the Kin ;
 If none of those, yet there's a Man within.
 O spare to make a *Thyestæan* Meal,
 T'enclose his Body, and his Soul expel.
 And let not Piety be put to Flight,
 To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite ;
 But suffer innate Souls secure to dwell,
 Least from their Seats your Parents you expel :
 With rapid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
 Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin,
 So near Perfection, who with Blood begin ?
 Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
 Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life :

Deaf to the harmless Kid, that, 'ere he dies,
 All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
 And imitates, in vain, thy Children's Cries.
 Where will he stop, who feeds with Household Bread,
 Then eats the Poultry, which before he fed?
 Let plough thy Steers, that, when they lose their Breath,
 'To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
 Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
 And Sheep from Winter Cold thy Sides defend;
 But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,
 And be no more ingenious to destroy.
 Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
 Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain:
 Nor op'ning Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
 Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight:
 Nor Hooks, conceal'd in Baits, for Fish prepare,
 Nor Lines, to heave them twinkling up in Air.
 Take not away the Life you cannot give;
 For all Things have an equal Right to live.
 Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save;
 'This only just Prerogative we have:
 But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
 And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Q U I E T.

In Storms, when Clouds the Moon do hide,
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
 Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
 That does not wish for Quiet here,
 For Quiet, Friend! the Soldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights;
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold. *Ottw. Hor.*

R A C E.

To their appointed Base the rival Runners went;
 With beating Hearts the expected Sign receive,
 And, starting all at once, the Barrier leave.
 Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy View.
 Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'erpass'd,
 Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haste:
 The next, but, tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
 Came *Salus*, and *Euryalus* behind;

Then

Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
 Step after Step, and almost Side by Side :
 His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space
 Had won, or left, at least, a dubious Race.
 Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager *Nisus* hapless in his Haste,
 Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the Plain,
 Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly slain.
 The careless Victor had not mark'd his Way,
 But, treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
 His Heels flew up, and on the grassy Floor
 He fell, besmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.
 Not mindless then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred Bonds of Amity,
 He strove, th'immediate Rival's Hope to cross,
 And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he rose.
 So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain,
Euryalus springs out the Prize to gain,
 And leaves the Crowd: Applauding Peals attend (Virg.
 The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend. Dryd.

R A G E. See *Anger*.

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls :
 Like narrow Brooks, that rise with sudden Show'rs,
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
 Still as it ebbs the softer Thoughts flow in,
 And the Deceiver Love supplies its Place. Rowe Fair Pen.
 His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,
 Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire. Dryd.
 In his black Thoughts Revenge and Slaughter roul ;
 And Scenes of Blood rise dreadful in his Soul. Pope Hom.
 Restless his Feet, distracted was his Walk,
 Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk ;
 Mad as the vanquish'd Bull, when forc'd to yield
 His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field. Dryd. Ovid.
 He found his Veins with indignation swell,
 And felt within the Fire and Rage of Hell.
 Legions of spleenful Spirits fill'd his Breast,
 And dire revenge his troubled Soul possess'd.
 As the vast Rage of vanquish'd *Lucifer*,
 When dreadful Thunder charg'd his flying Rear,
 When by th' Almighty's conqu'ring Squadrons driv'n
 O'er the blue Plains, and from the Brow of Heav'n,

Rush'd into Hell, he saw his ruin'd Host
Plung'd in hot Vengeance, and for ever lost. *Blac.*

Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' his Bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Cleom.*

At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words ;
But when the Storm found Way, 'twas wild and loud :
Mad as the Priestests of the *Delphick* God,
Enthusiastick Passion swell'd her Breast,
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps ;
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury. *Otw. Orph.*

My Mind, and its Intents, are savage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring Sea. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

Oh give the Daggers, Fire, or Water !
How I could bleed ! how burn ! how drown the Waves
Hizzing and booming round my sinking Head,
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom.
Oh there all's quiet ; here all Rage and Fury :
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain ;
I long for thick substantial Sleep : Hell ! Hell !
Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Patience ! Oh I've none !
Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy South blows high :
From Top to Bottom thou hast toss'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir'st a sudden Stop. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Patience ! Preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires : The Knaves,
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em. *Otw. Orph.*

Madness ! Confusion ! let the Storm come on :
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me ;
Dash my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it ;
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Away ! be gone ! and give a Whirl-wind Room !
Or I will blow you up like Dust ! Avaunt !
Madness but meanly represents my Toil !
Eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation,

Tear my swell'd Breast; make way for Fire and Tempest:
 My Brain is burst; Debate and Reason quench'd.
 The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
 Splits with the Rack; while Passions, like the Winds,
 Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars. *Lee Alex.*

Rage has no Bounds in slighted Womankind. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force;
 But give it Way a while, and let it waste:
 The rising Deluge is not stopp'd with Dams;
 Those it o'erbears, and drowns the Hope of Harvest,
 But, wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
 Is sluic'd in Channels, and securely drain'd.
 And, when its Force is spent and unsupply'd,
 The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd, *(Cress.)*
 Aust dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford. *Shak. Troil. &*

R A I N B O W.

Jove's wond'rous Bow, of three celestial Dyes,
 Plac'd as a Sign to Man amidst the Skies, *Pope Hom.*

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the Air
 Hangs Evening Clouds, his sable Canvass, where
 His Pencil, dip'd in heav'nly Colours, made
 Of intercepted Beams, mix'd with the Shade
 Of temper'd Æther, and refracted Light,
 Paints his fair Rainbow charming to the Sight. *Blac.*

R A P E.

Force is the last Relief which Lovers find;
 And 'tis the best Excuse of Womankind:
 It is Resistance that inflames Desire,
 Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire:
 Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease;
 He languishes, and does not care to please:
 And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit to guard
 With so much Care, to make Possession hard. *Dryd. Aureng.*

Who'd be that sordid, foolish Thing, call'd Man,
 To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
 Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
 The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
 And from the Herd singling his Female out,
 Enjoys her and abandons her at Will.
 It shall be so! I'll yet possess my Love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours;
 Then, when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,

And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
 I th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
 I'll push upon her in a Storm of Love,
 Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
 And surfeit upon Joys, till ev'n Desire grows sick. *Otw. Orph.*

Tis nobler like a Lion, to invade
 Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,
 Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
 Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
 I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires ;
 I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots,
 And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame. *Rob. Val.*

To what a Height did Infant *Rome*,
 By ravishing of Women come ?
 When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd.
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the Minds they were in, dy'd :
 Nor took the Pains t'address and sue ;
 Nor plaid the Masquerade to woo.
 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
 Nor juggled about Settlements :
 Did need no License, nor no Priest,
 No Friends, nor Kindred, to assist ;
 Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money,
 In th' holy State of Matrimony ;
 Nor would endure to stay until,
 They'd got the very Bride's good Will :
 But took a wise and shorter Course
 To win the Ladies, down-right Force :
 And when they had 'em at their Pleasure,
 They talk'd of Love and Flames at Leisure.
 For which the Dames, in Contemplation
 Of that best Way of Application,
 Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er were known
 By Suit of Treaty to be won ;
 And such as all Posterity
 Could never equal, or come nigh.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras* ; soft Fire,
 They say, does make sweet Malt, good Squire :
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon Mistake. *Hud.*

Force never yet a generous Heart did gain :
 We yield on Parly, but are storm'd in vain.

Constraint in all Things makes the Pleasure less;
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness. *Dryd. Auren.*

R E A S O N. See *Man.*

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars,
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul : And as on high,
Those rolling Fires discover but the Sky,
Nor light us here ; so Reason's glimm'ring Ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
When Days bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's Sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral Light. *Dryd. Rel. Laici.*

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}

For Reason is a Guide we must resign,
When the Authority's Divine. *Cowl.*

Reason, the Pow'r to guess at Right and Wrong !
The twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns ; (*Bride.*
Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining. *Cong. Mour.*

Reason was giv'n to curb our headstrong Will,
And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill ;
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last,
But stays to cure it when the worst is past :
Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone ;
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone. *Dryd. Conq. of Gra.*

Our Passions, gone, and Reason in her Throne,
Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done :
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The Calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made. *Wall.*

Oh, why did Heav'n leave Man so weak Defence,
To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense ?
'Tis overpois'd, and kick'd up in the Air ;
While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there :
Or, like a captive King, 'tis borne away,
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway.

O no ! our Reason was not vainly lent,
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent :
If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An easy King deserves no better Fate. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

RELIGION.

The common Cry is ever Religion's Test ;
 The *Turk's* is at *Constantinople* best ;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome* ;
 And our own Worship only true at Home :
 And true but for the Time ; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This Side To-day, and that To-morrow burns ;
 So all are God Almighty in their Turns.

Dryd.

Turning of Religion's made
 The Means to turn and wind a Trade :
 And tho' some change it for a worse,
 They put themselves into a Course.
 For all Religion's flock together,
 Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather.
 Hence 'tis, Hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal :
 As Persecution or Promotion
 Do equally advance Devotion.

Hud.

To prove Religion true,
 If either Wit or Suff'rings could suffice,
 All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise.
 And yet, ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
 In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

All Faiths are to their own Believers just ;
 For none believe, because they will, but must.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

By Education most have been mis-led ;
 So they believe, because they were-so bred.
 The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
 And thus the Child imposes on the Man.

Dry. Hind and Panth.

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
 Sun-shine and Rain, to bless the fruitful Year,
 On diff'rent Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths :
 And (tho' by several Names and Titles worshipp'd)
 Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praise ;
 Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
 One best, one greatest, only Lord of All.

Rowe Tamerl.

All under various Names adore and love
 One Pow'r immense, which ever rules Above.

Dryd. Ind. Emp

If you've Religion, keep it to your self ;
 Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
 And laugh you out on't. Never shew Religion,

Unless

Unless you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think you honest. *Ottw. Orph.*

R E P E N T A N C E, See *Nunnery*.

These Books teach holy Sorrow, and Contrition,
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then ?
A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gown-Men
Can teach us to do over ? I'll no more on't.
I have more real Anguish in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Discipline ever knew. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid,
As can express my Guilt. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Let that Night,
That guilty Night be blotted from the Year ;
Let not the Voice of Mirth or Musick know it :
Let it be dark and desolate ; no Stars
To glitter o'er it : Let it wish for Light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn :
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

This fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
Fasting, and Tears, and Hardship, shall destroy ;
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated Life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away ;
At length 'tis Time her Punishment should cease :
Die then, poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
Creep, with the Remnant of the Strength they've left, (*Pres.*
Before the Footstool of the Heav'n they've injur'd. *Ottw. Ven.*

Oh my Offence is rank ! it smells to Heav'n ;
It has the primal eldest Curse upon it,
A Brother's Murder ! Pray I cannot ;
Tho' Inclination be as sharp as Will,
My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent ;
And, like a Man, to double Business bound,
I stand in Pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed Hand
Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's

To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto serves Mercy,
But to confront the Visage of Offence ?

And what's in Pray'r but this twofold Force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;

My Fault is past : But oh ! what Form of Prayer
Can serve my Turn ? Forgive me my foul Murder !

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those Effects for which I did the Murder !

My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence ? *Shak. Haml.*

No ! while our former Flames remain within,
Repentance is but Want of Pow'r to sin. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice ;

And oft 'tis seen, the Wicked Prize it self

Buys out the Law : But 'tis not so Above ;

There is no Shuffling, there the Action lies

In its true Nature ; and we our selves compell'd,

Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,

To give in Evidence. What then ? What rests ?

Try what Repentance can ! What can it not ?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?

O wretched State ! O Bosom black as Death !

O limed Soul ! that struggling to be free,

Art more engag'd. Help, Angels ! make Essay !

Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with strings of Steel,

Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe :

All may be well.

Shak. Haml.

For true Repentance never comes too late ;

As soon as born, she makes her self a Shroud,

The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud :

And, swift as Thought her airy Journey takes,

Her Hand Heav'n's azure Gate with Trembling strikes :--

The Stars do with Amazement on her look,

She tells her Story in so sad a Tone,

That Angels start from Bliss, and give a Groan, *(Par. Lee Mass. of*

So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner,

Who trembled at the Thoughts of Pains to come,

With Heav'n's Forgiveness, and the Hopes of Mercy.

At length, the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,

And every Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,

Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road;
The Peace his holy Comforter bestow'd,
Guides and protects him like a certain God. *Rowe Tamerl.*

R E P U T A T I O N.

Good Name in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands.
But he that filches from me my good Name.
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shak. Othel.*

R E S U R R E C T I O N.

Th' Arch-Angel's Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground;
The startled Dead awaken at the Sound:
The Grave resigns her ancient Spoils, and all
Death's adamantinè Prisons burst and fall:
The Souls that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
To the same Bodies with swift Flight return.
The crowding Atoms re-unite apace,
All without Tumult know and take their Place.
Th' assembled Bones leap quick into their Frame,
And the warm Blood renews a brighter Flame.
The quicken'd Dust feels fresh and youthful Heats,
While its old Task the beating Heart repeats.
The Eyes, enliven'd with new vital Light,
Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.
The Veins too twine their bloody Arms around
The Limbs, and with red leaping Life abound.
Hard-twisted Nerves new-brace, and faster bind
The close-knit Joints, no more to be disjoin'd.
Strong new-spun Threads immortal Muscles make,
That, justly fix'd, their ancient Figure take,
Brisk Spirits take their upper Seats, and dart
Thro' their own Channels, thence to ev'ry Part.
The Men now draw their long-forgotten Breath,
And striving, break the unweildy Chains of Death.
Victorious Life to ev'ry Grave resorts,
And rifles Death's inhospitable Courts:
Its Vigour, thro' those dark Dominions spread,
From all their gloomy Mansions frees the Dead.
Now ripe Conceptions thro' the Earth abound,
And new-sprung Men stand thick on all the Ground.

The Sepulchres are quick, and ev'ry Tomb
Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.

Blac.

Whom Thunder's dismal Noise,
And all that Prophets and Apostles louder spake,
And all the Creatures plain conspiring Voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake ;

This mightier Sound shall make,

When dead, arise :

And open Tombs, and open Eyes,
To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years ;
This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.

Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crouding come
Back to their ancient Home ;

Some from Birds, from Fishes some,
Some from Earth, and some from Seas,
Some from Beasts, and some from Trees ;
Some descend from Clouds on high,
Some from Metals upward fly :

And where th' attending Soul naked and shiv'ring stands,
Meet, salute, and join their Hands ;

As dispers'd Soldiers, at the Trumpet's Call,
Haste to their Colours all ;

Unhappy most, like tortur'd Men,

Their Joints new-set, to be new-rack'd again.

To Mountains they for Shelter pray,

The Mountains shake, and run about, no less confus'd than they.

(Cowol.

R E T R E A T.

As compass'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The lordly Lion still maintains his Ground ;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane ;
He loses, while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his Courge let him dare to run :
So *Turnus* fares, and unresolv'd of Flight :
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from Fight :
Disdains to yield,

And with slow Paces measures back the Field,
And inches to the Walls.

Dryd. Virg.

O'er his broad Back his moony Shield he threw,
And glaring round by tardy Steps withdrew :
Thus the grim Lion his Retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful Dogs and shouting Swains ;

Repuls'd

Repuls'd by Numbers from the nightly Stalls,
 Tho' Rage impels him, and tho' Hunger calls,
 Long stands the show'ring Darts, and missile Fires;
 Then sowlly slow th' indignant Beast retires:
 So turn'd stern *Ajax*, by whole Hosts repell'd,
 While his swoln Heart at ev'ry Step rebell'd.
 As the slow Beast, with heavy Strength indu'd,
 In some wide Field by Troops of Boys pursu'd,
 Tho' round his Sides a wooden Tempest rain,
 Crops the tall Harvest, and lays waste the Plain;
 Thick on his Hide the hollow Blows resound,
 The patient Animal maintains his Ground;
 Scarce from the Field with all their Efforts chas'd,
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
 On *Ajax* thus a Weight of *Trojans* hung;
 The Strokes redoubled on his Buckler rung;
 Confiding now in bulky Strength he Stands,
 Now turns, and backward bears the yielding Bands:
 Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
 And threats his Followers with retorted Eye. *Pope Hom.*

R E V E N G E.

Exalted *Socrates*! divinely brave!
 Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave:
 He drank the pois'nous Draught
 With Mind serene, and could not wish to see
 His vile Accuser drink as deep as he.
 Too noble for Revenge! which still we find
 The weakest Frailty of a feeble Mind.
 Degenerous Passion, and for Man too base,
 It seats its Empire in the Female Race;
 There rages, and to make its Blow secure,
 Puts Flatt'ry on until its Aim be sure. *Creech. Juv.*

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains?
 He mediates Revenge, who least complains;
 And like a Lion, slumb'ring in his Way,
 Or Sleep dissembling while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws,
 Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws;
 Till at the last, his Time for Fury found,
 He shouts with sudden Vengeance from the Ground;
 The prostrate Vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with lordly Rage his Hunter's tears. *Dryd. Abs & Achit.*
 Revenge

Revenge is but a Frailty incident
To craz'd and sickly Minds ; the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.

Oldb.

Now might I do it, now he is praying :
And now I'll do it, and so he goes to Heav'n !
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be Scann'd.
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foul Son do this same Villain send
To Heav'n ! O this is Hire and Salary, not Revenge.
He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, and fresh as May ;
And how his Audit stands, who knows, save Heav'n ?
But in our Circumstance and Course of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the Purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his Passage ?
No ! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,
Or in th' incestuous Pleasure of his Bed,
At Gaming, swearing, or about some Act
That has no Relish of Salvation in it ;
Then trip him that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
Will sweep to my Revenge.

Shak. Hamlet.

A base Revenge is Vengeance on my self. Dryd. Don. Seb.

Revenge, at first tho' sweet

Bitter ere-long, back on it self recoils.

Milt.

When Heav'n's Revenge is slow,

Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer Blow.

The Gods take Aim before they strike their Blow ;
Tho' sure their Vengeance, yet the Stroke is slow, Cree Juv.

R H E T O R I C I A N.

For Rhetorick, he cou'd not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope :
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
He'ad hard Words ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk,

For

For all the Rhetorician's Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools. *Hud.*

R H Y M E.

Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses. *Hud.*
And those, who write in Rhime, fill make
The one Verse for the other's Sake;
For one for Sense, and one for Rhyme,
I think's sufficient for one Time. *Hud.*

R I C H E S.

Greatness of Mind and Fortune too,
Both their several Parts must do
In the noble Chace of Fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame;
Nor is fair Virtue's Picture seen aright,
But in Fortune's golden Light.
Riches alone are of uncertain Date;
And on short Man long cannot wait.
The Virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for Interest;
With a frail Good they wisely buy
The solid Purchase of Eternity. *Cowl. Pind.*
'Tis Madneſs ſure Treasures to hoard,
And make them uſeleſs as in Mines remain,
To loſe th' Occaſion Fortune does afford,
Fame and publick Love to gain. *Cowl. Pind.*
Of all the Vows the firſt and chief Requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,
He dreads no Poiſon in his homely Bowl:
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
Enchaſe the Cup, and ſparkle in the Wine.
The fearful Paſſenger who travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a poultry Plate,
Shakes at the Moon-ſhine Shadow of a Ruſh,
And ſees a Red-coat riſe from ev'ry Buſh.
The Beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the Place
Beſet with Thieves, and never mends his Pace. *Dryd. Juu.*
Fond Men, by Paſſions wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchaſing Riches with our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a gilded Snare;

And

And having all, all to our selves refuse,
Oppress'd with Blessings which we fear to lose.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wish for more.

Roscom.

A R I D I N G.

First, he that led the Cavalcade,
Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flagellet,
On which he blew as strong a Levett,
As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate,
When over one another's Heads
They charge, three Ranks at once, like *Swedes*.
Next, Pans and Kettles of all Keys,
From Trebles down to double Base:
And after them, upon a Nag
That might pass for a fore-hand Stag,
A Cornet rode, and on a Staff
A Smock display'd did proudly wave.
Then Bag-pipes of the loudest Drones,
With snuffling broken-winded Tones,
Whose Blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
Look filthier than that from the Gut;
And make a viler Noise than Swine,
In windy Weather when they whine.
Next, one upon a Pair of Panniers
Full fraught with that which for good Manners
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with Grains,
Which he dispens'd among the Swains :
Then mounted on a horned Horse,
One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,
Ty'd to the Pomel of a long Sword,
He held revers'd, the Point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed
The Conq'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the Champion
A Petticoat display'd and rampant.
Next whom, the *Amazon* triumphant
Bestrid her Beast, and on the rump on't
Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
The Warrior whilom overcome;
Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chastis'd the Reformado Soldier.

Before

Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd Whifflers and Staffiers on Foot,
 With Lacqueys, Grooms, Valets and Pages,
 In fit and proper Equipages;
 Of whom some Torches bore, some Links,
 Before the proud Virago Minx,
 That was both Madam and a Don,
 Like *Nero's Sporus*, or Pope *Joan*:
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout
 Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout. *Hud.*

But *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
 On such Sight with judicious Wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His Animadversions, for his Heart:
 Quoth he, in all my Life till now
 I ne'er saw so profane a Show:
 It is a Paganish Invention,
 Which Heathen Writers often mention;
 And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
 I warrant him, and understood him:
 With all the *Grecian Speeds* and *Stows*,
 That best describe those ancient Shows. *Hud.*

R I V A L.

O Love! thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,
 And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign; }
 Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.* }

Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear;
 All precious Things are still possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Auren.*
 Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth
 Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth. *Sed. Ant. & Cle.*

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
 Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd;
 Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand,
 But when they met they made a surly Stand;
 And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd, (*Arc.*
 And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love!
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms!
 Doats on my Conq'rour, my dear Lord, my King!
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses!
 She grasps him all! She, the curs'd happy She!
 By Heav'n, I cannot bear it; 'tis too much!

I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture.
 I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
 Or grow distracted: Madness may throw off
 This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion. *Lee Alex.*

O! I shall find *Roxana* in his Arms,
 And taste her Kisses left upon his Lips:
 Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
 Nor shall I meet the wonted Sweetness there,
 But artificial Smells and aking Odours. *Lee Alex.*

My Life! my Soul! my All! *Ostavia* has him!
 O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!
 My Kisses, my Embraces now are hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Methinks I see her yonder! Oh the Torment!
 Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation,
 Sh' adorns her Head, and gives her Eyes new Lustre;
 Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks;
 Steps to the Door, and listens for his Coming;
 Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes;
 Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
 Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
 O I am lost! torn with Imagination!
 Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
 That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils *Lee Alex.*

R I V E R. See *Creation, Garden of Eden.*
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
 Hastening to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
 Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
 Tho' with those Streams he no Resemblance hold,
 Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
 His genuine and less guilty Wealth t'explore:
 Search not the Bottom, but survey his Shore:
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,
 And hatches Plenty for th' ensuing Spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a Stay,
 Like Mothers who their Children overlay:
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave:
 No unexpected Inundation spoil
 The Mower's Hope, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil;
 But, God-like, his unweary'd Bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.

Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
 When he, to boast or to dispense his Stores,
 Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
 Visits the World, and, in his flying Tow'rs,
 Brings Home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
 My great Example, as it is my Theme!
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong, without Rage, without o'erflowing, full:
 Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost:
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* Abodes,
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

Denb.

The fair *Medvaga*, that with wanton Pride
 Forms Silver Mazes with her crooked Tide.

Blac.

Its wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows.
 Still forming reedy Islands as it goes.

Blac.

The fair *Neella* rolls her noble Tide,
 And o'er the Meads unfolds her Silver Pride.

Blac.

A River here he view'd, so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light,
 Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from human Sight.
 The Stream produc'd nor slimy Ooze, nor Weeds,
 Nor miry Rushes, nor the Spiky Reeds;

}

But dealt enriching Moisture all around,
 The fruitful Banks with chearful Verdure crown'd,
 And kept the Spring eternal on the Ground.

Add. Ovid.

Fair *Ligor*, the *Armoric* Region's Pride,
 Does thro' the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,
 And rolls her Silver Volumes by its Side.

Blac.

Then rolling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves,
 And thro' nine Channels dissembogues his Waves.

Dryd. Virg.

And *Lycus*, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
 But far from thence knocks out another Door.

Thus *Erasinus* dives, and, blind in Earth,
 Runs on, and gropes his Way to second Birth;
 Starts up in *Argos'* Meads and shakes his Locks
 Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.

Dryd. Ovid.

Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands:

And here he threats the drunken Fields to drown, (Ovid.
 And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down. Dryd.
 There

There *Po* first issues from his dark Abodes,
 And awful, in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
 Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
 And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears,
 With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,
 And fattens as he runs the fruitful Plain. *Dryd. Virg.*

Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
 The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
 The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
 And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods;
 In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,
 And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green:
 Thro' the fair Scene roul flow the ling'ring Streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Flames. *Pope.*

There *Tyber* rouls majestick to the Main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fair Campain. *Gar. Ovid.*

Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took its Course;
 With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force,
 That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
 And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.
 About him, and above, and round the Wood,
 The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
 That bath'd within, bask'd upon his Side,
 To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus in Meanders to the neighb'ring Main,
 The liquid Serpent drew its silver Train. *Black.*

When a calm River, rais'd with sudden Rains,
 Or Snows dissolv'd, o'er-flows the adjoining Plains,
 The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure
 Their greedy Hopes; and this he can endure:
 But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
 His Chancel to a new or narrow Course,
 No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge, swells:
 Stronger and fiercer by Restraint he roars,
 And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores. *Denb.*

Thus rising in his Might, the King of Floods
 Rush'd thro' the Forests, tore the lofty Woods;
 And rolling onward with a sweepy Sway,
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away. *Dryd. Virg.*

R O C K.

A pointed flinty Rock, all bare and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:

Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
 Here built their Nests, and hither wing'd their Flight,
 The leaning Head hung threatning o'er the Flood. *Dryd. Vir.*
 Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,
 There stands a Rock : The raging Billows roar
 Above his Head in Storms ; but when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
 In Peace below the gentle Waters run,
 The Cormorants above lie basking in the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Rock that braves

The raging Tempests and the rising Waves :
 Propp'd on himself he stands, his solid Sides
 Wash off the Sea-Weeds and the founding Tides. *Dryd. Virg.*
 See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky,
 About whose Feet such Heaps of Rubbish lie,
 Such indigested Ruin : Bleak and bare,
 How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*
 He, like a solid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,
 To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,
 From his proud Summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

R O S E. See *Blush*.

Go, lovely Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In Desarts where no Men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Then die, that she
 The common Fate of all Things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a Part of Time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

R O W I N G.

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,
 There stands a Rock :
 On this the Hero fix'd an Oak in Sight,
 The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
 To bear with this the Seamen stretch their Oars,
 Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former Shores.

Four

Four Gallies first, which equal Rowers bear,
 Advancing in the watry Lifts appear ;
 Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar ;
 The Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore ;
 Beneath their sturdy Strokes the Billows roar.
 The common Crew with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
 Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.
 Besmear'd with Oil their naked Shoulders shine ;
 All take their Seats, and wait the sounding Sign.
 They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast
 Is rais'd by Turns with Hope, by Turns with Fear depress'd.
 The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign,
 At once they start, advancing in a Line :
 With Shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies ;
 Lash'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise,
 Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
 Exact in Time with equal Strokes they row ;
 At once the brushing Oars and brazen Prow
 Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.
Gyas out-stripp'd the rest, and sprung before ;
Cleanthus, better Mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
 But his o'er-master'd Galley check'd his Haste,
 The *Centaur* and the *Dolphin* brush'd the Brine,
 With equal Oars advancing in a Line.
 And now the mighty *Centaur* seems to lead,
 And now the speedy *Dolphin* gets a-head :
 Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row ;
 The Billows lave the Skies, the Ocean groans below.
 They reach the Mark ; proud *Gyas* and his Train
 In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.
 But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand
 More close to Shore, and Skim along the Sand :
 Let others bear to Sea. The Pilot heard,
 But secret Shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
 And, fearing, fought the Deep, and still aloof he steer'd.
 With louder Cries the Captain calls again,
 Bear to the rocky Shore, and shun the Main.
 He spoke ; and, speaking, at his Stern he saw
 The bold *Cleanthus* near the Shelvings draw ;
 Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* stood,
 And in a closer Compass plough'd the Flood.
 He pass'd the Mark, and wheeling got before ;
Gyas blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore ;
 The trembling Dotard over-board he threw.

Then

Then seiz'd the Helm himself, his Fellows cheer'd,
 Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.
 The following *Centaur* and the *Dolphin's* Crew
 Their vanish'd Hopes of Victory renew ;
 While *Gyas* lags they kindle in the Race
 To reach the Mark, *Sergesthus* takes the Place :
Mnestheus pursues, and while around they wind,
 Comes up not half his Galley's Length behind.
 His Crew exert their Vigour, tug the Oar,
 Stretch to their Strokes.
 Now one and all they tug amain, they row
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen Prow.
 The Sea beneath 'em sinks, their lab'ring Sides
 Are swell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.
 Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd Success ;
Sergesthus eager with his Beak to press
 Betwixt the rival Galley and the Rock,
 Shuts up th' unwieldly *Centaur* in the Lock.
 The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful Shock
 Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke ;
 The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,
 And anxious for themselves, renounce the Prize.
 With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,
 And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.
 The Crew of *Mnestheus* with elated Minds
 Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds :
 They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid Way
 In larger Compass on the roomy Sea :
Sergesthus in the *Centaur* soon he pass'd,
 Wedg'd in the rocky Shoals, and sticking fast,
 In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
 And practises to row with shatter'd Oars.
 Then *Mnestheus* bears with *Gyas* and out-flies ;
 The Ship, without a Pilot, yields the Prize.
 Unvanquish'd *Scylla* now alone remains,
 Her he pursues, and all his Vigour strains.
 Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace,
 All obstinate to die, or gain the Race.
 Rais'd with Success, the *Dolphin* swiftly ran ;
 (For they can conquer who believe they can :)
 Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal Prize ;
 But old *Portunus* with his Breadth of Hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the *Scylla* to the Land :

Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind, she flies,
And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize. *Dryd. Virg.*

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream ;
But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive, *(Virg.*
Then down the Flood with headlong Haste they drive. *Dryd.*

R U M O U R.

Rumour is a Pipe
Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a Stop,
That the blind Monster with uncounted Heads,
The still discordant wav'ring Multitude,
Can play upon't. *Shak. Hen. 4. p. 3.*

R U N A W A Y,

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight ;
In equal Fear of Night and Day :
He never was in greater Need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed :
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away his best :
To keep th' Enemy and Fear
From equal falling on his Rear.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer Side ;
As Seamen ride with all their Force,
And tug, as if they row'd the Horse ;
And when the Hackney fails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift :
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his Haste.
For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind. *Hud.*

For timely Running's no small Part
Of Conduct in the martial Art.
By that some glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by Breaking thrive.
It saves the Expence of Time and Pains,
And dang'rous beating out of Brains :
For they that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
And they who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ;
And when the Flight's become a Chace,
They win the Day that win the Race. *Hud. S A-*

S A C R I F I C E S. See *Necromancer*.

We, Heav'n it self to bribe,
Do recompense with Death their Creatures Toil,
'Then call the Bless'd Above to share the Spoil :
The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease ;
So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please !
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns :
He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his Doom he hears ;
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours past)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Up-lifted, to deprive him of his Life ;
Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees,
Torn out for Priests t'inspect the Gods Decrees. *Dryd.Ovid.*

So when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground,
His Nose dismantled in his Mouth is found, *(Ovid.}*
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound. *Dryd.}*

The next, with sober Grace,
Their Gifts around their well-built Altar place :
Then wash'd, and took the Cakes ; while *Chryses* stood
With Hands up lifted, and invoc'd his God.
And when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,
Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast :
Then turning back, the Sacrifice they sped,
The fatted Oxen slew, and flea'd the Dead ;
Chop'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
About the Sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tine
The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
The first Libations to the Gods they pour,
And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour.
Holy Debauch ! till Day to Night they bring,
With Songs and *Pæans* to the bowyer King. *Dryd.Hom.*

With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd,
Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
Black Bulls and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
And Clouds of sav'ry Stench involve the Sky. *Dryd.Hom.*
The

The fable Fumes in curling Spires arife,
And waft their grateful Odours to the Skies.

Pope. Hom.

A chofen Ewe of two Years old they pay
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
The beauteous Queen before her Altar ftands,
And holds the golden Goblet in her Hands:
A Milk-white Heifer ſhe with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;
And, while the Priests with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with *Sabæan* Smoke;
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting Entrails views.

Dryd. Virg.

He pour'd to *Bacchus*, on the hollow'd Ground,
Two Bowls of ſparkling Wine; of Milk two more,
And two from offer'd Bulls of purple Gore:
With Roſes then the Sepulchre he ſtrew'd.
Five Sheep, according to the Rites, he ſlew;
As many Swine, and Steers of fable Hiew;
New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
And call'd his Father's Ghoſt, from Hell reſtor'd.
The glad Attendants in long Order come,
Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchiſes'* Tomb:
Some add more Oxen, ſome divide the Spoil,
Some place the Chargers on the graſſy Soil;
Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Entrails broil.

Dryd. Virg.

Haste the Sacrifice;

Sev'n Bullocks, yet unyok'd, for *Phæbus* chuſe,
And for *Diana* ſev'n unſpotted Ewes.

Dryd. Virg.

Thick Clouds of rolling Smoke involve the Skies,
And Fat of Entrails on the Altar fries.

Dryd. Virg.

The Viſtım Beaſts are ſlain before the Fire;
The trembling Entrails, from their Bodies torn,
Are to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers borne.

Dryd. Virg.

S A I L I N G. See *Paradiſe*.

Our Anchors weigh'd, and Top-fails looſ'd; a Gale
Sprung up, and ſwell'd the Womb of ev'ry Sail;
Old Ocean, pleas'd, our bounding Veſſels laves,
Which with ſharp Keels cut thro' the foaming Waves.

Black.

The Wind ſuffic'd the Sail;

The bellying Canvas ſtrutt'd with the Gale:
The Waves indignant roar with ſurly Pride,
And prefs againſt the Sides, and, beaten off, divide.
They cut the foamy Way.

Dryd. Hom.

En-

Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the wat'ry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows in the Main. *Dryd. Virg.*

The howling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,
And the tall Ships their spacious Wings display'd :
They spoom'd away before the shoving Wind,
And left retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind. *Black.*

The *Phæacian* Train

Spread their broad Sails, and launch into the Main ;
At once they bend and strike their equal Oars,
And leave the sinking Hills, and less'ning Shores,
As fiery Coursers in the rapid Race,
Urg'd by fierce Drivers thro' the dusty Space,
Toss their high Heads, and scour along the Plain ;
So mounts the bounding Vessel o'er the Main :
Back to the Stern the parted Billows flow,
And the black Ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread Sails the winged Galley flies ;
Less swift an Eagle cuts the liquid Skies. *Pope Hom.*

They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,
All Hands aloft, for *Creet*, for *Creet*, they cry,
And swiftly thro' the foamy Billows fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

They launch, and hoist the Mast : Indulgent Gales,
Supply'd by *Phæbus*, fill the swelling Sails ;
The milk-white Canvas, bellying as they blow,
The parted Ocean foams and roars below :
Above the bounding Billows swift they flew. *Pope Hom.*

Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound,
An empty Space above, a floating Field around. *Dryd. Virg.*

There rose a gentle Breeze :
That curl'd the Smoothness of the glassy Seas :
The rising Winds a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Mariners aboard :
They slip their Haulsers.
Fresh Gales arise ; with equal strokes they vie, *(Virg.)*
And brush the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly. *Dryd.*

The threaten Sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
Breasting the lofty Surge. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,
And on its foamy Ridge triumphant ride. *Blac.*

Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars,
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind.
Now shift your Sails.

Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea;
Veer Starboard Sea and Land.

Before the Wind

They skud amain, and make the Port assign'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Their Anchors dropp'd, his Crew the Vessel moor;

They turn their Heads to Sea, their Sterns to Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Far on the Beach they haul their Bark to Land,

The crooked Keel divides the yellow Sand. *Pope Hom.*

The Sail's they furl'd, then lash'd the Mast aside,

And dropp'd their Anchors, and the Pinnacle ty'd. *Pope Hom.*

Sure he who the first Passage try'd,

In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,

And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side:

Or his at least in hollow Wood,

Who tempted first the briny Flood:

Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,

Nor Billows beating on the Shore:

Nor *Hyades*, portending Rain,

Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.

What Form of Death could him affright,

Who, unconcern'd with stedfast Sight,

Cou'd view the Surges Mountain-sleep,

And Monsters rolling in the Deep?

Cou'd thro' the Ranks of Ruin go,

With Storms above, and Rocks below?

In vain did Nature's wise Command

Divide the Waters from the Land,

If daring Ships, and Men profane,

Invade th' inviolable Main,

Th' eternal Fences over leap,

And pass, at Will, the boundless Deep.

No Toil, no Hardships can restrain

Ambitious Man, inur'd to Pain:

The more confin'd, the more he tries,

And at forbidden Quarry flies. *Dryd. Hor.*

A Fleet under Sail.

The wanton Zephyrs with the Pendants play,
Which loose in Air their waving Pride display.

The Streamers gay, Defiance spread on high,

At once adorn and terrify the Sky;

Th' unweildy Ships were on the Billows tofs'd,

And all the Blasts the Winds could blow, engross'd.

The longest breath'd, and the most vig'rous Gales,
 Are all employ'd to swell the spacious Sails :
 The lofty Firs which pregnant Canvas wear,
 Bear, thro' the floating Floods, the floating War.
 Oaks, which by Land did fiercest Winds disdain,
 Become obedient to them on the Main.
 The lab'ring Gales with Pain the Navy shove,
 And o'er the Billows heave the bounding Grove.
 Stript of their Boughs, the naked Pines advance,
 And to the Musick of the Trumpet dance.
 They pass in long Procession o'er the Deep,
 And with their Flags contiguous Æther sweep,
 Their gilded Sides and Sterns improve the Day,
 And with augmented Glory Heav'n repay.
 His Rays recoil'd so bright, th' astonish'd Sun
 Started, unmindful that they were his own.

Blac.

S A L M O N E U S.

Salmoneus suff'ring cruel Pains I found,
 For emulating *Jove*; the rattling Sound
 Of mimic Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
 Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays :
 Thro' *Elis* and the *Grecian* Towns he flew ;
 Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Coursers drew :
 He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
 Sought God-like Worship from a servile Train.
 Ambitious Fool ! with horny Hoofs to pass
 O'er hollow Arches of resounding Brass ;
 To rival Thunder in its rapid Course,
 And imitate inimitable Force.
 But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
 Bar'd his right Arm, and launching from the Sky
 His writhen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoke,
 Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.

Dryd.
(Virg.)

S C A N D A L.

There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
 Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame :
 On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
 While virtuous Actions are but born and die.
 Slander, the worst of Poisons, ever finds
 An easy Entrance in ignoble Minds.

Harv. Juv.

Harv. Juv.
SCHOOL-

S C H O O L - M A N .

In School-Divinity as able
 As he that hight *Irrefragable* :
 Profound in all the nominal
 And real Ways beyond them all ;
 And with as delicate a Hand
 Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand,
 And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
 That's empty when the Moon's at Full ;
 Such as take Lodgings in a Head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice,
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;
 Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with Doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small Pain
 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;
 Altho' by woful Proof, we find
 They always leave a Scar behind,
 He knew the Seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what Degree it lies ;
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
 Below the Moon, or else above it :
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his Side :
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *Highb-Dutch* Interpreter.
 If either of them had a Navel ;
 Who first made Musick malleable.
 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
 All this, without a Gloss or Comment,
 He could unriddle in a Moment ;
 In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,
 When they throw out, and miss the Matter. *Hud.*

S C O R N .

Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,
 In Tempests and rough Seas Love's Gallies row :
 They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find
 Their Sighs increase the angry Wind. *Corol.*
 As

As Water fluid is till it do grow
 Solid and fix'd by Snow ;
 So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow :
 Frost only can it hold.
 A Woman's Rigour and Disdain
 Does its swift Course restrain ;
 But when kind Beams appear,
 It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
 And loses it self there :
 So the Sun's am'rous Play
 Kisses the Ice away. *Cowl.*
 Thus some, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The Damsels prove, become the fonder ;
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle Bride ?
 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
 In purling Streams or Hemp departed ?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
 Th' amorous Fly burnt in his Flame. *Hud.*

S C U L P T U R E. See *Statues.*

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes bestow,
 Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow. *Cowl.*

In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands,
 By three fierce Tygers and three Lions borne,
 Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn :
 Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar,
 As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore. *Cowl.*

S C Y L L A and C H A R Y B D I S.

In the Straits,
 Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider Way,
 Far on the Right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides ;
Charybdis roaring on the Left presides,
 And in her greedy Whirlpool sucks the Tides :
 Then spouts them from below : with Fury driv'n,
 The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n :
 But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,
 The sinking Vessels in her Eddy draws :
 Then dashes on the Rocks : A human Face,
 And Virgin's Bosom, hide her Tail's Disgrace ;
 Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,
 With Dogs inclos'd, and in a Dolphin end. *Dryd. Virg.*

S E A. See *Creation, Jealousy, Rowing, Sailing, Storm, Tempest.*

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the Bottom torn with furious Winds,
And furling Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heaven's Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole. *Milt.*
The Sea it self smooths his rough Face a while,
Flat'ring the greedy Merchant with a Smile ;
But he whose shipwreck'd Bark it drank before,
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more. *Cowp.*

S E A, *divided for a Passage to the Israelites.*
Commanded by thy Breath, the obsequious Main
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing Train.
Th' Almighty did the Sea divide,
And, as he rends the Hills, he split the Tide :
Benumb'd with Fear, the Waves erected stood,
O'erlooking all the distant Flood.
Mountains of craggy Billows did arise,
And Rocks of stiffend Waters reach'd the Skies.
Remoter Waves came rolling on to see
The strange transforming Mystery.
But they, approaching near
Where the high crystal Ridges did appear,
Felt the divine Contagion's Force,
Mov'd slothfully a while, and then quite stop'd their Course.
Th' *Egyptians* cry'd, Let us pursue the flying Slaves,
We'll bathe the crystal with a purple Flood,
And heal its gaping Wounds with *Hebrew* Blood. *Blac.*

S E R P E N T. See *Creation, Paradise, Snake.*
With speckled Pride

A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide :
His huge Bulk on seven high Volumes roll'd,
Blue was his Breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly Gold.
Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling Fire along, and singe the Grass :
More various Colours thro' his Body run,
Than *Iris*, when her Bow imbibes the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Altars heav'd ; and from the trembling Ground
A mighty Dragon shot, of dire Portent :
From *Jove* himself the dreadful Sign was sent.

Strait to the Tree his sanguine Spires he roll'd,
 And curl'd around in many a winding Fold,
 The topmost Branch a Mother-Bird possess'd;
 Eight callow Infants fill'd the mossy Nest;
 Her self the Ninth: The Serpent, as he hung,
 Stretch'd his black Jaws, and crash'd the crying Young;
 While hov'ring near, with miserable Moan,
 The drooping Mother wail'd her Children, gone;
 The Mother last, as round the Nest she flew,
 Seiz'd by the beating Wing, the Monster flew. *Pope. Horn.*

Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide:
 Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show:
 Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:
 Their speckled Tales advance to steer their Course,
 And on the sounding Shore the flying Billows force.
 And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held;
 Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;
 Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,
 And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame. *Dry. Virg*

Serpent tempting E V E.

The Serpent, sleeping fast, the Devil found
 In Labyrinth of many a Round self-roll'd,
 His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles;
 Nor yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Nor nocent yet; but on the grassy Herb
 Fearless, unfear'd he slept: In at his Mouth
 He enter'd, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
 Address'd his Way, not with indented Wave,
 Prone on the Ground, as since; but on his Rear,
 Circular Base of rising Folds, that tow'r'd
 Fold above Fold, a surging Maze: his Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
 With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Grass
 Floated redundant:

Then with Track oblique,
 At first, as one who sought Access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, side-long he works his Way.
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersmen wrought
 Nigh River's Mouth, or Foreland; where the Wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her Sail;
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train

Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in sight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye:

Then, as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon she trod.
Lead on, said *Eve*; he leading swiftly roll'd
In Tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To Mischiefs swift: Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Crest.

Milt.

Hercules killing the Serpents.

The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurses Hands:
When lo! by jealous *Juno's* fierce Commands,

Two dreadful Serpents come,
Rolling and hissing loud, into the Room.
To the bold Babe they trace their bidden Way,
Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went,
Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunderbolts pre-
The mighty Infant smil'd, and seem'd well pleas'd (sent.

At his gay gilded Foes;
And as their spotted Necks up to the Cradle rose,
With his young warlike Hands on both he seiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed Tails they twist,
And angry Circles cast about, (*Corol. Pind.*
Black Blood, and fiery Breath, and pois'nous Soul he squeezes out.

S H A D E.

Behold *Alexis*, see his gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made;
Where the glad Beams of Light can never Play,
But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day:
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightsome Notes to cheer the dusky Air;
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel*!
No Vi'let here or Daffy e'er was seen,
No sweetly-budding Flow'r, nor springing Green:
For fragrant Myrtle and the blushing Rose,
Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.

Cong.

Here highest Woods, impenetrable
To Sun or Starlight, spread their Umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening.

Milt.
So

So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air,
That no reviving Sun-beams enter'd there:
Nothing but here and there a straggling Ray,
That lost it self in wand'ring from the Day:
Which serv'd not to refresh, but to affright,
Not to dispel, but to disclose the Night.

Blas.

A Green-wood Shade, for long Religion known,
Incompass'd round with gloomy Hills above,
Which added holy Horrour to the Grove. *Dryd. Virg.*

S H I P. *See* Deluge, Serpent.

Guyomar. As far as I could cast my Eyes
Upon the Sea, something methought did rise,
Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rd's the Shore:
The Object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall straight Trees, which on the Waters flew:
Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Montezumt. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods! are these,
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the Shore?

Guyom. Alas! they liv'd too sure, I heard 'em roar:
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,
No mortal Courage can support the Fright. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Behold a stately Ship

Proud of her gawdy Trim, comes this Way sailing,
With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and Streamers waving,
Court'd by all the Winds that hold them Play.

Milt.

This floating Ram, did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon:
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows;
And then again he curt'sy'd down so low,
I could not see him; till at last, all Sidelong
With a great Crack, his Belly burst in Pieces. *Shak. Temp.*
Thus

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail,
 Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
 Both opposite, and neither long prevail:
 She feels a double Force; by Turns obeys
 Th' imperious Tempest and impetuous Seas. *Dryd. Ovid.*

S I C K N E S S. *See Diseases.*

Mean while the Health of *Artite* impairs,
 From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares:
 Swol'n is his Breast, his inward Pains increase;
 All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
 The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in Spite of Art:
 Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail,
 All outward Remedies and inward fail:
 The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
 Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void:
 The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell,
 All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell;
 Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
 Those breathing Organs, thus within oppress'd,
 With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast;
 Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
 Nor Vomits upward Aid, nor downward Laxatife.
 The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd, (*& Art.*
 When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void. *Dryd. Pla.*

Physicians had forsaken his Cure:
 All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
 The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
 Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake!
 His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose Bend does awe the World,
 Did lose his Lustre. I did hear him groan;
 I, and that Tongue of his that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
 Alas! it cry'd, give me some Drink, *Titinius*;
 As a sick Girl. *Shak. Jul. Cæs. Spoken of Cæsar.*

And thus the Wretch, whose Fever-weaken'd Joints,
 Like strengthless Hinges, buckle under Life,
 Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
 Out of his Keeper's Arms.

Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2.

As he who in a Fever burning lies,
 First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
 Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,
 Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more. *Carl. }
 Otw. Don. }*

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
 And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains;
 But yields at last to her resistless Pains.
 Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
 Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful Way;
 Her Fate's like *Semele's*: The Flames destroy
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
 Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade;
 Her Skin has lost that Lustre, which surpass'd
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last.
 Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And Sicknefs triumphs in the Throne of *Love*.

Norm.

Ah! lovely *Amoret*, the Care
 Of all that know what's good or fair!
 Is Heav'n become our Rival too?
 With such a Grace you entertain,
 And look with such Contempt on Pain,
 That languishing you Conquer more,
 And wound us deeper than before.
 So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,
 Scorch more than when the Skies are clear;
 And as pale Sicknefs does invade
 Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
 In that fair Lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.
 So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains borne,
 Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,
 From their fair Limbs exposing new
 And unknown Beauties to the View
 Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
 And haste to catch the flying Game.

Wall.

S I G H. See Tears.

He rais'd a Sigh so hideous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
 And end his Being.

Shak. Haml.
She

She drew a length of Sighs.
Sigh'd from her inward Soul.

Dryd. Virg.
Dryd. Virg.

All around

A gen'ral Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.

Cong. Hom.

Sighs following Sighs, his inward Fears confess'd.

Pope. Hom.

Then such deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,

As if his sorrowful Soul

Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.

Lee Oedip.

He knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd,

Like some sad Prophet, who foresaw the Doom

(Seb.

Of those whom best he lov'd, and could not save.

Dryd. Don.

All the vital Air that Life draws in,

Is render'd back in Sighs.

Rowe Tamerl.

Nor Womens Sighs, nor Tears are true,

Those idly blow, these idly fall;

Nothing like to ours at all;

But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too.

Cowp.

Keep down, ye rising Sighs!

And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;

Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind;

That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,

You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,

Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.

Lee Alex.

S I L E N C E.

Silence, the Midnight God appears:

In all its downy Pomp array'd,

Behold the rev'rend Shade.

An Ancient Sigh he sits upon,

Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,

And purposely annihilated for his Throne.

Beneath, two soft transparent Clouds do meet,

In which he seems to sink his softer Feet:

A melancholy Thought, condens'd to Air,

Stol'n from a Lover in Dispair,

Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap

In fluid Folds his visionary Shape;

A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,

Where curling Mists supply the Want of Hairs.

While the still Vapours, which from Poppies rise,

Bedew his hoary Head, and lull his Eyes.

Cong.

Silence, more dreadful than severest Sounds!

Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,

Hung

Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,
There would be Musick ev'n in my Undoing. *Lee Alex.*

Far from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it,
Nor breathe it softly to my self alone,
Lest some officious murm'ring Wind should tell it,
And babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound. *Rosve Ulyss.*

No, to what Purpose should I speak?

No, wretched Heart, swell 'till you break!

No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,

As silent as they will be there:

I will not ask her, 'tis a milder Fate

To fall by her not Loving, than her Hate. *Cowl.*

Mean while the Knight had no small Task,

To compass what he durst not ask:

He loves, but dares not make the Motion:

Her Ignorance is his Devotion.

Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed,

Rides with his Face to rump of Steed;

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,

Look one Way, and another move;

Or as a Tumbler that does play

His Game, and look another Way,

Until he seize upon the Coney;

Just so does he by Matrimony,

Hud.

Silent as the ecstasick Bliss.

Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse.

Otw. Orph.

Still as the Bosom of the desert Night;

As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Lee Alex.

Still as the peaceful Walks of ancient Night;

Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs. *Shak. K. Lear.*

Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

S I L E N U S.

Two *Satyrs* on the Ground,

Stretch'd at his Ease, their Sire *Silenus* found:

Doz'd with his Fumes, and heavy with his Load,

They found him snoring in his dark Abode;

And seiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.

His rosy Wreath was dropp'd not long before,

Borne by the Tide of Wine, and floating on the Floor.

His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,

Was hung on high, to boast the Triumph of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

}

S I N G.

SINGING. See *Enthusiasm*, *Musick*.

Behold and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds with willing Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.
What Reason can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?
So when a Flash of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

Wall.

She rais'd her Voice so high, and sung so clear,
The *Fauns* came skudding from the Groves to hear,
And all the bending Forest lent an Ear.
At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending Throng
Reply'd, and bore the Burthen of the Song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note, (and the Leaf.
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat. *Dryd. The Flower*

She sung, and carol'd out so clear,
That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to sing, (Arc.
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring. *Dryd. Pal. &*

Whene'er she sung, so melting were her Strains,
The Flocks unfe'd seem'd list'ning on the Plains;
The Rivers would stand still, the Cedars bend;
And Birds neglect their Pinions, to attend;
The savage Kind in Forest-Wilds grow tame. *Gar. Ovid.*

He rais'd his Voice, and soon a num'rous Throng
Of tripping *Satyrs* crowded to the Song;
And sylvan *Fauns* and savage Beasts advanc'd,
And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.
Not by *Hæmonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,
Nor awful *Phæbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
With deeper Silence, or with more Regard. *Dryd. Virg.*

Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd,
When summon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Unweary'd he pursues the tuneful Strain,
Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung,
And sudden Night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd Song. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Song that would have charm'd th' infernal Gods,
And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes.

Had

Had *Orpheus* sung it to the nether Sphere,
 So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's Ear.
 The Wife had been detain'd to keep the Husband there.

Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

While I listen to thy Voice,
Chloris! I feel my Life decay:
 That pow'rful Noise
 Calls my flitting Soul away.
 Oh! suppress the magick Sound,
 Which destroys without a Wound.
 Peace, *Chloris!* Peace! or singing, die,
 That together you and I

To Heav'n may go:

For all we know

Of what the Blessed do above,
 Is that they sing, and that they love.

Wall.

Chloe! your self you so excel,
 While you vouchsafe to breathe my Thought;
 That like a Spirit, with this Spell
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.
 That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
 Who, on the Shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a Feather of his own,
 With which he wont to soar so high:
 Had Echo with so sweet a Grace
Narcissus' loud Complaints return'd,
 Not for Reflection of his Face,
 But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.

[*Wall. To a Lady that sung a Song of his Composing*]

S I R E N.

Thus as a Mariner, that sails along,
 With Pleasure hears th' enticing *Siren's* Song;
 Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
 Boldly leaps in, tho certain to be drown'd. *Otto. Don Carl.*

S L E E P.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode,
 Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowsy God;
 Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod.
 Whose gloomy Mansion, nor the rising Sun,
 Nor setting visits, nor the lightsome Moon;
 But lazy vapours round the Region fly,
 Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky.

No crowing Cock does there his Wings display,
 Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day;
 No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
 Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace.
 No Beast of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
 Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry.
 But safe Repose, without an Air of Breath,
 Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
 An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow
 Arising upwards from the Rock below,
 The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
 And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
 Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
 And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow.
 Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
 And passing, sheds it on the silent Plains:
 No Door there was, th' ungarded House to keep,
 Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.
 But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
 Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted;
 Black was the Cov'ring too where lay the God,
 And slept supine, his Limbs display'd Abroad:
 About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
 Which various Images of 'Things supply,
 And mock their Forms; the Leafs on Trees not more,
 Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore. *Dryd.*
 O sacred Rest! *(Virg.)*
 Sweet pleasing sleep! of all the Pow'rs the best!
 O Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay,
 Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day;
 Care shuns thy soft Approach, and sullen flies away. *Dry. Virg.*
 The weary World's best Med'cine, Sleep!
 It shuts those Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
 And flies Oppressors to relieve th' Opprest.
 It loves the Cottage, and from Court abstains:
 It stills the Seamen, tho' the Storm be high:
 Frees the griev'd Captive in his closest Chains; *(Gond.)*
 Stops Want's loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy. *Dav.*
 Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care;
 The Death of each Day's Life: Tir'd Nature's Bath!
 Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
 Death's Counterfeit.
 Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast. *Shak. Mach.*

Somnus, the humble God that dwells
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells;
 Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down,
 And, tho' he fears no Prince's Frown,
 Flies from the Circle of a Crown.
 Nature, alas! why art thou so
 Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe?
 Sleep, that is thy best Repast,
 Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
 And both are the same Thing at last. *Den. Soph.*

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!

Nature's best Nurse! how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh mine Eye-leds down,
 And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky Cribs,
 Upon uneasy Pallads stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing Night, fly'st to thy Slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
 Under the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody?
 O thou dull God! why ly'st thou with the Vile
 In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the kingly Couch?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast
 Seal up the Sea-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the Visitation of the Winds?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an Hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest Night
 Deny it to a King?

Shak. Hen. 4.

So sleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Mast,
 Safe as a drowsy *Triton*, rock'd with Storms,
 While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down. *Lee Mithrid.*

Sleep is a God, too proud to wait in Palaces,
 And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest country Cottages!

His Poppy grows among the Corn.

The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest

In any stormy Breast.

'Tis not enough, that he does find

Clouds and Darknefs in the Mind?

Darknefs but half his Work will do,

'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

Cowl. Her.

In

In vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke,
 For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,
 Thou, who Man's Soul dost over-shade
 With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,
 Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
 Or Passage of his Spirits to choke,
 Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoke.
 Thou who dost Men, as Nights to Colours do,
 Bring all to an Equality;
 Come, thou just God, and equal me
 A while to my disdainful She:
 In that Condition let me lie,
 Till Love does the Favour shew;
 Love equals all a better Way than thou.
 Thou never more shalt be invok'd by me:
 Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy:
 For betwixt thee, and them that love,
 Never will an Agreement be;
 Thou scorn'st the Unhappy, and the Happy thee.

*Cowd.**Falling asleep.*

The timely Dew of Sleep
 Now falling, with soft slumb'rous Weight inclines
 My Eye-Lids.
 Then gentle Sleep, with soft Oppression seiz'd
 My drowsy Sense.

*Milt.**Milt.*

Thick Mists arise,
 And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

Gar.

They stop the Sense, and close the conquer'd Eyes.

*Cowd. Hor.**God of S L O T H.*

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
 The God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.
 Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes,
 Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods:
 Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,
 With Murmurs of soft Rills, and whisp'ring Trees.
 The Poppy, and each numming Plant dispense
 Their drowsy Virtue and dull Indolence.
 A careless Deity!

No Passions interrupt his easy Reign,
 No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain :
 But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed ;
 And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.
 Thus at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
 Fatt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away.

Gar.

The slumb'ring God, amaz'd at his new Din,
 Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen :
 Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
 Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

Gar.

S M I L E.

She spoke it with a Smile.

That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

Corw.

A Smile that glow'd

Celestial rosy Red, Love's proper Hiew.

Milt.

He skrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

From his bent brow a gloomy Smile arose. *Dryd. Conq. of*

The Terror of their Brows so rough e'er while *(Gran.*

Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile.

Corw.

What Charms has Sorrow in that Face ?

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness ;

Yet now and then a melancholy Smile

Breaks out, like Light'ning in a Winter's Night,

And shews a Moment's Day.

Dryd. All for Love.

S M I T H. See *Cyclops.*

The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,

While the lung'd Bellows hissing Fire provoke. *Dryd. Juv.*

One stirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows:

The hissing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd ;

The Grot with beating Anvils groans around :

By Turns their Arms advance in equal Time,

By Turns their Hands descend, and Hammers chime ;

They turn the glowing Mass with crooked Tongs,

The fiery Work proceeds with rustick Songs. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when the *Cyclops*, at the Almighty Nod,

New Thunder hasten for their angry God ;

Subdu'd in Fire, the stubborn Metal lies :

One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plies,

And draws and blows reciprocating Air ;

Others to quench the hissing Mass prepare ;

With

With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
 And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row:
 With labour'd Anvils *Ætna* groans below.
 Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flame expire;
 With Tongs they turn the Steel; and vex it in the Fire. *(Virg. Dryd.)*

S M O A K.

In dusky Wreaths the Smoak began to roll.

Milt.

The Smoak in cloudy Vapors flies

Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

Black smould'ring Smoak from the green Wood expires,
 The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires. *Dryd.*

Feebly the Flames on clumsy Wings aspire,
 And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoak benight the Fire. *(Virg. Gar.)*

S N A K E. See *Serpent*.

In fair *Calabria's* Wood a Snake is bred,
 With curling Crest, and with advancing Head:
 Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track;
 His Belly spotted, burnish'd is his Back.
 While Springs are broken, while the southern Air,
 And dropping Heav'ns the moisten'd Earth repair,
 He lives on standing Lakes and trembling Bogs,
 And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.
 But when in muddy Pools the Water sinks,
 And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,
 He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,
 And, hissing, rolls his glaring Eyes around:
 With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,
 He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threats.
 Oh! let not Sleep my closing Eyes invade,
 In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,
 When he, renew'd in all the speckled Pride
 Of pompous Youth, has cast his Slough aside;
 And in his Summer Livery rolls along.
 Erect, and brandishing his forky Tongue,
 Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young:
 And thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear
 The Hopes of Poison for the following Year. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the Spring's warm Breath, and chearing Ray,
 Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd Snake, that lay
 Folded to Rest, while Winter's Snow conceal'd
 The Mountains Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd;

The

The sloughy Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,
 And the gay Pride of his new Skin disclos'd:
 He views himself, with youthful Beauties crown'd,
 Elated, cast his haughty Eyes around,
 And rolls his speckled Spires along the Ground.
 Fresh Colours dye his Sides, and thro' his Veins,
 Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.
 The sprightly Beast unfolds upon the Plain
 The glossy Honours of his Summer Train:
 His Crest erected high, and forky Tongue
 Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along.

Blat.

So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,
 Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake;
 And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
 Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:
 High o'er the Grass he hissing rolls along,
 And brandishes by Fits his forky Tongue.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Snake, surpriz'd upon the Road,
 Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load
 Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound
 Her Belly bruis'd, or trodden to the Ground:
 In vain with loosen'd Curls she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue,
 Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,
 But grov'ling in the Dust, her Part unsound she trails.

Dryd.
(Virg.)

So when the wriggling Snake is snatch'd on high,
 In Eagles Claws, and hisses in the Sky;
 Around the Foe his twirling Tail he flings,
 And twists her Legs, and wreaths about her Wings.

Add. Ovid.

A Snake of Size immense ascends a Tree,
 And in the leafy Summit spy'd a Nest
 Which o'er her callow Young a Sparrow press'd,
 Eight were the Birds unfledg'd: The Mother flew
 And hover'd round her Care, but still in View,
 Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood,
 Then seiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drank her Blood.

(Ovid.
Dryd.)

Of a Lady playing with a Snake.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
 In Chloris' Fancy such Mistakes,
 To start at Love, and play with Snakes,

VOL. II.

I

Thrice

Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve
 May'st boldly creep: we dare not give
 Our Thoughts so unconfin'd a Leave.
 Contented in that Nest of Snow
 He lies, as he his Blifs did know,
 And to the Wood no more would go.
 Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
 Another Tempter of this Snake;
 A Marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

Wall.

S N O W.

A Shower of soft and fleecy Rain
 Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again:
 Behold the Mountains Tops around,
 As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd:
 And lo! how by Degrees,
 The universal Mantle hides the Trees,
 In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
 As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,
 Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply.
 Trembling the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
 Like aged Limbs, which feebly go,
 Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

Cong.

As when high *Jove* his sharp Artill'ry forms,
 And opes his cloudy Magazine of Storms;
 In Winter's bleak, uncomfortable Rain,
 A snowy Inundation hides the Plain:
 He stills the Winds, and bids the Skies to sleep,
 Then pours the silent Tempest, thick and deep:
 And first the Mountain-Tops are cover'd o'er;
 Then the green Fields, and then the sandy Shore:
 Bent with the Weight the nodding Woods are seen,
 And one bright Waste hides all the Works of Men:
 The circling Seas alone absorbing all,
 Drink the dissolving Fleeces as they fall.

Pope. Hom.

S O L D I E R. See *Mars*, *Storm*, and *Shipwreck*.

A Leader seem'd
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
 When to advance, to stand, or turn the Sway
 Of Battle; open when, and when to close
 The Ridges of grim War: No Thought of Flight,
 None of Retreat: No unbecoming Deed

That

That argu'd Fear; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his Arm the Moment lay
Of Victory.

Milt.

Full fifty Years, harness'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blast,
And the severer Heats of parching Summer;
While they who loll'd at Home on lazy Couches,
Were, at my Cost, secure in Luxury. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

The Tyrant, Custom,
Has made the flinty and steel Couch of War
My thrice driven Bed of Down. *Shak. Othel.*

Let Honour
Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams:
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattl'd Foes,
In dusty Plains amidst the Cannons Roar;
There will I be the first. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Rude am I in my Speech,
And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace:
For since these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,
Till now some nine Months wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action in the tented Field:
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battle. *Shak. Othel.*

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face;
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:
He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long,
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and over-look'd the Field.
His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back;
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven-black:
Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,
Loud as a Trumpet with a silver Sound. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Fierce on his rattling Chariot *Hector* came,
His Eyes, like *Gorgon*, shot a sanguine Flame
That wither'd all their Host: Like *Mars* he stood,
Dire as the Monster, dreadful as the God. *Pope Hom.*

Ravish'd with the Wars, and Danger's horrid Charms,
He with impetuous Ardour flew to Arms:

Soon as the rang'd Battalion's came in Sight,
 He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,
 And shudder'd with his Eagerness to fight.
 What Flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far
 View'd the four Brows and murdering Jaws of War! *Blac.*
 Rough in Battle

As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;
 Yet after Victory more pitiful
 Then all their praying Virgins left at Home. *Dryd.all for Love.*

Hadst thou once seen him, like the God of War;
 While grievously Terror perch'd upon his Plume,
 Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet,
 And thund'ring thro' the 'Tempest of the Field, *Den.Rin.&c*

When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms, (*Arm.*
 Made the tough Age of bold *Rimarez* bend,
 He fought like *Mars* descending from the Skies,
 And look'd like *Venus* rising from the Waves. *Dryd.Love.Trium.*

How nobly he becomes the great Battalion!
 See how he shines in Arms, and suns the Field!
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War. *Lee D.of Guise.*

Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,
 He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around. *Cowl.*

Through all the Mazes of the Bloody Field
 I hunted his sacred Life. I sought him
 Where Ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the Place
 To seek *Sebastian*; thro' a Track of Death
 I follow'd him by Groans of Dying Men.
 But still I came too late; for he was flown,
 Like Lightning, swift before me, to new Slaughter.
 I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest,
 Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain;
 For he was still supplying Death elsewhere. *Dryd.Don.Seb.*

As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field,
 And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,
 Send one to climb, and looking down below;
 There shall he find him at his manly Length,
 With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument
 Which his true Sword has digg'd. *Dryd. Don.Seb.*

He in the Battle had a thrifty Sword,
 And well 'twas glutted there. *Dryd. Don.Seb.*

Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
 And, Like the Grave, the glut'nous Blade devour'd:
 Slaughter upon its Point in Triumph fate,
 And scatter'd Death as quick and wide as Fate. *Old.*

Twelve Legions wait you,
 And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys
 I led them, patient of both Heat and Hunger:
 'Twill do you Good to see their Sun-burnt Faces,
 Their scatter'd Cheeks, and Chopt Hands; there's Virtue in them.
 They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
 Than yon trim Bands can buy. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
 Watchful they stood, expecting opening Day;
 And now are hardly by their Leaders held,
 From darting on the Foe: Like a hot Courser,
 That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, disdaining
 The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Could all our Care elude the gloomy Grave,
 Which claims no less the Fearful than the Brave;
 For Lust of Fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War:
 But since, alas! ignoble Age must come,
 Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom:
 The Life which others pay, let us bestow.
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe:
 Brave, tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give. *Pope Horat.*

Oh thou hast fir'd me! my Soul is up in Arms,
 And Man's each Part about me: Once again
 That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me,
 That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
 To *Cassius'* Camp. In vain the steepy Hill
 Oppos'd my Way; in vain, a War of Spears
 Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
 I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
 Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier;
 Our Hearts and Arms are still the same: I long
 Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I
 Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
 May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Passage,
 And entering where the foremost Squadrons yield,
 Begin the noblest Harvest of the Field. *Dryd. All for Love.*

S O L I T U D E.

O Solitude! first State of human Kind,
 Which bless'd remain'd, 'till Man did find
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company!
 As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
 The Serpent made up three.

Thee God himself through countless Ages, thee
His sole Companion chose to be!

Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,

Before the branchy Head of Numbers three
Sprung from the Trunk of one.

Ah! wretched and too solitary He,
Who loves not his own Country!

He'll feel the Weight of't ev'ry Day,

Unless he call in Sin or Vanity,

To help to bear't away.

Cowl.

For Solitude sometimes is best Society.

Milt.

In Solitude

What Happiness? Who can enjoy alone?

Or all enjoying, what Contentment find?

S O R R O W, See *Despair, Funeral, Grief, Tears, Weeping.*

He at the News

Heart-struck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow stood,
That all his Senses bound.

Milt.

Some secret Anguish rolls within his Breast,
That shakes him, like an Earthquake, which he presses,
And will not give it Vent.

He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice,
And flares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghost. *Dryd. Glcom.*

Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inseperable Train of Grief,

Attend my Steps for ever.

Dryd. Amphit.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and dash me down.

Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame have torn my Soul,

And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year;

They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes;

So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,

To lose their Freshness among Bones and Rottenness,

And have their Odours stifled in the Dust. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

All Ages, all Degrees unfluice their Eyes; *(Cries.*

And Heav'n and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans, and

Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear

Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,

And silent Shame are seen on ev'ry Face.

Dryd. Virg.

Distraught with ungovernable Woe,

All mingle Tears: Their Cries together flow,

And from a hideous Harmony of Woe.

Blas.

The

The wretched Parent, with a pious Haste,
Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd ;
Accusing all the Gods, and ev'ry Star. *Dryd. Virg.*

The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor ;
Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene, *(Ovid.)*
And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain. *Dryd.*

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,
As could their hundred Offices discharge ;
Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,
In all the Streams, inspiring all the God ;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in vain
Would offer to describe his Sister's Pain.

They beat their Breasts with many a bruising Blow,
'Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow :
The Crops they cherish'd, while the Crops remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains.
And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay.
And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess. *(Ovid.)*
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press. *Dryd.*

Mean Time no squalid Grief his Look defiles,
He gilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles :
Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams
Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams. *Cleav.*

S P I R I T S.

Spirits, that live throughout,
Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man,
In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die ;
Nor in their liquid Texture mortal Wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Air :
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellect, all Sense ; and, as they please,
They limb themselves ; and Colour, Shape, or Size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare. *Milt.*

For Spirits, when they please,
Can either Sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
Not ty'd or manacled with Joint or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,

Like cumbrous Flesh ; but in what Shape they chuse,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy Purposes,
 And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil.

Milt.

The S P R I N G. See *Venus, Year.*

When with his golden Horns, with full Career,
 The *Bull* beats down the Barriers of the Year ;
 And *Argos* and the *Dog* forsake the Northern Sphere. (Virg. }
Dryd. }

Now, turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
 His Course exalted thro' the *Ram* had run ;
 And, whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
 Thro' *Taurus*, and the lightsome Realms of *Love* ;
 When *Venus* from her Orb descends in Show'rs,
 'To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs :
 When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,
 And Buds that yet the Blasts of *Eurus* fear,
 Stand at the Door of Life, and doubt to cloath the Year ;
 'Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
 Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins :
 Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,
 And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room :
 Broader and broader yet their Blooms display ;
 Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
 'Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair,
 'To scent the Skies, and purge the unwholesome Air.
 Joy spreads the Heart, and with a gen'ral Song (and the Leaf.
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along Dryd Flow.

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
 The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives ;
 For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours
 Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs ;
 And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
 Her Births with timely Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
 Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
 And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love.
 Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
 And while the balmy Western Spirits blows,
 Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.
 With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground :
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.

The

The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt, by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail ;
 They spread their Gems, the genial Warmth to share,
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.

In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King.
 In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays of Spring.

Then did the new Creation first appear,
 Nor other was the Tenor of the Year ;
 When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
 And Eastern Winds their wintry Breath suspend.

Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields,
 And savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds ;
 And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
 And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.

Nor could the tender new Creation bear
 Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year ;

But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,

The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd :

When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,

And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

When Spring makes equal Day,

When Western Winds on curling Waters play ;

When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,

And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-Tops. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year ;

Now the pale Primrose, and blew Violet Spring, (*and the Fox.*

And Birds essay their Throats, disus'd to sing. *Dryd. the Cock*

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,

Where Nightingales their love-sick Ditties sing ;

See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,

The Grotto's cool with shady Poplars crown'd,

And creeping Vines on Arbours swerv'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

Hear how the Doves with pensive Notes complain,

And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain :

The Winter's past, the Winds and Tempest fly, (*and May*

The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky. *Pope Jan.*

The early Dawning of the Year,

While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds

Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds ;

While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,

And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run. *Dryd. Virg.*

In that soft Season, when descending Show'rs

Call forth the Greens, and 'wake the rising Flow'rs ;

When op'ning Buds salute the Welcome Day,
And Earth relenting, feels the genial Ray.

Pope.

When Winter's Rage abates, when cheerful Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs;
'Tis then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground.

With milder Beams the Sun securely shines,
Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines. *Dryd. Virg.*

'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun
His heav'nly Progress thro' the Twins had run;
And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields, (*and May.*
To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields. *Pope Jan.*

The purple Spring arrays the various Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass,
The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes sing,
And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. *Dryd. Virg.*

S P U R.

The Horses Flanks and Sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking Lash, and Goring of the Steel. *Dryd. Virg.*

He ply'd

With iron Heel his Courser's Side,
Conveying sympathetick Speed
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed. *Hud.*

While *Hudibras*, with equal Haste,
On both Sides laid about as fast;
And spurr'd, as Jockeys use, to break,
Or Padders to secure a Neck. *Hud.*

Adds the Rememb'rance of the Spur, and hides
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As once the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with rusty Steel did smite
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;
But from his empty Stomach Groan'd,
Just as that hollow Beast did sound;
And angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail, and Blast of Wind.
So have I seen, with armed Heel,
A Wight bestride a Common-weal;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
'The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

Hud.

S T A G. See *Creation, Hunting.*

On the Plain,

Three beamy Stags command a lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when two vig'rous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forest fear'd,
Resolv'd to try which must in Combat yield,
In all their Might advance across the Field;
They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flourish their Horns, preluding to the War.
The Combatants their threatening Heads incline,
And with their clashing Horns in Battle join.
They rush to Combat with amazing Strokes,
And their high Antlers meet with dreadful Shocks;
The mighty Sound runs rattling thro' the Hills,
And Eccho with the Fight the Valley fills:
Retiring oft, the Warriors cease to push,
But then with fiercer Rage to Battle rush.
The trembling Herds at Distance stand, and stay,
To know the Conquerer, whom they must obey. *Blac.*

Thus, when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
With crimson Toils, or in a River found,
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,
Still op'ning, following still where-e're he steers;
The persecuted Creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his *Umbrian* Foe:
Steep is th' Ascent, and if he gain the Land,
The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.
His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chace,
Stretch'd at his Length, gains ground at ev'ry Pace:
Now to his beamy Head he makes his Way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey;
Just at the Pinch, the Stag springs out with Fear,
He bites the Wind, and fills his sounding Jaws with Air:
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries, (*Virg.*
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies. *Dryd.*

Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds
Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds;
No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his Way:
Embolden'd by Despair, he stands at Bay;

Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed Spears. *Dryd. Virg.*

So the tall Stag, upon the Brink
Of some smooth Stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed Head,
With shame remembers that he fled :
The Dogs he scorns, resolves to try
The Combat next ; but if their Cry
Invade again his trembling Ear,
He straight resumes his wonted Care ;
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind. *Wall.*

On the Head of a Stag.

So we some antique Hero's Strength
Learn by his Launce's Weight and Length,
As these vast Beams express the Beast,
Whose shadow Brows alive they dress'd.
O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
Could such a Crop of Wonder bear !
Which, might it never have been cast,
Each Year's Growth added to the last,
These lofty Branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride ;
Heav'n with these Engines had been scal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd. *Wall.*

S T A N D A R D.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
Th' Imperial Ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,
With Gems and Golden Lustre which emblaz'd
Seraphick Arms and Trophies ! all the while
Sonomous Metal blowing martial Sounds,
All in a Moment thro' the Gloom were seen.
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air,
With orient Colours waving. *Milt.*

He wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind,
Where, in an argent Field, the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his iron Car ;
Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,
And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire :
Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew, (*Æ Arc.*
And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguine Hiew. *Dryd. Pal.*

S T A R S. See *Creation, Sun.*

The Sparks of Light,

The Gems that shine in the blew Ring of Heav'n, *Lee Mithrid.*

The Gems of Heav'n, that gild Night's sable Throne. *Dryd.*

(Virg.

The Moon's starry Train. *Milt.*

His marshal'd Clouds, to intercept the Light,
Seal up the Stars, the twinkling Eyes of Night. *Blac.*

With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Spheres,
And studs the sable Night with silver Stars. *Blac.*

He spreads the pure cerulean Fields on high,
And arch'd the Chambers of the vaulted Sky;
Which he, to suit their Glory with their Height,
Adorn'd with Globes that reel as drunk with Light:

His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,
He turn'd their Orbs, and polish'd all the Stars. *Blac.*

As when the Stars in their ethereal Race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid Space,
At certain Periods they resume their Place,
From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,
And move in Measures of their former Dance. *Dryd.*

Morning-Star.

Guide of the starry Flock.

Fairest of Stars, last of the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn;
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet. *Milt.*

So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head,
The Star by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led;
Shakes from his rosy Locks the pearly Dews,
Dispels the Darknefs, and the Day renews. *Dryd. Virg.*

Evening-Star.

Bright *Hesperus*, that leads the starry Train;
Whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth: Short Arbiters
'Twixt Day and Night. *Milt.*

Falling-Star. See *Archers, Philosophy.*

'The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,
And shooting thro' the Darknefs gild the Night. *Milt.*
With sweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light. *Dryd. Virg.*
The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies. *Dryd. Oedip.*

S T A T U E S. See *Sculpture.*

Statues that Skill inimitable show'd,
In beauteous Order on the Terras stood :
They show'd indeed, but yet such Life did show,
Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.

Blac.

He carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare ;
Were she to work but in her own Defence,
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores ; and last, the Thing ador'd desires.
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been.
One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but strove
With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit :
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore.
And still the more he knows it, loves the more. *Dryd.Ovid.*
[Spoken by Pygmalion.]

S T O C K S *and* W H I P P I N G - P O S T .

At farther End o'th' Town there stands
An ancient Castle that commands
Th' adjacent Part : In all the Fabrick
You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick ;
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron Bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate :
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide ;
With Roof so low, that under it
They never stand but lie or sit ;
And yet so foul, that who'so is in,
Is to the Middle-Leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin'd
With Walls of subtile Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough
Until they're freed by Head of Borough.
Near th'outward Wall of this there stands
A Bastile, built t'imprison Hands :

By strange Enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser Parts, and free the greater ;
 For tho' the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Gate are fast enow.
 And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
 At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.

Hud.

For as the Antients heretofore
 To Honour's Temple had no Door,
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
 So from this Dungeon there's no Way
 To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
 That other virtuous School of Lashing ;
 Where Knights are kept in narrow Lists,
 With wooden Lockers 'bout their Wrists;
 This suffer'd they are set at large,
 And free'd with hon'able Discharge.
 Then in their Robes the Penitentials
 Are straight presented with Credentials;
 And on their Way attended on
 By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,
 And all Respect and Charges paid,
 They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

Hud.

S T O R K.

As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,
 The long-neck'd Nation in the Air sublime,
 Wheeling, and tow'ring up in Circles fly,
 And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky.
 In ling'ring Clouds they hang, and leisure give
 For all the feather'd People to arrive:
 To th' airy Rendezvous all haste away,
 And their known Leader's noisy Call obey.
 Then through the Heav'ns their trackless Flight they take,
 And for new Worlds their present Seats forsake.

Blac.

S T O R M.

Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies ;
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble borne ;

With

With such a Force the flying Rack is driv'n,
 And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n!
 And oft whole Sheets descended of fluicy Rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main:
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown;
 The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground,
 And Rocks the bellowing Noise of boiling Seas rebound. }
 The Father of the Gods his Glory throwds,
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds;
 And, from the middle Darkness flashing out,
 By Fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
 Her Entrails tremble and her Mountains nod, }
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode. } *Dryd. Virg.*

Now gath'ring Clouds the Day begin to drown,
 Their threat'ning Fronts thro' all the Horizon frown:
 Their swagging Wombs low in the Air depend,
 Which struggling Flames and in-bred Thunder rend.
 The strongest Winds their Breath and Vigour prove,
 And thro' the Heav'ns th' unweildly Tempest shove;
 O'er charg'd with Stores of Heav'n's Artillery,
 They groan, and pant, and labour up the Sky.
 Impending Ruin does the Sailor scare,
 Rolling and wall'wing thro' th' incumber'd Air:
 Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Stygian* Night,
 Compounded Horrors, all the Deep affright!
 Rent Clouds a Medly of Destruction spout,
 And throw their dreadful Entrails round about:
 Tempests of Fire, and Cataracts of Rain,
 Unnat'ral Friendship make t'afflict the Main.
 Press'd by incumbent Storms, the Billows rise,
 Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amid the Skies;
 Then falling lower than before they rose,
 The secret Horrors of the Deep disclose:
 Pursu'd by conq'ring Winds, they fly and roar,
 And crow'd, and headlong run against the Shore.
 This Orb's wide Frame with the Convulsion shakes,
 Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.
 Horror, Amazement, and Despair, appear
 In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.

Either Tropick now

'Gan thunder: At both Ends of Heav'n, the Clouds,

Blat.

From

From many a horrid Rift abortives, pour'd
 Fierce Rain with Lightning mix'd, Water with Fire
 In ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack,
 As Earth and Sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the Winds
 Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four Hinges of the World, and fell
 On the vex'd Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
 Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks,
 Bow'd their stiff Necks, loaden with stormy Blasts,
 Or torn up sheer.

Milt.

Heav'n's crystal Battlements to Pieces dash'd,
 In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd ;
 Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flash'd,
 And universal Uproar fill'd the World.
 Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,
 From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.
 At once the Hills, that to the Clouds aspire,
 Were wash'd with Rain, and scorch'd with Fire. *Blac.*

Thus Storms, let loose,
 Do rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
 Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
 And kill the tender Flow'rs, but yet half blown :
 But having no more Fury left in Store,
 Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
 And Nature smiles as gayly as before. *Otm. Cai. Mar.*

}

On the Storm that preceded the Death of Oliver Cromwel.

We must resign ! Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
 In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame :
 His dying Groans, his last Breath, shakes our Isle,
 And Trees uncut fall for his fun'ral Pile ;
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air : So *Romulus* was lost !
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd her King,
 And from obeying fell to worshipping :
 On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.
 Nature her self took Notice of his Death,
 And, sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roll'd,
 The approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Wall.

Storm at Sea.

Now like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun ;
 The Promise of a Storm ! the shifting Gales
 Forsake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails.
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
 And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once : At once the Winds arise,
 The Thunders roll, the forky Lightning flies :
 In vain the Master issues out Commands ;
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands :
 The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,
 And from the first they labour in Despair.
 The giddy Ship, between the Winds and Tides
 Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the different Blows ; then shoots amain,
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.

And now, with Sails declin'd,
 The wand'ring Vessel drove before the Wind ;
 Toss'd, and re-toss'd aloft, and then alow ;
 Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,
 But ev'ry Moment wait the coming Blow. *Dryd. Cym. & Iph.* }
 Then o'er our Heads descends a Burst of Rain,
 And Night with sable Clouds involves the Main :
 The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise ;
 The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to several Ways :
 The Face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,
 And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
 Cast from our Course, we wander in the Dark,
 Nor Stars to guide, nor Point of Land to mark :
 Ev'n *Palinurus* no Distinction found (*Dryd. Virg.*
 Between the Night and Day, such Darknefs reign'd around.

Thus when a black-brow'd Gust begins to rise,
 White Foam at first on the curl'd Ocean fries ;
 Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies :
 Till, by the Fury of the Storm full blown,
 The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. *Dryd. Virg.* }

The furious Winds the swelling Surges beat,
 And rowze old *Ocean* from his peaceful Seat.
 The raging Seas in high ridg'd Mountains rise,
 And cast their angry Foam against the Skies ;
 Then gape so deep, that Day-light Hell invades,
 And shoots grey Dawning thro' th' affrighted Shades.

Low-bellying Clouds soon intercept the Light,
And o'er the Sailors spread a Noon-day Night.
Exploded Thunder tears the embowell'd Sky,
And sulph'rous Flames a dismal Day supply.

Blas.

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride,
Then down to Hell descend when they divide;
And thrice our Galleys knock'd the stony Ground,
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound, (*Dry. Vir.* }
And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with Dews around. }

A sudden Storm did from the South arise,
And horid Black began to hang the Skies.
By slow Advances loaded Clouds ascend,
And cross the Air their low'ring Front extend.
Heav'n's loud Artillery began to play,
And Wrath Divine in dreadful Peals convey.
Darkness and raging Winds their Terrors join,
And Storms of Rain with Storms of Fire combine.
Some run ashore upon the shoaly Land;
Some perish by the Rocks, some by the Sand.

Blas.

Storm and Shipwreck.

Then *Æolus* hurl'd against the Mountain Side
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound,
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground;
Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep,
Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the Deep.
South, East, and West, with mix'd Confusion roar,
And roll the foaming Billows to the Shore,
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
Ascend, and sable Night involves the Skies,
And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from our Eyes.

Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue;
Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew.
The Face of Things a frightful Image bears,
And present Death in various Forms appears.
Fierce *Boreas* drives against the flying Sails,
And rends the Sheets; the raging Billows rise,
And mount the tossing Vessels to the Skies.
Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow,
The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow;
While those a-stern, descending down the Steep,
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.

Three

Three Ships were hurry'd by the southern Blast,
 And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast ;
 Three more fierce *Eurus*, in his angry Mood,
 Dash'd on the shallows of the moving Sand,
 And, in Mid-ocean, left them moor'd aland.
 From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborne ;
 The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,
 Was headlong hurl'd: The Ship thrice round was tost,
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was lost ;
 And here and there above the Waves were seen
 Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
 The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave Way,
 And suck'd thro' loosen'd Plank, the rushing Sea.

The Ships, with gaping Seams,
 Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams. *Dryd. Virg.*

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
 The Sailors ship their Oars and cease to row ;
 Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
 Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales.
 By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
 And as much rested till the setting Sun.
 Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Close
 Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose :
 The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,
 Like Heralds, first denounce the wat'ry War.
 This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
 Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-sheet fly,
 And furl your Sails : The Winds repel the Sound,
 And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd ;
 Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,
 Each in his Way, officiously they wrought ;
 Some stop their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides ;
 Another, bolder yet, the Yards bestrides,
 And folds the Sails ; a Fourth, with Labour, laves
 Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.
 In this Confusion, while their Work they ply,
 The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
 And wage intestine Wars ; the suff'ring Seas
 Are toss'd and mingled as their Tyrants please.
 The Master would command, but, in Despair
 Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care ;
 Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
 Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows :
 Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
 With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill:

The

The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrouds ;
Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.
At once from *East* to *West*, from Pole to Pole,
The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roll.
Now Waves, on Waves ascending, scale the Skies,
And in the Fires above the Waters fries.
When yellow Sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show ;
And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take :
Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their Disease.
Like various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,
And now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;
As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky.
Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
And at a Distance see superiour Light :
The lashing Billows make a loud Report,
And Beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort ;
Or as a Lion, bounding in his Way,
With force augmented, bears against his Prey,
Sidelong to seize ; or, unappal'd with Fear,
Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :
So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,
Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away,
Now yield, and now a yawning Breach display.
The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide
Rush thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.
Mean Time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends.
And Ocean, swell'd with Waters, upwards tends.
One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light :
Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.
But flashing Fires disclose the deep by Turns ;
And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.
Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite ;
And, as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight,
Makes Way for others ; and, an Host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the Town :

So while the invading Billows come a-breast,
 The Hero tenth, advanc'd before the rest,
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
 And from the Walls descends upon the Prey;
 Part foll'wing enter, Part remain without,
 With Envy hear their Fellows conq'ring Shout,
 And mount on others Backs, in hope to share
 The City, thus become the Seat of War.
 An universal Cry resounds aloud,
 The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Croud:
 Art fails, and Courage falls; no Succour near;
 As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;
 One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief;
 But, stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
 One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
 And calls those happy whom their fun'erals wait.
 This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
 And ev'n the Skies, he cannot see, adores;
 That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
 His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
 The cov'tous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,
 Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.
 All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs;
 For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys.
 His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her.
 Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shore,
 Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;
 He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night,
 He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
 So whirl the Seas, such Darknefs blinds the Sky,
 That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.
 The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
 Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
 One Billow mounts, and, with a scornful Brow,
 Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;
 Nor lighter falls than if some Giant tore
Pyndus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
 And tofs'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,
 Down sinks the Ship, within th' Abyfs below:
 Down with the Vessel sink into the Main
 The Many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks, with fruitless Care,
 Lay hold, and swim; but, while they swim, despair.
 Ev'n he, who late a Sceptre did command,
 Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand;
 And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
 Invokes his Father, and his Wife's in vain:
 But yet his Confort is his greatest Care,
Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r:
 Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind;
 Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
 Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
 From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last;
 That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
 Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
 As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
 And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
 Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves.
 At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
 Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath. *Dryd. Ovid.*

S T R E A M. See *Brooks, Business, Country-Life.*

The Stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen. *Denb.*

Hard by, a Stream did with that Softness creep,
 As 'twere by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep. *Old.*

Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,
 Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful Throng,
 I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,
 That lost in Silence and Oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,)
 Yet run for ever by the Muses Skill,
 And in the smooth Description murmur still. *Add.*

Thus a tame Stream does wild and dang'rous grow
 By unjust Force: He now with wanton Play
 Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away:
 But his known Channell stopp'd, begins to roar,
 And swell with Rage;
 His mutinous Waters hurry to the War,
 And Troops of Waves comes rolling from afar:

Then

Then scorns he such weak Stops to free his Source,
And over-runs the neigh'ring Fields with violent Force. *Cowl.*

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works it self clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till by Degrees the crystal Mirrour shines :
Reflects each Flow'r that on its Borders grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows, *Add. Cato.*

Th' innocent Stream, as it in Silence goes,
Fresh Honours, and a sudden Spring bestows,
On both its Banks, to ev'ry Flow'r and Tree. *Cowl.*

S T R E N G T H.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands. *Dryd. Virg.*

His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows,
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws,
And deals in whistling Air his empty Blows. *Dryd. Virg.* }
We met in Fight; I know him to my Cost,
With what a whirling Force his Lance he toss'd !
Heav'ns! what a Spring was in his Arms to throw !
How high he held his Shield, and rose at ev'ry Blow !
Had *Troy* produc'd two more his Match in Might,
They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight :
Th' Invasion of the *Greeks* had been return'd.
Our Empire wasted, and our Cities burn'd. *Dryd. Virg.*
(*Diomedes says it of Æneas.*)

But what is Strength without a double Share
Of Wisdom ? vast, unwieldy, burthensome :
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest Subtilties ; Strength's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where Wisdom bears Command. *Milt.*
If thou hast Strength, 'twas Heav'n that Strength bestow'd ;
For know, vain Man, thy Valour is from God. *Pope Hom.*

S T Y L E. See *Eloquence, Poet, River, Verse.*
His candid Style like a clear Stream does slide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-shine on it play,
It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide ;
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the crystal Urn,
And with judicious Hands does the whole Torrent guide ;
T has

'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely Dress, without the Paint of Art. *Corol.*
 Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
 Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know;
 Yet to such Height in all that Plainness wrought,
 Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
 Easy in words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
 On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise;
 'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
 Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies. *Prior.*

S T Y X. See *Hell.*

The Tund'rer said:

And shook the sacred Honours of his Head,
 Attesting *Styx*, th' inviolable Flood,
 And the black Region of his Brother God: *Dryd. Virg.* }
 Trembled the Poles of Heaven, and Earth confess'd the Nod. }
 To seal his sacred Vow, by *Styx* he swore,
 The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreary Shore;
 And *Phlegeton*'s unnavigable Flood: *(Virg.)*
 He said; and shook the Skies with his imperial Nod. *Dryd.*

S U B J E C T. See *King.*

We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
 To what is done, and Grief to what's ill done,
 Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
 Are like the Temples of the Gods; pure Incense,
 Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Off'rings,
 Burns ever there: we must not put it out,
 Because the Priests who touch those Sweets, are wicked:
 We dare not, dearest Friend; nay more, we cannot,
 While we consider whose we are, and how,
 To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver;
 While Majesty is made to be obey'd,
 And not inquir'd into. *Roch. Valent.*

Was it for me to prop
 The Ruins of a falling Majesty?
 To place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,
 Thus to be crush'd and pounded into Atoms
 By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too presuming
 For Subjects to preserve that wilful Pow'r,
 Which courts its own Destruction. *Dryd. All for Love.*

The Elephant is never won with Anger,
 Nor must that Man who would reclaim a Lion,

Take him by the Teeth.

Our honest Actions, and the Truth, that breaks,
Like Morning, from our Service, chaste and blushing,
Is that which pulls a Prince back: Then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors. *Rech. Valent.*

Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
Feel slacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down. *Dryd. Aur.*

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest Need,
Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty;
But shar'd my Dangers to the last Event,
And fenc'd them with their own. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

He who his Prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

S U C C E S S.

Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or surest Hand, can always hit?
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.
Which in Success oft disinherits,
For spurious Causes, noblest Merits:
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth
Events, still equal to their Worth.
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardice succeed. *Hud.*

For Falling is no Shame,
And Cowardice alone is Loss of Fame:
The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.
If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born;
The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,
Nor, over-power'd with Arms, deserts his Cause;
Unchang'd, tho' foil'd, he does the best he can:
Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
'Tis Man's bold Task the gen'rous Strife to try;
But in the Hands of God is Victory. *Pope Hom.*

If he that is in Battle slain,
Be in the Bed of Honour lain;
Sure he that's beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's Truckle-bed.

Hud.
Virtue

Virtue without Success

Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light :

But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

All own the Chief, when Fortune own the Cause. *Dryd.*
(*Pal. & Arc.*)

For all Affections wait on prosp'rous Fame :

Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame. *How.*

S U M M E R. See Year.

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high,

The *Syrian* Star

Barks from afar,

And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky :

The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.

The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock

Beneath the Covert of a Rock ;

And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh ;

The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire ;

(*quire,*

Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams re-

And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging Fire.

At Noon of Day,

(*Dryd. Virg.*

The Sun with sultry Beams began to play ;

Now *Syrius* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,

When with his Pois'nous Breath he blasts the Sky :

Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, (their Beauty fled)

And clos'd their sickly Eyes and hung their Head,

And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed.

The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire ;

The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.

The fainty Knights were scorch'd. *Dryd. Chauc. The Floov.*

(*and the Leaf.*

The sultry Dog-Star from the Sky

Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivell'd Grass was dry :

The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,

And, darting to the Bottom, bak'd the Mud. *Dryd. Virg.*

S U N. See Creation, Light.

O you, bright Orb, that roll

From *East* to *West*, and view from Pole to Pole. *Pope Hom.*

O Sun ! of this great World both Eye and Soul. *Milt.*

Oh thou ! that with surpassing Glory crown'd,

Look'st from thy sole Dominion, like the God

Of this great World, at whose Sight all the Stars

Hide their diminish'd Heads ;

Milt.

The

The golden Sun, in Splendor likest Heav'n,
 (Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due)
 Dispenses Light from far: They, as they move
 Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute
 Days, Months, and Years, tow'rd's his all-chearing Lamp
 Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
 By his Magnetick Beam, that gently warms
 The Universe; and to each inward Part,
 With gentle Penetration, tho' unseen,
 Shoots invisible Virtue ev'n to the Deep.

Milt.

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
 And gently kisses ev'ry Thing:
 His loving Beams unlock each Maiden Flow'r,
 Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour;
 Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,
 He does still new Flow'rs beget.

Cowl.

The glorious Ruler of the Morning, so
 But looks on Flow'rs, and strait they grow;
 And when his Beams their Light unfold,
 Ripens the dullest Earth, and warms it into Gold.

The self-same Sun

At once does slow and swiftly run:
 Swiftly his daily Journey goes,
 But treads his annual with a statelier Pace,
 And does three hundred Rounds inclose

Within one yearly Circle's Space;
 At once with double Course, in the same Sphere,
 He runs the Day, and walks the Year.

Cowl.

Thus the great Lamp, by which the Globe is blest,
 Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,
 Thro' different Regions does his Course pursue,
 And leaves one World but to revive a new,
 While by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light.

Steph.

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
 Strike on the polish'd Glass their trembling Light;
 The glitt'ring Species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious Beams from Side to Side;
 Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
 And to the Ceiling flash the glaring Day.

Dryd. Virg.

The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a Blood-shot Eye;

And

And when his Chariot downwards drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red.
But, mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he shines, and with a better Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air. *Otw. Don. Carl.*

Sun-Rising. See Morning.

The Sun scarce risen,
With Wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean's Brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray. *Milt.*

And now from forth the Chambers of the Main,
To shed his sacred Light on Earth again,
Arose the golden Chariot of the Day,
And tip't the Mountains with a purple Ray. *Pope Hom.*

Soon as the Sun with all-revealing Ray,
Flam'd in the Front of Heav'n, and gave the Day. *Pope Hom.*

Sun set. See Evening.

The parting Sun,
Beyond the Earth's green Cape, and verdant Isles,
Hesperian sets. *Milt.*

It was the Time when witty Poets tell,
That *Phœbus* into *Thetis* Bosom fell;
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night. *Cowd. Hor.*

And now the golden Sun, to mortal Sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the radiant Light. *Pope Hom.*
The Sun did now to Western Waves retire,
In Tides to temper his bright World of Fire. *Garth. Ovid.*

The Setting Sun
Still leaves a Track of Glory in the Skies. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

S W A L L O W. *See Horse-Race.*

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,
O'er empty Courts and under Arches flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Swallows, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,
Pursue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shun the persecuting Cold.
When frowning Skies begin to change their Chear,
And Time turns up the Wrong Side of the Year,

They seek a better Heav'n, and warmer Climes;
 But whether upward to the Moon they go,
 Or dream the Winter out in Caves below, (*Hind & Panth.*) }
 Or hawk at Flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know. *Dryd.* }

S W A N. See *Creation*.

The silver Swans sail down the watry Road,
 And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Swans that sail along the silver Flood,
 And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,
 Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky:
 When homeward from their watry Pastures borne,
 They sing, and *Asia's* Lakes their Notes return. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus Milk-white Swans in *Asius'* watry Plains,
 Or o'er the Windings of *Cayster's* Springs,
 Stretch their long Necks, and clap their rustling Wings;
 Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy Rounds; (*Hom.*)
 Now light with Noise, with Noise the Field Rebounds. *Pope*

Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,
 And sloop with closing Pinions from above;
 Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had drove along,
 And thro' the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng.
 Now all united in a goodly Team,
 They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.
 See! they with Joy returning clap their Wings,
 And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings. *Dryd. Virg.*

As rising Swans

Brush with their Wings the falling Drops away,
 And proudly plough the Waves. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

The sick'ning Swan thus hangs her silver Wings,
 And, as she droops, her Elegy she sings. *Garth. Ovid.*

S W E E T.

Sweet as the Breath of Morn. *Milt.*

Sweeter than Buds unfolded in a Show'r;
 Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,
 Breath'd in the Whispers of a yielding Maid. *Dav.*

O soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!
 Sweeter than Incense, which to Heav'n ascends,
 Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels Hands. *Otw. Don. Car.*

Sweet as Lovers freshest Kisses,
 Or their riper following Bliss. *Crowl.*

S W I F T. See *Virago*.

Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows Flight. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Swift as a shooting Star that thwarts the Night, *Milt.*
 Swift as exploded Lightning from the Skies. *Blac.*

Swift as the Journeys of the Sight,

Swift as the Race of Light.

Cowl.

Afabel, swifter than the northern Wind,
 Scarce could the nimble Motion of the Mind
 Out go his Feet: so strangely would he run,
 That Time it self perceiv'd not what was done.
 Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he pass,
 His Weight unknown, and harmless to the Grass;
 Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace,
 Yet none an Atom trouble or displace. *Cowl.*

I've seen him swifter run than starting Hinds, -
 Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet:
 Nay, ev'n the Winds with all their Stock of Wings,
 Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him. *Lee Alex.*

Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
 Whence the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
 When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves. *Pope.*

S W I M M I N G.

I saw him beat the Billows under him,
 And ride upon their Backs: He trod the Water,
 Whose Enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
 The most swol'n Surge that met him. His bold Head
 High 'bove the most contentious Waves he kept,
 And oar'd himself with his strong Arms to Shore. *Shak. Tem.*

Th'affrighted *Belvedera*,
 As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,
 Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep;
 When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
 And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,
 Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine.
 Like a rich Conquest, in one Hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize. *Otto Ven. Presl.*

Accouter'd as we were, we both plung'd in
 The troubled *Tiber*, chafing with his Shore:
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,

With lusty Sinews throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with Hearts of Controversy. *Shak. Jul. Cæs.*
 He stemm'd the stormy Tide,
 And gain'd by Strefs of Arms the farther Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

S W O O N I N G.

O'er his dim Sight the misty Vapours rise,
 And a short Darknes shades his swimming Eyes. *Pope Hom.*

A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs,
 His Eyes distorted grew, his Visage Pale,
 His speech forsook him, Life itself seem'd fled. *Otw. Orph.*

She faints :

Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
 Hangs heavy on her Lids. *Rozve Ulyss.*

A sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
 His Ears rung inward, and his senses fail'd. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

My Sight grows dim, and ev'ry Object dances
 And swims before me in the Maze of Death. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Astonish'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
 Forsakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat;
 She faints, she falls.

Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis Night,
 Her Beauty shines without the help of Light.

Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
 And thro' her Lips soft Whispers steal of Life :

How fresh they shew ! the Roses almost gone
 For want of Air, by Breath seem newly blown.

Her Eyes begin to move, and shine with Life,
 Now sink again in Death's ungentle Strife :

In doubtful Weather so the Sun resigns, *(Vest. Virg.)*
 Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and sometimes shines. *How.*

He therefore sent out all his Senses,
 To bring him in Intelligences ;

Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,

Mistake for falling in a Trance ;

But those who deal in Geomancy,

Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy. *Hud.*

Then *Ralpho* gently rais'd the Knight,

And set him on his Bum upright :

To rouse him from lethargick Dump,

He tweak'd his Nose ; with gentle Thump

Knock'd on his Breast, as if 't had been

To raise the Spirits lodg'd within :

They,

They, waken'd with the Noise, did fly
 From inward Room to Window Eye,
 And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement. *Hud.*

S W O R D. See *Armour, Battle, Soldier, War.*

His puissant Sword unto his Side,
 Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd;
 The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
 For want of Fighting was grown rusty,
 And eat into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack.
 The peaceful Scabbard, where it dwelt,
 The Rancour of its Edge had felt;
 For of the lower End two Handful
 It had devour'd, it was so manful. *Hud.*

With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his Way:
 From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,
 Magnificent with Gold *Lyacon* made,
 And in an Iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Sword, with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd,
 For Ornament, not Use, hung idly by his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

S Y B I L. See *Enthusiasm.*

The mad prophetick *Sybil* you shall find
 Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd;
 She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits
 The Notes and Names inscrib'd to Leafs commits
 What she commits to Leafs, in Order laid,
 Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd;
 Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind
 Without, or Vapours issue from behind,
 The Leafs are borne aloft in liquid Air,
 And she resumes no more her museful Care,
 Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse,
 Nor sets in Order what the Winds disperse.
 Thus many not succeeding, most upbraid
 The madness of the visionary Maid.
 And with loud Curses leave the mystick Shade. *Dryd. Virg.*

Have you been led thro' the *Cumæan* Cave,
 And hear th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now, I see her rolling Eyes,
 And panting, Lo! the God! the God! she cries.

With Words not hers, and more than human Sound,
 She makes the obedient Ghost peep trembling through the
 Ground. (*Rosc.*)

T E A R S, See *Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Weeping.*

I'll teach him a Receipt to make
 Words that weep, and Tears that speak;
 I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,
 At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath; *Corol.*

A rising Storm of Passion shook her Breast;
 Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall, *(Pen.*
 And then she Sigh'd as if her Heart were breaking. *Rowe Fair*

A rising Sigh express'd her Woe;
 The ready Tears apace began to flow;
 And, as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye *& May.*
 The Drops; (for Women when they list can cry.) *Pope Jan.*

Tears not squeez'd out by Art,
 But shed from Nature, like a kindly Show'r. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

She then look'd down and sigh'd,
 While from her unchanging Face the Silent Tears *(All for Love.*
 Dropt as they had not Leave, and stole their Parting. *Dryd.*

Her Head reclin'd, as hiding Grief from View, *(Auren.*
 Droops like a Rose furcharg'd with Morning Dew. *Dryd.*

But, like a low-hung Cloud, it rains so fast,
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

He begg'd Relief
 With Tears, the dumb Petitioners of Grief;
 With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
 And any Heart, but only hers, would move. *Dryd. Theo.*

Believe these Tears, which from my wounded Heart
 Bleed at my Eyes. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep:
 Passion I see is catching; for my Eyes,
 Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

He thrice essay'd to speak, and thrice, in Spite of Scorn,
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: At last,
 Words interwove with Sighs found out their Way. *Milt.*
 She acts the Jealous, and at Will she cries;

For Womens Tears are but the sweat of Eyes. *Dryd. Juv.*

The waiting Tears stood ready for Command, *(Step:*
 And now they flow, to varnish the false Tale. *Rowe Amb.*

I found her on the Floor,
 In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful;

Sighing

Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown;
Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,
That, were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. *Lee*
(*Mitbr.*)

'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears
Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmur'ing Lips,
That talk such mournful Things; when straight a Gale
Of starting Sighs carries tho' Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs. *Lee Mitbr.*
She mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries,
And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes. *Dryd. Virg.*

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Despair;
And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
It scalds along my Cheeks; like the green Wood,
That sputtering in the Flames, works outward into Tears.
(*Dryd. Clem.*)

T E N E R I F F.

From *Atlas* far, beyond a Waste of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff*, his Giant-Brother, reigns:
With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His subject Islands raise their verdant Heads:
The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill,
The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

*Gar.*T E M P E S T. See *Storm.*

Things that love Night,
Love not such Nights as these: The wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Wind and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th' Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
Find out their En'mies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes,
Unwhipp'd of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue,
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to Pieces shake,

That under Covert and convenient Seeming,
 Hast practis'd on Man's Life. Close pent-up Guilt,
 Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
 These dreadful Summoners Grace. *Shak. K. Lear.*

T H A N K S.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak ;
 And if I could, *(Don. Seb.*
 Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine. *Dryd.*

O my more than Father !

Let me not live, but at thy very Name
 My eager Heart springs up and leaps with Joy.
 When I forget the vast, vast Debt I owe thee;
 Forget ! but 'tis impossible ; then let me
 Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,
 Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
 To wander in the Desert among Brutes,
 To bear the various Fury of the Seasons,
 The Night's unwholesome Dew, and Noon-days Heat, *(Pen.*
 To be the scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heav'n. *Rowe Fair*

My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
 They over-run each other in the Crowd :
 To you, with hasty Flight, they take their Way,
 And hardly for the Dress of Words will stay.
 And now such Haste to tell their Message make,
 They only stammer what they meant to speak. *Old.*

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you :
 Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
 That I should talk of nothing else all Day. *Otw. Orph.*

With what becoming Thanks can I reply ?
 Not only Words lie lab'ring in my Breast,
 But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppress'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Oh let me unlade my Breast !

Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you,
 Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought
 This word'rous Goodness stirs : But 'tis impossible,
 And Utt'rance all is vile ; since I can only *(Pen.*
 Swear you reign here, but never tell how much. *Rowe Fair*
 For should our Thanks awake the rising Sun,
 And lengthen as his latest Shadows run,
 That, tho' the longest Day, would soon, too soon, be done. *Dryd.*

T H I E F.

Like a Thief,

A Pilferer, descry'd in some dark Corner,
 Who there had lodg'd with mischievous Intent
 To rob and ravage at the Hour of Rest,
 And do a Midnight Murder on the Sleepers. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

T H O U G H T S.

Oh wretched Man ! whose too too busy Thoughts
 Ride swifter than the galloping Heavens round,
 With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:
 Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rolling Year
 Seems to stand still ; dead Calms are in the Ocean,
 When not a Breath disturbs the drowsy Waves :
 But Man, the very Monster of the World ;
 Is ne'er at Rest ; the Soul for ever wakes. *Lee Oedip.*

Thoughts succeed Thoughts, like restless troubled Waves
 Dashing out one another. *How. D. of Lerma.*

Restless Thoughts, that, like a deadly Swarm
 Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs came rushing on me. *Milt.*

I have been studying how to compare
 The Prison where I live, unto the World ;
 And for because the World is populous,
 And here is not a Creature but my self,
 I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out :
 My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
 My Soul the Father ; and these two beget
 A Generation of still-breeding Thoughts,
 And these same Thoughts people this little World,
 In Humours like the People of this World ;
 For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
 As Thoughts of Things divine are intermix'd
 With Scruples, and set the Faith it self
 Against the Faith.

Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely Wonders ; how these vain weak Nails
 May tear a Passage thro' the flinty Ribs
 Of this hard World, my rugged Prison-Walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves,
 And shall not be the last : Like silly Beggars,
 Who sitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame,

That

That many have, and others must be there ;
 And in this Thought they find a kind of Ease,
 Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I in one Prison many People,
 And none contented Sometimes am I King,
 Then Treason makes me wish my self a Beggar,
 And so I am: Then crushing Penury
 Persuades me I was better when a King ;
 Then I am king'd again ; and by and by
 Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbrook*,
 And straight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 By being nothing (Spoken by Rich. 2.) *Shak.*

Thus my Thoughts are tir'd
 With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind:
 Sometimes they lose their Way ; sometimes as slow
 As Beasts o'erloaded heavily they move,
 Press'd by the Weight of Sorrow and of Love. *How. Vest. Virg.*

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Priviledge,
 To let them brood in secret o'er my Sorrows. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Some melancholy Thought, that shuns the Light,
 Lurks underneath that Sadness in my Visage. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Turn not to Thought, my Brain, but let me find
 Some unfrequented Shade ; there lay me down,
 And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me,
 To soften and assuage this Pain of thinking. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

'Thought is Damnation ; 'tis the Plague of Devils
 To think on what they are. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
 Of high Import, which justles like an Embryo
 In its dark Womb, and longs to be disclos'd. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

Time will perfect (Seb.)
 A lab'ring Thought, that rolls within my Breast. *Dryd. Don.*

He heav'd beneath a pressing Load of Thought. *Rowe Fair*
 My Thoughts grow wild, (Pen.)

And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me. *Otw. Orpb.*
 Wild hurrying Thoughts

Start ev'ry Way from my distracted Soul,
 To find out Hope, and only meet Despair. *South. Fatal Mar.*

A Beam of Thought came glancing to my Soul. *Dryd.*
 (Cleon.)

T H U N.

THUNDER. See *Lightning, Storm.*

With Terrour thro' the dark aerial Hall. *Milt.*
 A Peal of ratt'ling Thunder roll'd along,
 And shook the Firmament, *Dryd.*
 The furious Infant's born, and speaks, and dies. *Cre. Lucre.*
 Deep Thunders roar,
 Must'ring their Rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell. *Milt.*
 Now *Jove*, with awful Sound,
 Roll'd the big Thunder o'er the vast Profound. *Pope Hom.*
 Thick Lightning's flash, the mutt'ring Thunder rous; ;
 Their Strength he withers, and unmans their Souls. *Pope Hom.*
 A Noise confus'd rose from the mingled Crowd,
 Like unform'd Thunder, murm'ring in a Cloud. *Blac.*
 It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
 Before the dreadful Break ; if here it falls,
 The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood, *(Cresf.*
 And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes. *Dryd. Tail. &*
 The Thunder now,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,
 Has spent his Shafts ; it ceases now to roar,
 And bellow thro' the vast and boundless Deep. *Milt.*
 The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders rous. *Dryd.*
(Don Seb.

TYGER. See *Jouffs*

So when a *Scythian* Tyger, gazing round,
 A Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found,
 Lowing secure ; he swells with angry Pride,
 And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry Side :
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes on all,
 In Choice of some strong Neck on which to fall ;
 Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away. *Corol.*
 Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance had spy'd
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawns at Play,
 Straight couches close ; then rising, changes oft
 His couchant Watch, as one who chose his Ground,
 Whence rushing, he might soonest seize them both,
 Grasp'd in each Paw. *Milt.*

TIME.

Time of it self is nothing, but from Thought
 Receives its Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought

From

From Things consider'd, while we think on some
 As present, some as past, or yet to come.
 No Thought can think on Time,
 But thinks on Things in Motion, or at Rest. *Cree. Lucr.*

For Nature knows
 No steadfast Station, but or ebbs or flows :
 Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,
 And casts new Figures in another Mould.
 Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,
 Like Rivers from their Fountains, rolling on :
 For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay,
 The flying Hour is ever on her Way ;
 And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
 The Wave behind impels the Wave before :
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
 And urge their Predecessor Minutes on.
 Still moving, ever new ; for former Things
 Are set aside, like abdicated Kings ;
 And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some Act, till then unknown, *Dryd. Ovid.*

Time is th' Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
 And with the World did equally begin ;
 Time, like a Stream that hastens from the Shore,
 Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
 All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep,
 And Motion rest in everlasting Sleep. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
 The Future but a Length behind the Past ;
 So swift are Years ! *Dryd. Ovid.*

Thy Teeth, devouring Time ! thine, envious Age !
 On Things below still exercise your Rage ;
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
 And then, at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Time hastes away,
 Nor is it in our Pow'r to bribe its Stay :
 The rolling Years with constant Motion run ;
 Lo ! while I speak, the present Minute's gone ;
 And following Hours urge the foregoing on.

'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Pow'r,
 'Tis not thy Piety, can thee secure :

They're all too feeble to withstand *(Hor. Old.*
 Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless End.

To Things immortal Time can do no Wrong, *(Cowl.*
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

T I T Y U S.

There *Tityus* was to see, who took his Birth
 From Heav'n, his Nursling from the foodful Earth :
 Here his gigantick Limbs, with large Embrace,
 Infold nine Acres of infernal Space.
 A rav'nous Vulture in his open'd Side
 Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd ;
 Still for the growing Liver digg'd his Breast,
 The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast ;
 Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains ;
 Th' immortal Hunger lasts, th' immortal Food remains. *(Virg. Dryd.)*

T O A D.

So when a Toad, squat on a Border, spies
 The Gard'ner passing by, his Blood-shot Eyes,
 With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around
 The verdant Walks ; and the flow'ry Ground
 The bloated Vermin loathsome Poison spits,
 And swoln, and bursting with his Malice, sits. *Blat.*

A T O P.

As young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
 On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court ;
 The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,
 Admir'd with Clamours of the beardless Rout :
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
 And lend the'r little Souls at ev'ry Stroke. *Dryd. Virg.*
 The whirling Top they whip,
 And drive her giddy till she fall asleep. *Dryd. Persf.*

T O R R E N T. See *Brook, Flood, Stream.*

As when a Torrent rolls with rapid Force,
 And dashes o'er the Stones that stop the Course,
 The Flood, constrain'd within a scanty Space,
 Roars horrible along th' uneasy Race ;
 White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around ;
 The rocky Shores rebellow to the Sound, *Dryd. Virg.*
 Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents rush from high,
 Rapid they run, the foamy Waters fry ;
 They roll to Sea with unresisted Force,
 And down the Rocks precipitate their Course. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Thus from high Hills the Torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole Fields, and sweep the Trees along ;
 Thro' ruin'd Moles the rushing Wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the Bridge, and bursts the lofty Bounds.

234 *Train-Bands. Transmigration of Souls:*

The yellow Harvests of the ripen'd Year,
And flatted Vineyards, one sad Waste appear;
When *Jove* descends in sluicy Sheets of Rain,
And all the Labours of Mankind are vain.

Pope Hom.

T R A I N - B A N D S.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And, raw in Fields, the rude Militia swarms.
Of seeming Arms they make a short Essay; (*& Iph.*
Then hasten to be drunk, the Bus'ness of the Day. *Dryd. Cym.*

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quash'd the stern *Æacides*:

Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel:
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long-disputed World at *Zama's* fatal Field.

But Soldiers of a rustick Mold,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the sturdy Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did sound:

And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done;
Home with their weary Team they took their Way, (*Hor.*
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day, *Rosc.*

T R A N S M I G R A T I O N of S O U L S.

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be thou, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes;
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year;
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly Weight.
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals, wand'ring from the Way,
And, wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate:
These I would teach, and by right Reason bring
To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkness, and fictitious Flame?

Vain

Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
 And Fables of a World that never was.
 What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
 By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires?
 Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
 In other forms, and only changes Seats.
 Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
 In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest.
 Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
 And here and there the unbody'd Spirit flies:
 By Time, or Force, or Sicknes, disposs'd,
 And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beast.
 Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their Kind:
 From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd;
 The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.
 And as the soften'd Wax, new Seals receives,
 This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves;
 Now call'd by one, now by another Name,
 The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still the same:
 So Death, so call'd, can but the Form deface,
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
 To seek her Fortune in some other Place.

Dryd. Ovid.

T R E E S. See *Creation, Funeral, Grove, Paradise.*

The Trees were unctuous Fir,
 And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the Spear:
 The Mourner-Eugh, the Builder-Oak were there;
 The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the Plane
 Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain, (*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*)
 And Laurel, which the Gods for Conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.

All around they grow,
 And various Shades their various Kinds bestow:
 Amid the Throng of this promiscuous Wood,
 With taper Top the pointed Cypress stood.
 Here tall *Chaonian* Oaks their Branches spread,
 While weeping Poplars, there, erect their Head.
 The foodful *Ejculus*, here, shoots his Leaves;
 That Turf soft Lime-Tree, this fat Beech receives;
 Here brittle Hazels, Laurels here advance,
 And there tough Ash to form the Hero's Lance:
 Here silver Firs with knotless Trunks ascend;
 There scarlet Oaks beneath their Acorns bend.

That

That Spot admits the hospitable Plane,
 On this the Maple grows with clouded Grain ;
 Here wat'ry Willows are with Lotus seen,
 There Tamarisk and Box, for ever green,
 With double Hue here Myrtles grace the Ground,
 And Laurestines with purple Berries crown'd.
 With pliant Feet, now, Ivies this Way wind,
 Vines yonder rise, and Elms with Vines entwin'd :
 Wild *Ornus* now; the Pitch-Tree next takes Root,
 And *Arbutus*, adorn'd with blushing Fruit ;
 Then easy-bending Palms, the Victor's Prize,
 And Pines erect with bristly Tops arise. *Cong. Ovid.*

Part to the Groves and woody Hills repair,
 And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.
 Axes, high rais'd by brawny Arms, descend
 With mighty Sway, and make the Forest bend,
 The Mountains murmur, and the nodding Oaks
 Groan with their Wounds from thick redoubled Strokes.
 The falling Trees desert the neighb'ring Sky,
 Where now the Clouds may unmolested fly.
 A shady Harvest lies dispers'd around,
 And lofty Ruin loads th' incumber'd Ground. *Blat.*

They found an ancient Wood,
 The shady Covert of the savage Kind.

The sounding Axe is ply'd :
 Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
 Of Forest-Alders, feel the fatal Stroke,
 And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.
 Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
 Of the bare Mountains, roll'd with Ruin down. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
 Whose Arms gave Shelter to the princely Eagle :
 Under whose Shade the ramping Lion slept,
 Whose Top-branch over-look'd *Jove's* spreading Tree, (*Hen. 6.*
 And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind. *Shak. 1 Part.*

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains ;
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatening all, *(Ovid.*
 This Way and that she nods, considering where to fall. *Dryd.*

The *Indian* Fig-Tree too there spreads her Arms,
 Branching so broad and long, that in the Ground
 The bending Twigs take Root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother-Tree : A pillar'd Shade,
 High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between :
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman, shunning Heat, *Shel-*

Shelters in Cool, and tends his past'ring Herds
At Loop-holes cut thro' thickest Shades.

Milt.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin-Paper Write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preserve it white ;
Whose Travel o'er that silver Field does show,
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow.
Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemish to the Thought.
Strange ! that your Fingers should the Pencil foil,
Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil:
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake.
Whose Breath salutes your new-created Grove,
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the Forest dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

Wall.

T R O P H Y.

He bar'd an ancient Oak of all it's Boughs ;
Then on a rising Ground the Trunk he plac'd,
Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd :
The Coat of Arms by proud *Mexentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in Triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A Trophy sacred to the God of War.
Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafless Wood,
Appear'd his plumy Crest, besmear'd with Blood.
His brazen Buckler on the Left was seen,
Truncheons of shiver'd Lances hung between ;
And on his Right was plac'd his Croslet bor'd,
And to the Neck was ty'd the unavailing Sword. *Dryd. Virg*

T R U M P E T. See *Country-Life*.

The sprightly Trumpets from afar
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War ;
Had rous'd the neighb'ring Steeds to scour the Fields,
While the fierce Rider clatter'd on their Shields. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Trumpets terribly, from far,
With rattling Clangor rouse the sleepy War :
The Soldiers Shouts succeed the brazen Sounds,
'And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noise rebounds. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

By

By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
We learn, that Sound as well as Sense persuades. *Wall.*

T R U M P E T E R.

None so renown'd,
The Warrior-Trumpet in the Field to sound;
With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Alarms,
And rouse to dare their Fate in honourable Arms. *Dryd. Virg.*

T U L I P.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head:
Rob'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen. *Gar.*

T W I L I G H T.

When blended Shades and Light
A brown Confusion make of Day and Night;
When Birds obscene fly from their dark Abodes,
And proling Wolves forsake the shady Woods:
The Lion now, who in his Den by Day,
His lazy Limbs extended, slumb'ring lay,
Yawning and stretching from his Covert comes,
Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Forest roams. *Blac.*

T Y R A N T. See *King, Usurper.*

Our Emperor is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember in his Reign one Day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head:
He thinks the Sun is lost that sees not Blood:
When none is shed, we count it Holyday.
We, who are most in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs. *Den. Soph.*

Proud, impatient
Of ought Superior, ev'n of Heav'n that made him:
Fond of false Glory, of the savage Pow'r
Of ruling without Reason, of confounding
Just and Unjust, by an unbounded Will;
By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wise Princes,
To draw their easy Neighbours to Destruction,

To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields:
 Like some accursed Fiend, who, 'scap'd from Hell,
 Poisons the balmy Air thro' which he flies;
 He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches, (*Rowe Tam.*
 The lab'ring Hinds best Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.

Curs'd is the Man, and void of Law and Right,
 Unworthy Property, unworthy Light,
 Unfit for publick Rule, or private Care,
 That Wretch, that Monster, that delights in War.
 Whose Lust is Murder, and whose horrid Joy,
 To tear his Country, and his Kind destroy. *Pope Hom.*

Oh the sweet Charms of independant Sway !
 Princes, whose Will pretended Law restrains,
 Are only Royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.
 But he's a King, who triumphs free from Law,
 Like the fierce Monarchs who the Desert awe :
 Who uncontroul'd range the wide Mountains o'er,
 And shake the Forest with their dreadful Roar ;
 Whose haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,
 Nor are their Subjects only, but their Prey. *Blac.*

Long had this Prince imperiously thus sway'd,
 By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd.
 His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
 Admire his Strength, and dare not use their own. *How.*

V A L E.

Beneath, a Vale its Bosom does display,
 Oppress'd with Riches, and profusely gay ;
 Where Nature throws her Gifts with lavish Hand,
 And crowns, with flow'ry Luxury, the Land.
 Fruits, Rivers, Meadows, Groves, and airy Plains,
 Still echoing with the Lays of happy Swains,
 Lovely Confusion make, and charm the Eye
 With beautiful Irregularity. *Blac.*

V A P O U R S.

As Vapours, blown by *Auster's* sultry Breath,
 Pregnant with Plagues, and shedding Seeds of Death,
 Beneath the Rage of burning *Sirius* rise,
 Choak the parch'd Earth, and blacken all the Skies. *Pope Hom.*

V E N U S.

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
 Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love !

Whose

Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
 And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies :
 For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolifick Might,
 Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
 Thee, Goddess ! thee, the Clouds and Tempests fear,
 And at thy pleasing Presence disappear :
 For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress'd,
 For thee the Ocean smiles and smooths her wavy Breast,
 And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer Light is blest.
 For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd ;
 When teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,
 And Western Gales unlock the lazy Year ;
 The joyous Birds thy Welcome first express,
 Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess :
 Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
 Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
 All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea ;
 Of all that breathes the various Progeny,
 Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee,
 O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless Reign.
 Thro' all the living Regions thou dost move,
 And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly Seeds of Love.
 Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
 Obeys thy Pow'r ; since nothing new can spring
 Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
 Or beautiful or lovesome can appear,
 Be thou my Aid ; my tuneful Song inspire,
 And kindle with thy own productive Fire ;
 While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal Lay, (display.
 Of Heav'n and Earth ; and ev'ry where thy wondrous Pow'r
 Mean time, on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord cease,
 And lull the list'ning World in universal Peace.
 To thee Mankind their soft repose must owe,
 For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow ;
 Because the brutal Bus'ness of the War
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care ;
 Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
 The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love :
 And, panting on thy Breast, supinely lies,
 While with thy heav'nly Form he feeds his famish'd Eyes :

Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
 By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.
 Then while thy curling Limbs about him move,
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love;
 When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
 Thy Charms in that auspicious Moment try,
 With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
 And Quiet to the weary World restore.

Dryd. Lucr.

Creator *Venus*! Genial Pow'r of Love!
 The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above!
 Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,
 Dost fairest shine, and best become that Place:
 For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,
 Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
 Thee, Goddess! thee, the Storms of Winter fly,
 Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky,
 And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.
 For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,
 And roaring hunts his Female thro' the Wood:
 For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,
 And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves.
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,
 All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care;
 Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair.
 Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
 Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun!
 With smiling Aspect you serenely move
 In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love,
 The Fates but only spin the coarser Clue,
 The finest of the Wool is left for you.
 Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
 And let the Sisters cut below your Line;
 The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap.

(Æ Arc.

Dryd. Pal.

She turn'd, and made appear
 Her Neck refulgent, and dishevel'd Hair;
 Which flowing on her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
 And widely spreads ambrosial Scents around.
 In Length of Train descends her sweeping Gown, *(Virg.*
 And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known. *Dryd.*

The Goddess flies sublime
 To visit *Paphos*, and her native Clime;
 Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
 With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r:

A hundred Altars in her Temple smoke ;
A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke. *Dryd. Virg.*

She stood reveal'd before my Sight :
Never so radiant did her Eyes appear,
Not her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.
Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their Love. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,
Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* croud ;
The *Tritons* gaze, and tune the vocal Shell,
And ev'ry Grace un Sung the Waves conceal.

Gar.

Temple of Venus.

In *Venus'* Temple on the Sides were seen
The broken Slumbers of enamour'd Men ;
Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call,
And issuing Sighs that smoak'd along the Wall ;
Complaints and hot Desires the Lover's Hell,
And scalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell :
And all around were nuptial Bands, the Ties
Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lyes,
That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short enduring Joy ;
And Sorceries to raise th' infernal Pow'rs,
And Segils, fram'd in planetary Hours ;
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley Hiew, and dark Despair ;
Suspensions, and fantastical Surmize ;
And Jealousy suffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawny drest,
Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.
Oppos'd to these, on th' other Side, advance
The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance ;
Minstrils and Musick, Poetry and Play,
And Balls by Night, and Tournaments by Day,
——— There th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Cytheron*,
The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn.
Before the Palace-Gate in careless Dress
And loose Array, sat Portreſs *Idleness* :
There by the Fount *Nartissus* pin'd alone,
There *Sampson* was, with wiser *Solomon*,
And all the mighty Names by Love undone.
Medea's Charms was there ; *Circean* Feasts,
With Bowls that turn'd enamour'd Youths to Beasts :

Here

Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
 And Prowess to the Pow'r of Love submit;
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
 The Goddess' self some noble Hand had wrought,
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought,
 From Ocean as she first began to rise,
 And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;
 She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breast,
 And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest.
 A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen
 A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green:
 Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,
 And, by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love,
 With Wings display'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,
 His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore, (*Pal. & Arc.* }
 Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. *Dryd.* }

V E R S E. See *Poets* and *Poetry*.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charms we use,
 Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuse.

Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
 But they move more, in lofty Numbers told.

Wall.

Nor the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,
 That play thro' trembling Trees, delight me more,
 Nor murm'ring Billows on the sandy Shore,
 Nor winding Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
 And the scarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide.

For such thy Verse appears,
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,
 As to the weary Swain with cares oppress'd,
 Beneath the sylvan Shades refreshing Rest;
 As to the fev'rish Traveller, when first
 He finds a crystal Stream, to quench his Thirst. *Dryd. Virg.*

Not Winds to Voyagers at Sea,
 Nor Show'rs to Earth more necessary be,
 Than Verse to Virtue, which can do
 The Midwife's Office, and the Nurse's too,
 It feeds it strongly, and it cloaths it gay;

And when it dies, with comely Pride
 Embalms it, and erects a Pyramid,
 That never will decay;

Till Heav'n itself shall melt away,
 And nought behind it stay,

Cowl.
 For

For ev'n when Death dissolves our human Frame,
 The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came,
 Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame. *Dryd.* }

Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre!
 Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted Choire,
 All Hand in Hand do decently advance,
 And to my Song with smooth and equal Measures dance;
 While the Dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
 My Musick's Voice shall bear it company.

Till all the gentle Notes be drown'd
 In the last Trumpet's dreadful Sound;
 That to the Spheres themselves shall Silence bring,
 Untune the universal-String.

'Then all the wide extended Sky,
 And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
 And *Virgil's* sacred Work shall die :
 And he himself shall see in one Fire shine
 Rich Nature's ancient *Troy*, tho' built by Hands divine. *Cowl.* }

V E S U V I U S.

As high *Vesuvius*, when the Ocean laves
 His fiery Roots with subterraneous Waves,
 Disturb'd within, does in Convulsions roar,
 And casts on high his undigested Oar;
 Discharges massy Surfeit on the Plains,
 And empties all his rich metallick Veins;
 His ruddy Entrails, Cinders, pitchy Smoke,
 And intermingled Flames, the Sun-Beams choak. *Blat.*

V I C I S S I T U D E.

Good Sun expected, Evil unforeseen,
 Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene :
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumb'ling down amain,
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again. *Dryd. Virg.*

Short is th' uncertain Reign and Pomp of mortal Pride;
 New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day
 Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;

Soon she gives, soon takes away,
 She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts.

But if she stays, or if she goes,
 The wise Man little Joy or Sorrow shows.

For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,
 One gains by what another is bereft;
 The frugal Destinies have only left

A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd, like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow. *How. Ind. Emp.*

The lowest and most abject thing of Fortune
Stands still in Hope, lives not in Fear :
The lamentable Change is from the best,
The worst returns to better. *Shak. K. Lear.*

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune ;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries. *Shak. Jul. Cæs.*

What God, alas ! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will insure his Vessel in this faithless Sea ?
Where Fortune's Favour, and her Spight,
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and Night. *Cow! Pind.*

He various Changes of the World had known,
And strange Vicissitudes of human Fate ;
Still alt'ring, never in a steady State :
Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since every Man who lives, is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity ;
With equal Mind what happens let us bear,
Nor Joy nor Grieve too much for Things beyond our Care.
Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.
Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done, *(Arc.*
Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne. *Dryd. Pal. &*

What then remains, but after past Annoy
To take the good Vicissitude of Joy ;
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give, *(Arc.*
Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live. *Dryd. Pal. &*

V I N E. See *Embraces.*

They led the Vine
To wed her Elm: She, 'spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable Arms ; and with her brings
Her Dower, th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren Leaves. *Milt.*

Th' aspiring Vines
Embrace their Husband Elms in am'rous Twines, *Dryd. Virg.*

Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my rip'ning Hopes that spoke me strong ;

But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone. *Otro. Don. Carl.*

V I R A G O. See *Amazon.*

A Warrior Dame,

Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler *Pallas* of the Field;
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,
Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger sought;
Out-strip'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain.
She swept the Seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung:
Men, Boys, and Women, stupid with Surprise,
Where-e'er she passes, fix their wond'ring Eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast Delight.
Her purple Habit sits with such a Grace
On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face:
Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
And in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.
She shakes her Myrtle Jav'lin, and behind
Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.

Dryd. Virg.

Next *Trulla* came; *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight.
A bold Virago, stout and tall
As *Joan* of France, or *English Moll*:
'Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,
'Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him:
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge-Surprise,
She shar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless Courage;
And laid about in Fight more busily
Than th' *Amazonian Pen-Thefile*:
But here some Criticks do cry Shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That spite of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
More feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their Modesty, and ride astride;

To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field :
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalesiris*,
 And she that should have been the Mistress
 Of *Gondibert*; but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country Lass.

Hud.

V I R T U E.

Virtue, the noble Cause for which you're made !
 Improperly we measure Life by Breath,
 Those do not truly live, who merit Death.

Steph. Juv.

Our Life is short, but to extend that Span
 To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work.

Shak. Troil. & Cress.

He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cause.

Shak. Tit. Andr.

How vain is Virtue, which directs our Ways
 Thro' certain Dangers, to uncertain Praise !
 Barren and airy Name ! Thee Fortune flies,
 With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
 Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
 And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.

The World is made for the bold impious Man,
 Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.

Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
 She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword :

Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
 And while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

Dryd. Aur.

Great Minds, like Heav'n are pleas'd with doing Good,
 Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
 Are barren in Return. Virtue does still

With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
 Where abject Souls do Good, and hope Reward ;
 Above the worthless Trophies Men can raise,

She seeks not Honours, Wealth, nor airy Praise,

But with herself herself the Goddess pays

Rowe Tamerl.

But few are virtuous when Reward's away.

Dryd.

For who would Virtue for herself regard,
 Or wed, without the Portion of Reward?

Dryd. Juv

Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
 And they who taught it first were Hypocrites.

Otao. Orph.

Wouldst thou to Honours and Preferments climb?

Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime ;
 Which Dangers, Death, or Banishment deserves ;
 For Virtue is but daily prais'd, and starves ;

Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imboss'd,
 Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost,
 And high Commands: A sneaking Sin is lost. *Dryd. Juv.*

Torment of Mind! O feeble Virtue, hence!
 I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
 To build in Hearts of Hinds; bless their rude Hands
 With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour.
 For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain
 That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
 I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
 And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandria*. *Lee Mithrid.*

If when a Crown and Mistress are in Place,
 Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;
 Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's Foe:
 Why does she come where she has nought to do?
 Let her with Anch'rets, not with Lovers, lie:
 Statesmen and they keep better Company. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul;
 A Man is wholly wise, or wholly is a Fool. *Dryd. Persf.*

How strange a Riddle Virtue is!
 They never miss it, who possess it not;
 And they who have it, ever find a Want. *Robt. Valent.*

Virtue, the more it is expos'd,
 Like purest Linnen, laid in open Air,
 Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View. *Dryd. Amphit.*

To suppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd. *Garth Ovid.*
 For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
 And tho' a late a sure reward succeeds. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

U S U R P E R. See *King, Tyrant.*

He who by Force a Sceptre does obtain,
 Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
 Right comes of Course; whate'er he was before,
 Murder and Usurpation are no more. *Dryd. Auren.*

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
 And overflows the level Grounds;
 Those Banks and Dams, that like a Skreen
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:
 So when Tyrannick Usurpation,
 Invades the Freedom of a Nation,
 Those Laws o'th' Land that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it. *Hud.*

A Sceptre snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
 Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:

And

And he that stands upon a slipp'ry Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up. - *Shak. K. John.*

Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.
'Tis base to seize on all because you may ;
That's Empire, that which I can give away :
There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,
A Fame which will to endless Ages last. *Dryd. Auren.*

A few Usurpers to the Shades descend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End. *Dryd. Juv.*

Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay them gently down. *How.*

V U L C A N. See Cyclops.

In *Ausonian* Land

Men call'd him *Mulciber* ; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the crystal Battlements: From Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day ; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the *Zenith*, like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos*, the *Ægean* Isle. *Milt.*

Me by the Heel he drew,
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell : My Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians* heal'd my Wound.
(*Dryd. Hom.*)

W A N T.

Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
Because its Virtues are not understood :
Yet many Things, impossible to Thought,
Have been by Need to full Perfection brought.
The daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence.
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives :
For ev'n that Indigence which brings me low,
Makes me my self and him above to know.
A Good which none would challenge, few would chuse ;
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.

If we from Wealth to Poverty descend, (*cf Bath's Tale.*
 Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend. *Dryd. Wife*

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry empty Fool,
 And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. *Dryd. Juv.*

Famine is in thy Cheeks,
 Need and Oppression staring in thy Looks,
 Contempt and Beggary hung on thy Back. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Oh! we must change the Scene,
 In which the past Delights of Love were tasted :
 The Poor sleep little ; we must learn to watch
 Our Labours late and early ev'ry Morning,
 'Midst Winter-Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
 Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Oh Belvedere !

Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend,
 Is at our Heels, and chafes us in View.
 Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
 Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
 Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
 When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
 And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads,
 Wilt thou then talk to me thus?

Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love.

Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in Madness love thee,
 Tho' my distracted Senses shall forsake me!
 Tho' the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,
 Its Roots our Food, some Cliff our Habitation;
 I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
 And as thou, sighing, lyest, and swell'd with Sorrow,
 Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
 Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest. *Otw. Ven. Presf.*

Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,
 And ne'er know Comfort more. *Otw. Ven. Presf.*

Lord what an am'rous Thing is Want!
 How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
 What Graces must that Lady have,
 That can from Execution save?
 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
 And null Decree and Exigent?
 What magical Attracts and Graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire Facias*?
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge?

These

These are the highest Excellencies,
 Of all our true or false Pretences;
 And you would damn your selves, and swear
 As much t'an Hostess Dowager,
 Grown fat and Purfy by Retail
 Of Pots of Beer and bottled Ale;
 And find her fitter for your Turn;
 For Fat is won'drous apt to burn:
 Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
 Relent, and melt to your Desire;
 And like a Candle in the Socket,
 Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket. *Hud.*

W A R. See *Battle, Fighting, Foughts, Mars, Soldier.*

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound:
 The Peaceful Peasant to the War is press'd;
 The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest.
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flocks affords;
 The crooked Scithes are straighten'd into Swords.
 Perfidious Mars long-plighted Leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Peaceful Cities,

Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on Fire; and some, with studious Care,
 Their restiff Steeds in sandy Plains prepare.
 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,
 And War is all their Wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
 Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and part
 Now-grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart,
 With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,
 And hear the Trumpets Clangor pierce the Sky.
 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field;
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield,
 The Croset some, and some the Cuishes mold,
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold,
 The rustick Humours of the Scithe and Share,
 Give Place to Swords and Plumbs, the Pride of War.
 Old Falchions are new-temper'd in the Fires;
 The sounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.
 The Word is given, with eager Haste they lace
 The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
 The trusty Weapon sits on ev'ry Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

With rushing Troops the Plains are cover'd o'er,
 And thund'ring Footsteps shake the sounding Shore:

Along the Rivers level Meads they stand;
 Thick as in Spring the Flow'rs adorn the Land,
 Or Leaves the Trees; or thick as Insects play,
 The wand'ring Nation of a Summer's Day,
 That drawn by milky Steams at Ev'ning Hours,
 In gather'd Swarms surround the rural Bow'rs;
 From Pail to Pail, with busy Murmur, run
 The gilded Legions, glitt'ring in the Sun.

Pope Hom.

As Legions in the Field their Front display,
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day;
 And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,
 Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space,
 Before the Battle joins, while, from afar,
 The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War;
 And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord, ..
 Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword, *Dryd. Virg.*

An iron Harvest on the Field appears,
 Of Launces, burnish'd Shields, and bristling Spears;
 Throng'd Helms, in long embattel'd Ranks dispos'd,
 The low'ring Front of horrid War disclos'd. *Blac.*

The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er;
 The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield
 Of thick-sprung Launces in a waving Field;
 The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
 And ev'ry Moment nearer shews the War. *Dryd. Aur.*

The various Glories of their Arms combine,
 And in one fearful dazzling Medley join.
 The Air above, and all the Fields beneath,
 Shine with a bright Variety of Death:
 The Sun starts back, to see the Fields display
 Their rival Lustre, and terrestrial Day. *Blac.*

The Fields

Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields;
 A shining Harvest either Host displays,
 And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays. *Dryd. Virg.*

The scepter'd Rulers lead; the foll'wing Host,
 Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the Coast:
 As from some rocky Cleft the Shepherd sees,
 Clust'ring in Heaps on Heaps, the driving Bees,
 Rolling and black'ning, Swarms succeeding Swarms,
 With deeper Murmurs, and more hoarse Alarms;
 Dusky they spread, a close embody'd Crow'd,
 And o'er the Vale descends the living Cloud.

So from the Tents and Ships a length'ning Train
 Spreads all the Beach, and wide o'er shades the Plain;
 A long the Region runs a deaf'ning Sound;
 Beneath their Footsteps groans the trembling Ground:
 Fame flies before, the Messenger of *Jove*,
 And shining soars, and claps her Wings above. *Pope Hom.*

The mighty Numbers move:

So roll the Billows on th' *Icarian* Shore
 From East and South, when Winds begin to roar,
 Burst their dark Mansions in the Clouds, and sweep
 The whit'ning Surface of the ruffled Deep,
 And as on Corn when western Gusts descend,
 Before the Blasts the lofty Harvests bend;
 Thus o'er the Field the moving Host appears, *(Hom.*
 With nodding Plumes, and Groves of waving Spears. *Pope*

All in a Moment rose

A Forest huge of Spears; and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and serred Shields in thick Array,
 Of Depth immeasurable: Straight out flew
 Millions of flaming Swords; the sudden Blaze
 Far round illumin'd Hell They fierce, with grasped Arms,
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
 Hurling Defiance tow'rd the Vault of Heav'n. *Milt.*

It was the Time

When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark,
 Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe:
 From Camp to Camp, thro' the foul Womb of Night,
 The Hum of ev'ry Army stilly sounds.
 Fire answers Fire, and thro' their paly Flames
 Each Battle sees the other's umber'd Face.
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighs,
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation. *Shak. Hen. 5;*

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring,

When, confus'd and high,

Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry,
 For *Mars* was early up, and rous'd the Sky.
 The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
 Sharp'ning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars:
 The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
 For Battle by the busy Groom prepar'd.

Ruffling

Ruffling of Harness, rattling of the Shield,
 Clatt'ring of Armour furbish'd for the Field,
 The greedy fight might there devour the Gold
 Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazling to behold ;
 And polish'd Steel, that cast the View aside,
 And crested Motions with their plummy Pride.
 Knights. with a long Retinue of their Squires,
 In gaudy Liveries march, and quaint Attires :
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Launce,
 A third the shining Buckler did advance.
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,
 And, snorting, foam'd, and champ'd the golden Bit.
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
 Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side ;
 And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields pro-
 vide.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate.

Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.

Dryd. Virg.

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
 Disclosing slow the horrid Face of War.

The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
 As low'ring Clouds advance before a Storm.

Blac.

Now, like a Deluge, cov'ring all around,
 The flaming Armies swept along the Ground ;
 Swift as a Flood of Fire when Storms arise,
 Floats the wild Field, and blazes to the Skies :
 Earth groan'd beneath them ; as when angry *Jove*
 Hurls down the forky Lightning from Above,
 On *Arime* when he the Thunder throws,
 And fires *Typhæus* with redoubled Blows ;
 Where *Typhon* press'd beneath the burning Load,
 Still feels the Fury of th' avenging God.

Pope Hom.

The thronging Troops obscure the dusky Fields,
 Horrid with bristling Spears, and gleaming Shields.

A Cloud of blinding Dust is rais'd around ;
 Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground.

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears,
 And less and less the middle Space appears.

Thick Smoak obscures the Field and scarce are seen
 The neighing Coursers, and the shouting Men.
 In Distance of their Darts they stop their Course,
 Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse :
 The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lins hide,
 And Deaths unseen are dealt on either Side.

Dryd. Virg.
 Thick

Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance,
By Turns they quit their Ground, by Turns advance;
Victors and Vanquish'd in the various Field,
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife,
And mourn the Miseries of human Life. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now bearded Darts, and fatal Jav'lines fly,
And Balls of Fire hiss thro' th' enlighten'd Sky.
Each on his Foe missive Destruction pours,
And Death receives and gives in feather'd Show'rs. *Blac.*

To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the same:
With Spears afar, with Swords at Hand they strike;
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
The Soldiers dauntless thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield;
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound;
And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

And now both Hosts their broken Troops unite
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty Space,
Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Disgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his Place. *Dryd. Virg.*

An undistinguish'd Noise ascends the Sky, *(Dryd. Virg.)*
The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who die.

The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at Work,
And the goar'd Battle bleeds in ev'ry Vein. *Shak. K. Lear.*

When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War;
The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled. *Lee Alex.*

Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are strew'd
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood.
Arms, Horses, Men, on Heaps together lie:
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
The Sands with streaming of Blood are sanguine dy'd,
And Death, with Honour, fought on ev'ry Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

What Noise of Arms, what Shouts the Air confound!
What Ruin, what slain Heaps deform the Ground?
The Dead make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
That in the Air rise, like our Walls, sublime. *Blac.*

Dead Corps imboss the Vale with little Hills. *Cowl.*

His smoking Horses at their utmost Speed
He lashes on, and urges o'er the Dead:

Their

Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and, when they bound,
The Gore and gathering Dust are dash'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Rear so press'd the Front, they could not wield
The angry Weapons, to dispute the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

They Darts, with Clamour, at a Distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd War alive. *Dryd. Virg.*

The frighted Soldiers, when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Fight, they bear each other down,
And spur their Horses headlong to the Town;
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.
These drop the Shield, and those the Launce forego,
Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow:
The Hoofs of Horses, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and short, and shake the solid Ground.
Black Clouds of Dust come rolling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampires fly.

All pressing on, Pursuers and Pursu'd
Are crush'd in Clouds, a mingled Multitude,
Some happy few escap'd: The Throng too late
Rush on for Entrance, till they choak the Gate.
Then in Affright the folding Gates they close,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The Vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout,
'Tis Terror all within, and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear, they bound against the Wall;
Or, to the Motes pursu'd, precipitate their Fall. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then planting at the Walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted Spite of Show'rs of Cranes, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls, to fly among my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my self
All over with the Blood of those bold Hunters;
Till spent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd Fury. *Lee Alex.*

Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War:
Louder, and yet more loud, we hear the Alarms:
Of human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms:
New Clamours and new Clangors now arise,
The Sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting Cries,
The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands;

And

And armed Hosts, and unexperienc'd Force,
 Break in, and Foes, for Entrance, press without.
 To sev'ral Posts their Parties they divide ;
 Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide :
 The Bold they kill, the Unwary they surprize;
 Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
 The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain
 Th' unequal Combat, and resist in vain.
 We hear'd: And Heav'n, that well-born Souls inspires,
 Prompts us thro' lifted Swords and rising Fires
 To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.
 The passive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
 Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
 Their own Abodes ; we, feeble we, conspire
 To save a sinking Town involv'd in Fire.
 We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
 Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square ;
 Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.
 What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night ?
 What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright ?
 An ancient and imperial City falls ;
 The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals :
 Houses and holy Temples float in Blood,
 And hostile Nations make a common Flood.
 Not only *Trojans* fall, but, in their Turn,
 The Vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors mourn.
 Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night ;
 Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight ;
 All Parts resound with Tumults, Complaints, and Fears,
 And grievously Death in sundry Shapes appears:
 New Clamours from th' invested Palace ring ;
 So hot th' Assault, so high the Tumult rose,
 While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppose ;
 As if all *Ilium* else were void of Fear,
 And Tumult, War, and Slaughter, only there.
 Their Targets in Tortoise cast, our Foes
 Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose :
 Some mount the Scaling-Ladders, some, more bold,
 Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold :
 Their Left-Hand gripes the Bucklers in th' Ascent,
 While with the Right they seize the Battlement.
 From their demolish'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
 Huge Heaps of Stones, that, falling, crush the Foe ;

And

And heavy Beams and Rafter's from the Sides,
 And gilded Roofs, come tumbling from on high,
 The Marks of State and ancient Royalty.
 The Lightning flies no swifter than the Fall,
 Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall.
 Down goes the Top at once; the *Greeks* beneath
 Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into Death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to Death are sent:
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
 The Guards below, fix'd in the Pass, attend
 The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.

The Infantry

Rush on in Crowds, and the barr'd Passage free.
 Ent'ring the Courts with Shouts the Skies they rend,
 And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.
Pyrrhus, among the foremost, deals his Blows,
 And with his Ax repeated Strokes bestows
 On the strong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
 'Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double Bars at length
 Yield to his Ax and unresist'd Strength.
 A mighty Breach is made: The Rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
 The fatal Work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
 And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.
 Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards, his Force sustain,
 The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.
 In rush the *Greeks*, and all th' Apartments fill;
 Those few Defendants which they find, they kill:
 Where-e're the rising Fire had left a Space,
 They enter and possess the Place.
 The fearful Matrons run from Place to Place,
 And kiss the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace:
 Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
 The Images they hug, and to the Altars fly:
 But the protecting Gods are deaf to Pray'rs. *Dryd. Virg.*

The wond'ring Babes from Mothers Breasts are rent,
 And suffer Ills they neither fear'd nor meant:
 No silver Rev'rence guards the stooping Age;
 No Rule nor Method ties their boundless Rage.
 Nothing but Fire and Slaughter meets the Eyes,
 Nothing the Ear but Groans and dismal Cries. *Cowl.*

Now march the bold Confederates thro' the Plain,
 Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining Train.

Silent

Silent they move ; majestically flow,
 Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his Flow.
 The *Trojans* view the dusty Cloud from far,
 And the dark Menace of a distant War.

They from the Rampire saw it rise,
 Black'ning the Fields, and thick'ning thro' the Skies.
 And when the rolling Clouds approach the Walls,
 They arm, and man the Works, prepare the Spears
 And pointed Darts. Then shut their Gates ; with Shouts
 Their Bulwarks, and secure, their Foes attend. (ascend
 For their wise Gen'ral, with foreseeing Care,
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War :
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance ;
 But close within their Lines attend their Chance.
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict Command ;
 And sourly wait in Arms the hostile Band.

The Foe then fac'd the Lines,
 Amaz'd to find a dastard Race that run
 Behind the Rampires, and the Battle shun.
 All clad in shining Arms, the Works invest ;
 Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Crest.
 The *Trojans* from above their Foes beheld,
 And with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd :
 Seiz'd with Affright, their Gates they first explore ;
 Join Works to Works with Bridges ; Tow'r to Tow'r.
 The Soldiers draw their Lots, and, as they fall,
 By Turns relieve each other on the Wall.

The *Volsians* bear their Shields upon their Head,
 And, rushing forward, from a moving Shed ;
 These fill the Ditch, those pull the Bulwarks down ;
 Some raise the Ladders, others Scale the Town.
 But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
 Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
 With Poles, and mistive Weapons from afar,
 The *Trojans* keep aloof a rising War.
 They roll down Ribs of Rocks, and unresisted Weight,
 To break the Penthouse with the pond'rous Blow ;
 Which yet the patient *Volsians* undergo :
 But could not bear th' unequal Combat long ;
 For where the *Trojans* find the thickest Throng,
 The Ruin falls : Their scatter'd Shields give Way,
 And their crush'd Heads become an easy Prey.
 They shrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
 Nor longer dare in blind Fight engage.

Contented now to gaul them from below
 With Darts and Slings, and with the distant Bow,
 The blazing Pines within the Trenches throw ;
 Broke down the Palisades ; the Trenches won,
 And loud for Ladders call, to scale the Town.
 The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
 Toss'd Firebrands, to the steepy Turrets throw.

There stood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
 Built up of Beams, and of stupendous Height ;
 Art and the Nature of the Place conspir'd
 To furnish all the Strength that War requir'd.
 To level this, the bold *Idaliens* join ;
 The wary *Trojans* obviate their Design ;
 With weighty Stones o'erwhelm their Troops below,
 Shoot thro' the Loop-holes, and sharp Jav'lines throw.
Turnus, the Chief, toss'd from his thund'ring Hand
 Against the wooden Walls a flaming Brand :
 It stuck, the fiery Plague : The Winds were high ;
 The Planks were season'd, and the Timber dry.
 Contagion caught the Posts ; it spread along,
 Scorch'd, and to Distance drove the scatter'd Throng.
 The *Trojans* fled ; the Fire pursu'd amain,
 Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling Train ;
 Till crouding to the Corners of the Wall,
 Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.
 The mighty Flaw makes Hea'vn it self resound ;
 The dead and dying *Trojans* strew the Ground.
 The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
 Whelm'd on their Heads, and bury'd whom it slew ;
 Some stuck upon the Darts themselves had sent ;
 All the same equal Ruin underwent.

Undaunted, they no Danger shun ;
 From Wall to Wall the Shouts and Clamours run.
 They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings around :
 Heaps of spent Arrows fall, and strew the Ground ;
 And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms resound.
 The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
 From Westward, when the show'ry Kids arise.

And now the *Trojan* Troops,
 Presuming on their Strength, the Gates unbar,
 And of their own Accord invite the War.
 Arm'd on the Right and on the Left they stand,
 And flank the Passage,

In flows a Tide of *Latians*, when they see
The Gate set open, and the Passage free.

But soon repuls'd, they fly,

Or in the well-defended Pass they die.

Dryd. Virg.

The dreadful Business of the War is over;
And Slaughter, that, from Yester Morn 'till Even,
With giant Steps pass'd striding o'er the Field,
Besmear'd, and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,
And slumbers o'er her Prey.

Rowe Tamerl.

W A V E S. See *Applause, Enjoyment.*

So swelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,
Driv'n on each other's Backs, insult the Shore;
Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land,
And far upon the Beach eject the Sand:
Then backward with a swing they take their Way,
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother-Sea;
With equal Hurry quit th' invaded Shore, *(Virg*
And swallow back the Sand and Stones they spew'd before. *Dry.*

Far off we hear the Waves with surly Sound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the sounding Strand,
And roll the rising Tides impure with Sand. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge Surges to the trembling Shores,
The groaning Banks are burst with bell'wing Sound;
The Rocks remurmur, and the Deeps rebound. *Pope Hom.*

W E E P I N G. See *Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Tears.*

Her brim-full Eyes that ready stood,
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their wat'ry Store, and pour'd amain,
Like Clouds, low hung, a sober Show'r of Rain:
Mute, solemn Sorrow, free from female Noise,
Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys. *Dryd. Sig. & Guise.*

O'er her *Adonis* so

Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
Of her warm Tears cherish'd the springing Flow'r. *Wall.*

So silver *Thetis* on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate:
The Sea-Nymphs fate around, and join'd their Tears,
While from his lowest Deep old Father *Ocean*
Was heard to groan, in Pity of their Pain.

Rowe Ulyss.
She

She silently a gentle Tear let fall
 From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair:
 Two other precious Drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal Sluice, he, e'er they fell,
 Kifs'd, as the gracious Signs of sweet Remorse,
 And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended. *Milt.*

A Show'r of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,
 Which from her Grief receiv'd yet sweeter Grace. *Blac.*

So thro' a wat'ry Cloud,
 The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine. *Dryd. Sec. Lov.*

She came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' Tears, like *April*-Suns in Show'rs,
 That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.
 While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;
 Ev'n the leud Rabble, that were gather'd round
 To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her, (*Pres.*
 Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity. *Otw. Ven.*

Dumb Sorrows seiz'd the Standers by,
 The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,
 The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,
 For tender Pity wept: When she began,
 Thro' the bright Choir th' infectious Virtue ran;
 All dropp'd their Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The Tears run gushing from her Eyes,
 And stopp'd her Speech in pompous Train of Woe. *Dry. Virg.*
 See where she sits; and in what comely wise

Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes;
 Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see

Th' Attire thy Sorrow wears,
 Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,
 For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.
 Ne'er did I yet behold such glorious Weather,
 As the Sun-shine and Rain together. *Cowl.*

With Head declin'd,
 Like a fair Flow'r surcharg'd with Dew, she weeps. *Dryd.*

Her Bosom labour'd with a boding Sigh,
 And the big Tear stood trembling in her Eye. *Pope Hom.*

Then setting free a Sigh, from her fair Eyes
 She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs, (*Love.*
 Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs. *Dryd. Sec.*

So Morning-Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,
 By the Sun's am'rous Heat to be exhal'd. *Otw. Orph.*
 Why

Why art thou wet with Weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* descends in gentle Show'rs,
To cause Increase, and bless the Infant-Year;
When ev'ry spiry Grass and painted Flow'r
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain? *Rowe Ulyss.*

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears,
Silent he wept, aham'd to shew his Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
Bear my Weakness,

If, throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom. *Otw. Ven. Presf.*

Look Emperor! this is no common Dew;
I have not wept these forty Years but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes,
I cannot help her softness.

Down his white Beard a Stream of Sorrow flows. *Pope Hom.*

By Heav'n he weeps! poor good old Man he weeps!
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. *Dryd. All for Love.*

His Eyes,
Altho' unus'd unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more fast than the *Arabian* Tree
Her medicinal Gums. *Shak. Othel.*

Behold his Sorrow streaming from his Eyes. *Dryd. Virg.*
Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears. *Milt.*

W E L C O M E. *(Span Fry.*

Welcome as kindly Show'rs to long-parch'd Earth. *Dryd.*

Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd;
Welcome to me as to a sinking Mariner
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore. *Lee Oedip.*

Welcome as the Light
To cheerful Birds, or as to Lovers Night. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears. *Otw. Orph.*

Welcome
As when to Sailors lab'ring thro' the Main,
That long had heav'd the weary Oar in vain,
Jove bids, at length th' expected Gales arise,
The Gales blow grateful, and the Vessel flies. *Pope Hom.*

W I F E. See *Marriage, Husband.*

Who loves to hear of Wife? *Otw. Orph.*
That dull insipid Thing without Desires,
And without Pow'r to give them. *Dryd. Virg.*
When

When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
 Worfe than they have already, call 'em Wife!
 But a new-marry'd Wife's a seeming Mischief,
 Full of herself: Why, what a deal of Horror (Orph.
 Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded yesterday? Otw.

O wretched Husband! while she hangs about thee,
 With idle Blandishments, and plays the fond One,
 Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,
 Contriving Riot, and loose 'Scapes of Love: (Tamerl.
 And, while she clasps thee close, makes thee a Monster. Rowe

We hope to find
 That Help, which Nature meant in Woman-kind
 To Man, that supplemental Self design'd:
 But prove a burning Caustick, when apply'd:
 And *Adam* sure could with more Ease abide (Batch.
 The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride. Cong. Olā.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are given;
 A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n:
 Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
 Like empty Shadows, pass and glide away.
 One solid Comfort our eternal Wife,
 Abundantly supplies us all our Life:
 This Blessing lasts (if those who try say true) (Jan & May.
 As long as Heart can wish, — and longer too. Pope Chauc.

What! hunt a Wife
 On the dull Soil? Sure a stanch Husband
 Of all Hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
 Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
 What feminine Tale hast thou been list'ning to,
 Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach, got
 By thin-soal'd Shoes? Otw. Ven. Pres.

Wives, like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow,
 To Husbands, tho' unjust, long Patience owe:
 They were for Freedom made, Obedience we,
 Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity:
 Reason itself in us must not be bold,
 Nor decent Custom be by Wit controul'd;
 On our own Heads we desperately stray,
 And are still happiest the vulgar Way. Scäl.

To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain;
 It gives them Courage to offend again:
 For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,
 Again are pardon'd, and again offend:

Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve,
 Only to try how far we can forgive :
 'Till launching out into the Sea of Strife,
 They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife. *Dryd. Auren.*

Horses thou say'st, and Asses Men may try,
 And ring suspected Vessels ere they buy ;
 But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake :
 Then, nor 'till then, the Veil's remov'd away, *(Bath.*
 And all the Woman glares in open Day. *Pope Chauc. Wife of*

WINDS. See *Æolus, Storms, Tempests.*

He views with Horror next the noisy Cave,
 Where, with hoarse Din, imprison'd Tempests rave :
 Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
 Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

Gar.

Thus rag'd the Goddess, and, with Fury fraught,
 The restless Region of the Storms she sought,
 Where, in a spacious Cave of living Stone,
 The Tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy Throne,
 With Pow'r imperial curbs the struggling Winds,
 And sounding Tempests in dark Prisons binds.
 This Way and that th' impatient Captives tend,
 And, pressing for Release, the Mountain rend.
 High in his Hall th'undaunted Monarch stands,
 And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands :
 Which, did he not, their unresisted Sway
 Would sweep the World before 'em in their Way :
 Earth, Air, and Seas, thro' empty Space would roll,
 And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
 In Fear of this, the Father of the Gods
 Confin'd their Fury to these dark Abodes, *(Loads: }*
 And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with Mountain
 Impos'd a King, with arbitrary Sway,
 To loose their Fetters, or their Force allay. *Dryd. Virg.*

Nor were those blust'ring Brethren left at large,
 On Seas and Shores their Fury to discharge :
 Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in Place,
 They rend the World resistless where they pass ;
 And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind,
 Such is the Rage of their tempestuous Kind.
 First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,
 (The regions of the balmy Continent)

And Eastern Realms, where early *Persians* run
 To greet the blest Appearance of the Sun.
 Westward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
 Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light.
 Fierce *Boreas* with his Off-spring issues forth
 T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North :
 While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,
 And rots with endless Rain th'unwholsome Year. *Dryd.Ovid.*

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
 Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky,
 South, East, and West, on airy Courses borne,
 The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn :
 'Then *Nereus* strikes the Deep, the Billows rise,
 And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies. *Dryd.Virg.*

As when a Whirlwind, rushing to the Shore,
 From the Mid-Ocean drives the Waves before ;
 The painful Hind, with heavy Heart foresees
 The flatted Fields and Slaughter of the Trees. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when loud *Boreas*, with his blust'ring Train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main ;
 Where-e'er he flies, he drives the Wreck before,
 And rolls the Billows on th' *Ægean* Shore. *Dryd.Virg.*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth
 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North :
 'The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,
 The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast :
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar
 Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore. *Dryd.Virg.*

Fierce *Boreas* flies
 'To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies :
 'Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n,
 Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n. *Dryd.Ovid.*

The South-Wind Night and Horror brings,
 And Fogs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.
 From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
 His Head and rheumy Eyes distil in Show'rs :
 With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
 And lazy Mists are louring on his Brow. *Dryd.Ovid.*

So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
 In whispers first their tender Voices try :
 When issue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
 And Storms to trembling Mariners presage. *Dryd.Virg.*

As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,
 With equal Force of Lungs their Titles try :

They

They rage, they roar; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n
 Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n:
 Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
 They long suspend the Fortune of the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

W I N T E R. See *Swallow, Year.*

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}

No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear;
 The frozen Earth lies bury'd there, below
 A hilly Heap, seven Cubits deep in Snow,
 And all the West Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow.
 The Sun from far peeps with a sickly Face,
 Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chace,
 When up the Skies he shoots his rosy Head,
 Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.
 Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,
 And studded Wheels are on his Back sustain'd;
 An Hosity now for Waggon, which before
 Tall Ships of Burden on its Bosom bore.
 The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd,
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd:
 With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence
 By Weight the solid Portions they dispense.
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
 Long Iceicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.
 Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
 The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,
 Huge Oxen stand inclos'd in wintry Walls
 Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
 The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar
 With Shafts or Darts, or makes a distant War
 With Dogs, or pitches Toils to stop their Flight,
 But close engages in unequal Fight;
 And while they strive in vain to make their Way
 Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,
 Assaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
 And homeward on his Back the joyful Burden bears.
 The Men to subterranean Caves retire,
 Secure from Cold, and croud the chearful Fire;
 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th' Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
 Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play
 They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away;

And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets cheer
 Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer :
 Such are the cold *Riphean* Race, and such
 The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*;
 Where Skins of Beasts the rude Barbarians wear,
 The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear. *Dryd Virg.*

Then when the fleecy Skies new-cloath the Wood, (*Virg.*
 And Cakes of rustling Ice come rolling down the Flood. *Dryd.*

When gagg'd with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
 But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shore :
 When naked Hills in frozen Armour stand. *Blac.*

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Height,
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow ;

Again behold the Winter's Weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below ;
 And Streams with Icy Fetters bound,
 Benum'd and cramp'd to solid Ground :

With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial Heat with Fires ;
 Produce the Wine that makes us bold,

And sprightly Wit and Love inspires :
 For what hereafter shall betide,

God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide. *Dryd. Hor.*

W I S D O M. See *Prudence*.

Wisdom's too froward to let any find
 Trust in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind ;
 She takes by what she gives ; her Help destroys :
 She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys. *How. Ind. Queen.*

How prone to Doubt and Cautions are the Wise,
 Who, vers'd in Fortune, fear the flatt'ring Show,
 And taste not half the Bliss the Gods bestow. *Pope. Hom.*

Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul,
 A steady Temper which no Cares controul,
 No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame :
 Still constant to itself, and still the same. *Oldb.*

The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties
 By daring to attempt them : Sloth and Folly
 Shiver and shrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,
 And make th' Impossibility they fear. *Rowe Amb. Stepm.*

But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,
 None are so busy as the Fool and Knave. *Dryd. Med.*

Vain Boast of Wisdom,
 That with fantastick Pride, like busy Children,

Builds

Builds Paper-Towns and Houses, which at once (Stepm.
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters. Rowe. Amb.

W I S H E S. See *Content*.

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or, knowing it, pursue !
How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears !
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our Wish, we wish undone ?
Whole Houses of their whole Desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd at their own Request.
In Wars and Peace Things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Desire.

Dryd. Juv.

So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain.

(*Alamode.*

Dryd. Mar.

With Laurels some have fatally been crown'd ;
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd.
Some ask for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.

}

All wish the dire Prerogative to kill ;
Ev'n they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will.

(*Juv.*

Dryd.

'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows request
Are hurtful Things, or useless at the best.

Dryd. Juv.

Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wish, nor what to fear.

Dryd.

We go astray

In ev'ry Wish, and know not how to pray :
For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more ;
Rais'd a top-heavy Tow'r of monstrous Height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the Weight.

(*Juv.*

Dryd.

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will ?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill ?
Receive my Counsel, and securely move ;
Entrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above ;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want.
In Goodness, as in Greatness, they excel :
Oh ! that we lov'd our selves but half so well !

Dryd. Virg.

W I T.

A thousand diff'rent Shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand Shapes appears.

'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast;
Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain:
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet,
With their five gouty Feet:
All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,
And Reason the inferior Pow'rs controul.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each Part,
That shews more Cost than Art.
'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise,
(Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*),
In which, who finds out Wit, the same may see
In Anagrams and Acrostick-Poetry.

Much less can that have any Place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face;
Such Dross the Fire must purge away:

'Tis just
The Author blush there, where the Reader must:
'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,

When *Bajazet* begins to rage:
Nor a tall Metaphor in th' Bombast Way,
Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd *Seneca*:
Nor upon all Things to intrude,
And force some odd Similitude.

What is it then, which, like the Pow'r divine,
We only can by Negatives define?

In a true Piece of Wit all Things must be,
Yet all Things there agree:

As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,
All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life.

Or as the primitive Forms of all,
Which without Discord and Confusion die,
In that strange Mirrour of the Deity.

'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes:
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.

True Wit is Nature to Advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something,

Cow!

Norm.

Something, whose Truth convinc'd at first we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind.

Pope.

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,
Attunes not for that Envy which it brings:
In Youth alone its empty Praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd Vanity is lost.
Like some fair Flow'r the early Spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which most our Cares employ?
The Owner's Wife, that other Men enjoy;
Still most our Trouble, when the most admir'd;
The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
The Fame with Pains we gain, but lose with Ease;
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the Vicious fear, the Virtuous shun,
By Fools 'tis hated, and by Knaves undone!

Pope.

Wit, like a luxuriant Vine,
Unless to Virtue's Prop it join.

Firm and erect tow'rd Heaven bound,
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd and rotting on the Ground.

Corol. }
}

Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.

Prior.

Wit, like Tierce Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.

Roch.

Unequally th' impartial Hand of Heav'n
Has all but this one only Blessing giv'n.
In Wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
That the most Avaricious are content.
For none e're thought (the due Division's such)
His own too little, or his Friend's too much.

Roch.

Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

(Abit.

Dryd. Abs. &

Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.

Th' Extreame of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.

No *Indian* Prince has to his Palace

More Foll'wers than a Thief to th' Gallows.

Hud.

W I T C H. See *Despair, Necromancer.*

What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire,
That look not like the Inhabitants of the Earth,
And yet are on it ? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may question ? you seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy Fingers laying
Upon her skinny Lips.

If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And see which Grain will grow, and which will not ;
I conjure you, by that which you profess,
To answer me :

Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
Against the Churches ; tho' the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up :
Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and 'Trces blown down ;
'Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads :
'Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope

Their Heads to their Foundations :

Ev'n 'till Destruction sicken, answer me. *Shak. Macb.*

The mumbling Beldam mutters thus her Charms.

On the Corner of the Moon

Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground :
Which distill'd by magick Sights,
Shall raise artificial Sprights,
Thrice the brinded Cat has mew'd,
Twice and once the Hedge-pig whin'd :
Harpier cries, 'tis Time, 'tis Time :
Round about the Cauldron go,
In the poison'd Entrails throw :
Pour in Sow's Blood that has eat
Her nine Farrow : Grease that's sweet
From the Murtherer's Gibbet throw
Into the Flame.

Toad, that under the cold Stone
Days and Nights has thirty one,
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.
Fillet of a fenny Snake
In the Cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog ;

Adder's

Adder's Fork, and Blind-Worm's Sting,
 Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
 For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,
 Like a Hell broth boil and bubble.
 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
 Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulph
 Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
 Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' Dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yeugh,
 Silver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips;
 Finger of Birth-strangl'd Babe
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the Gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron
 For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.
 Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,

Then our Charm is firm and good. *Shak. Macb.*

Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain
 He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train;
 And oft the mighty Necromancer boasts,
 With these to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts;
 And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn,
 Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant Fields is born:
 Such is the Strength of Spells.

Dryd. Virg.

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by Verse, from Heav'n descends.
 And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses'* Friends.
 Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake,
 And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake;
 Verse fires the frozen Veins.

Dryd. Virg.

Renown'd for magick Arts, her Charms unbind
 The Chains of Love, or fix them on the Mind;
 She stops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,
 Repels the Stars, and backward bears the Sky.

The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call,
 Pale Ghosts ascend, and Mountain-Ashes fall.

Dryd. Virg.

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
 Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair:
 With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
 Their hideous Howling shook the trembling Ground.
 A Paleness, casting Horror round the Place,
 Sat dead and terrible on either's Face.

Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
 And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste:
 A cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
 And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.
 By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell;
 And Answers to their wild Demands compel,
 Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool;
 The Waxen was a little puling Fool,
 A chidden Image, ready still to skip,
 Whene'er the wollen one but snap'd his Whip:
 On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
 A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
 And Hell-hounds compass all the Garden round.
 Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight, (Hor.
 The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame or Fright. Staff.

Not uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding thro' the Air, she comes,
 Lur'd with the Smell of Infant-Blood to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon
 Eclipses at their Charms. Milt.

But see they're gone,
 The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters have,
 And these are some of them: They vanished
 Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal
 Melted as Breath into the Wind. Shak.Macb.

W O L F:

So roams the nightly Wolf about the Fold,
 Wet with descending Show'rs, and stiff with Cold;
 He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain;
 His gnashing Teeth are exercis'd in vain,
 And, impotent of Anger, finds no Way
 In his distended Paws to grasp the Prey.
 The Mothers listen, but the bleating Lambs
 Securely swig the Dug beneath the Dams. Dryd.Virg.

As when a Wolf, pinch'd by nocturnal Cold,
 And, Hunger-starv'd, scours round the lofty Fold;
 He licks his rabid Jaws, and seems possess'd
 Already of his Prey and bloody Feast.
 He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs
 Affrighted trembling round their bleating Dams. Blac.

As hungry Wolves, with raging Appetite,
 Scour thro' the Fields, nor fear the stormy Night;
 Their

Their Whelps at Home expect the promis'd Food,
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a prowling Wolf,
Whom Hunger drives to seek new Haunts for Prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,
In hurdled Cotes, amid the Field secure,
Leaps o'er the Fence with Ease into the Fold. *Milt.*

So seizes the grim Wolf the tender Lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating Dam. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when the Wolf has torn a Bullock's Hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side ;
Conscious of his audacious Deed he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs. *Dryd. Virg.*

Such Rage inflames the Wolf's wild Heart and Eyes,
Robb'd as he thinks unjustly of his Prize ;
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
The Shepherd fain himself he would assail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail :
He knows his Foe's too strong, and must be gone ;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on. *Coar.*

L Y C A O N turn'd into a Wolf.

The Tyrant in a Fright for Shelter gains
The neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains :
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human Voice his brutal Tongue forsook ;
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
And breathing Slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,
Cleaves to his Back; a famish'd Face he bears,
His Arms descend, his Shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for Chace of Prey.
He grows a Wolf, his Hoariness remains,
And the same Rage in other Members reigns ;
His Eyes still sparkle in a narrower Space,
His Joys retain the Grin and Violence of Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ROMULUS and REMUS nurs'd by a Wolf.

The Cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy Greens,
There by a Wolf were laid the martial Twins ;
Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung,
The Foster-Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue ;
They suck'd secure, while bending back her Head, (*Dryd. Virg.*
She lick'd their tender Limbs, and form'd 'em as they fed.

W O M A N.

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
 In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst :
 Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
 But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
 He too an Angel, 'till he durst rebel,
 And you are, sure, the Stars that with him fell.
 Weep on ! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
 And always ready when you would deceive. *Otto. Don. Carl.*

Oh Virtue ! Virtue ! what art thou become,
 That Man should leave thee for that Toy a Woman !
 Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man :
 Heav'n took him sleeping when he made her too ; *(Fry.*
 Had Man been waking, he had ne'er consented. *Dryd. Span.*

Out of my Sight, thou Serpent, that Name best
 Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false,
 And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
 Like his, and Colour serpentine, may shew
 Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee. *Milt.*

Thy All is but a Show,
 Rather than solid Virtue ; all but a Rib,
 Crooked by Nature. Oh ! why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
 With Spirits masculine, create at last
 This Novelty on Earth ! this fair Defect
 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
 With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
 Or find some other Way to generate Mankind ? *Milt.*

Ah Traitors ! ah Ingrate ! ah faithless Mind !
 Ah Sex invented first to damn Mankind !
 Nature took Care to dress you up in Sin ;
 Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within :
 Hence by no Judgment you your Love direct ;
 Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect.
 So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
 That Love to others still remains unfix'd.
 Greatness, and Noise, and Shew, are your Delight :
 Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight.
 And finding in their native Wit no Ease,
 Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please. *Dryd. Auren.*

Intolerable Vanity ! your Sex
 Was never in the right : You're always false
 Or silly ; ev'n your Dresses are not more

Fantastick than your Appetites: You think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none:
To Day you're nice, To-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown, now sorrowful, then glad,
Now pleas'd, now not, and all you know not why.
Virtue you affect; Inconstancy you practise;
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast;
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down.

Oth. Orph.

The Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made;
They are the false deceitful Glasses, where
We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily Entrance: make a Priest,
Forgetting the Hypocrisy of 's Office,
Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn.
Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge
Put on false Hair and Paint; and after all,
Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.

(Mar.

Otho. G.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances:
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of intellectual Complexions;
And dawb their Tempers o'er with Washes,
As artificial as their Faces.

Hud.

Who can describe

Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noise,
Proneness to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd them:
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,
That for another's Love they would forego
An Angel's Form to mingle with a Devil's.
Thro' ev'ry State and Rank of Men they wander,
'Till ev'n their large Experience takes in all
The diff'rent Nations of the peopled Earth.

Row Amb. Stepm.

Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit:
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety.
One Lover to another still succeeds;
Another, and another after that;

And

And the last Fool is welcome as the former ;
 Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives his Place, (*Fair Pen.*
 And mingles with the Herd that went before him. *Rowe*

Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt
 That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Dissimulation
 Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to publick View
 A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty.

Oh false Appearance ! What is all our Sov'reignty,
 Or boasted Pow'r, when they oppose their Arts ?
 Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools :
 With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
 The first fair she beguil'd her easy Lord :
 Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
 He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare ;
 Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face, (*Rowe Fair Pen.*
 Had bargain'd with the Devil to damn her wretched Race.

Henceforth not name a Woman ;
 'Tis Treason to my Ear. They are
 The Bane of Empire and the Rot of Pow'r !
 The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres !
 What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages ?
 Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
 And faster Damns than Providence can save. *Lee Constant.*

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue Cold ;
 But Womankind in Ills is ever bold. *Dryd. Juv.*

For Women, with a Mischief to their Kind,
 Pervert, with bad Advice, our better Mind :
 A Woman's Counsel brought us first to Woe,
 And made her Man his Paradise forego,
 Where at Heart's-Ease he liv'd, and might have been
 As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin :
 For what the Devil had their Sex to do,
 That, born to Folly, they presum'd to know, (*and the Fox.*
 And could not see the Serpent in the Grass. *Dryd. The Cock*

Oh Woman, Woman, Woman ! all the Gods
 Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
 As you of doing Harm ! *Dryd. All for Love.*

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman !
 Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty !
 What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman ?
 Who was't betray'd the Capitol ? A Woman !
 Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
 And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes ? A Woman !
 Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World ? A Woman !

Destitutive, damnable, deceitful Woman !
 Woman, to Man first as a Blessing given,
 When Innocence and Love were in their Prime ;
 Happy a while in Paradise they lay ;
 But quickly Woman long'd to go astray :
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love ;
 To his Temptations loudly she inclin'd
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. *Otw.Orph.*

But I forget my self, and rove
 Beyond th' Instruction of my Love:
 Forgive me, Fair ! and only blame
 Th' Extravagancy of my Flame ;
 Since 'tis too much at once to show
 Excess of Love and Temper too ;
 All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you.

Hud.

Oh Woman ! lovely Woman ! Nature made you
 To temper Man : We had been Brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.
 There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n ;
 Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love. *Otw.Ven.Pref.*

Our Grandfire *Adam*, ere of *Eve* possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,
 With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary Shade :
 'The Maker saw, took Pity, and bestow'd *(and May.*
 Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God ! *Pope Chau. Jan.*

Under how hard a Fate are Women born !
 Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn ;
 If we want Beauty, we of Love despair,
 And are besieg'd, like Frontier-Towns, if fair. *Wall.*

How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
 Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man !
 In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
 A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
 And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand :
 To his the Tyrant-Husband's Reign succeeds :
 Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
 He holds domestick Business and Devotion,
 All we are capable to know, and shurs us,
 Like cloyster'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance,
 And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we

Born

Born with high Souls, but to assert our selves,
Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;
Expos'd to Trials, made too frail to bear. *Dryd. Auren.*

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;
Their Love's insuperable as their Hate;
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
No ill Requital can efface their Love. *Wall.*

For I who made them, know their inward State:
No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty to subdue the Strong;
A mighty Empire! but it lasts not long:
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
But in Exchange, to Men I Flatt'ry gave.
Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise. *Dryd. Auren.*
[Spoken by Jupiter.]

Why was I made with all my Sexes Softness,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll see *Castalio*; tax him with his Falshood;
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs,
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still. *Otw. Orph.*

A strange dissembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we our selves deceive.
Long has my secret Soul lov'd *Troilus*:
I drunk his Praises from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears could ne'er be satisfy'd.
Why then, why said I not, I love this Prince?
How could my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
To say I lov'd him not? O childish Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play, *(Cresf.)*
And what he most desires, he throws away. *Shak. Troil.*

Forbidding me to follow, she invites me:
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;
I gave them but one Tongue to say us Nay,
And two kind Eyes to grant. *Dryd Amph.* Spoken by Jupiter.

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Hard Fate of Lovers, subject to our Laws?
Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,
For none but Fools will Womankind obey:
If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,
We exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em ill:

The passive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies,
 Sometimes we pity, but we still despise:
 But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove,
 Fools at the best, but double Fools in Love.
 We rage at first with ill-dissembled Scorn;
 Then, falling from our Height, more basely mourn;
 And Man, th' insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn,
 Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
 And hugs another Mistress in his Arms:
 And that which humbles our proud Sex the most,
 Of all our slighted Favours makes his Boast. *Dryd. Cleon.*

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}

Some with a Husband Fool, but such are curst;
 For Fools perverse of Husbands are the worst:
 All Women would be-counted chaste and wise;
 Nor should our Spouses see, but with our Eyes:
 For Fools will prate, and tho' they want the Wit
 To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit:
 Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue;
 For Woman-kind was never in the Wrong:
 So Noise ensues and Quarrels last for Life, (*of Bath's Tale.*
 The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife. *Dryd. the Wife*

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust,

So many of your Sex would not in vain
 Of broken Vows and faithless Men complain.

Of all the various Wretches Love has made,

How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?

Convinc'd by Reason, they your Pow'r confess,

Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless, (*Fair Pen.*

And conscious of your Worth, can never love you less. *Rowe*

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}

Women, like Summer-Storms, a while are cloudy;

Burst out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;

But strait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,

And all the fair Horizon is serene.

Rowe Tamerl.

Women, to the Brave an easy Prey,

(*Arc.*

Still follow Fortune where she leads the Way. *Dryd. Pal. &*

For Women born to be controul'd,

Stoop to the Forward and the Bold:

Affect the Haughty and the Proud,

The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.

Who first the gen'rous Steed oppress,

Not kneeling did salute the Beast;

But with high Courage, Life and Force,

Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horse.

Hud.

Unwisely we the wiser *East*
 Pity, supposing them oppress'd,
 With Tyrant's Force, whose Law is Will,
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
 Each Nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less Rigour here.
 Should some brave *Turk*, that walks among
 His twenty Lasses bright and young,
 And beckons to the willing Dame,
 Preferr'd to quench his present Flame,
 Behold as many Gallants here,
 With modest Guise, and silent Fear,
 All to one Female Idol bend,
 Whilst her high Pride does scarce descend
 To mark their Follies; he would swear
 That these her Guards of Eunuchs were;
 And that a more majestick Queen,
 Or humbler Slaves, he had not seen. *Wall.*

For Women, you know, seldom fail,
 To make the stoutest Men turn Tail,
 And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
 Upon the desp'ratest Attacks. *Hud.*

They wound like *Parthians*, while they fly,
 And kill with a retreating Eye;
 Retire the more, the more we press,
 To draw us into Ambushes. *Hud.*

W O R D S.

Words are like Leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found. *Pope.*

Words with the Leaves of Trees Resemblance hold
 In this Respect, where every Year the old
 Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
 Death is the Fate of all Things here below.
 If Man, and Nature's Works submit to Fate,
 Much less must Words expect a lasting Date:
 Many, which we approve for current now,
 In the next Age out of Request will grow:
 And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
 If Custom please, from whom their Force they draw,
 Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law. *Oldb. Hor.*

In Words, as Fashions, the same Rule will hold,
 Alike fantastick if too new or old. *Pope.*
 Words

Words are but Pictures of our Thoughts.

Dryd.

His Words replete with Guile,

Into her Heart too easy Entrance won.

Milt,

In her Ears the Sound

Yet rung of his persuasive Words impregn'd

With Reason, to her Seeming, and with Truth.

Milt.

Teach me, some Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,

To dress my Purpose up in gracious Words ;

Such as may softly steal upon her Soul,

And never waken the tempestuous Passions. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

W O R L D.

The World's a stormy Sea,

Whose ev'ry Breath is strew'd with Wrecks of Wretches,

That daily perish in it.

Rowe Amb. Stepm.

Where solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,

(Valent.

And short-liv'd Pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.

Roch.

The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,

Tho' by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

Roch.

The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men

Walk up and down to find their Weariness:

No sooner have we measur'd, with much Toil,

One crooked Path, in Hope to gain our Freedom,

But it betrays us to a new Affliction.

Beau. Night-walk:

W O R M S. See *Creation.*

W O U N D S.

His Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound;

Dishonest, with lopt Arms the Youth appears,

Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then with a speeding Thrust his Heart he found :

The lukewarm Blood came rushing thro' the Wound, *(Virg.*

And sanguine Streams distain'd the sacred Ground. *Dryd.*

Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face.

Blac.

With many a Wound she made her Bosom gay,

Her Wounds, like Flood-gates, did themselves display,

Thro' which Life ran in scarlet Streams away. *Lee Nero.*

The yawning Wound

Gush'd out a purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

The gaping Wound gush'd out a crimson Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when some stately Trappings are decreed

To grace a Monarch on his bounding Steed,

A Nymph

A Nymph in *Caria* or *Meonia* bred,
 Stains the pure Iv'ry with a lively Red;
 With equal Lustre various Colours vie,
 The shining Whiteness, and the *Tyrian Dye*:
 So, great *Atrides*! show'd thy sacred Blood, (Horn.
 As down thy Snowy Thigh distill'd the streaming Flood. *Pope.*

Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds
 Open'd their ruby Lips. *Shak. Jul. Cæs.*

There *Duncan* lay;
 His silver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
 And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature
 For Ruin's wasteful Entrance. *Shak. Macb.*

Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
 Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders;
 And open in an Enemy such Wounds,
 Mercy would weep to look on. *Roch. Valent.*

They made bare their Breasts,
 Lac'd with long Scars and studded o'er with Thrusts,
 The noble Wardrobe of the scarlet War. *Lee Mithr.*

He bar'd his Breast, and shew'd his Scars,
 As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Close by each other laid, they press'd the Ground,
 Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous Wound,
 Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
 But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear;
 The wand'ring Breath was on the Wing to part, (Æ Arc.
 Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the Heart. *Dryd. Pal.*

W R E T C H.

Look who comes here! a Grave unto a Soul:
 Holding th' eternal Spirit 'gainst her Will,
 In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath. *Shak. K. John.*

To be a Dog, and dead,
 Were Paradise to such a State as his;
 He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion,
 With strong Reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings:
 While his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it. *Rowe Tamerl.*

To know no Thought of Rest, to have the Mind
 Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,
 Where one Dishonour treads upon another:
 What know the Fiends beyond it! *Rowe Tamerl.*

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,
 But's happier far than me; for I have known
 The luscious Sweets of Plenty; ev'ry Night

Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
 And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
 Yet now must fall, like a full Ear of Corn, *(Ven. Pres.*
 Whose Blossoms 'scap'd, but's wither'd in the Rip'ning. *Otw.*

Then looking on the neigh'ring Woods, we saw
 The ghastly Visage of a Man unknown:
 An uncouth Feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
 Afflictions foul and terrible Dismay
 Sate on his Looks: His Face impair'd and worn
 With Marks of Famine, speaking sore Distress;
 His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard
 Matted with Filth.

Add. Virg.

Then from the Wood there bolts before our Sight,
 Somewhat betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
 So thin, so ghastly, meagre, and so wan,
 So bare of Flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
 This Thing all tatter'd was; shagg'd his Beard;
 His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs
 (besmear'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Y E A R.

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year:
 How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
 Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
 Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
 With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
 Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.
 The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
 But only feeds with hope the Farmer's Eyes.
 Then laughs the childish Year with Flowrets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the Fields around.
 But no substantial Nourishment receives;
 Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.
 Proceeding onward whence the Year began;
 The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
 This Season, as in Men, is most repleat
 With kindly Moisture and prolifick Heat.
 Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
 Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
 More than mature, and tending to decay,
 When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.
 Last, Winter sweeps along with tardy Pace;
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.
 His Scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
 The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare. *(Ovid.*
Dryd.

Y O U T H.

Y O U T H.

The Spring of Life. The Bloom of gawdy Years.
Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*

Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began
To Shade my Chin, and call me first a Man. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
And bloomy Beauty grac'd his youthful Years. *Blac.*

Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly,
Sweets that wanton i'th' Bosom of the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die. *Congr.*

Secure those golden early Joys,
That Youth, unfour'd with Sorrows, bears ;
E'er with'ring Time the Taste destroys,
Which Sicknefs and unwieldy Years.

For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
This is the Time to be possess'd !
The best is but in Season best.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,
The half-unwilling willing Kifs,

The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph would Coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,

These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. *Dryd. Hor.*

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live ;

But ah ! the mighty Bliss is fugitive :

Discolour'd Sicknefs, anxious Labours come,

And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom. *Dryd. Virg.*

All the good Wine of Life our drunken Youth devours,
Sournefs and Lees, which to the Bottom sink,

Remain for latter Years to drink ;

Until some one, offended with the Taste, *(Cowl.)*

The Vessel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run at last.

The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in Time,

The V'ilet sweet, but quickly past the Prime.

White Lillies hang their Heads, and soon decay,

And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away :

Such, and so withering is our blooming Youth. *Dryd. Theoc.*

Grief seldom join'd with blooming Youth is seen ;

Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been ?

Fortune

Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide. *How. Ind. Queen.*

Z E A L.

Zeal is the pious Madness of the Mind, *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal,
Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well. *Cree. Juv.*

Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant ;
And Independants to profess
The Doctrine of Dependances :
Turns meek and sneaking secret Ones
To Raw-heads fierce, and bloody Bones,
And not content with endless Quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The *Ghibilins*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their Rage upon themselves. *Hud.*

Z O N E S.

Five Girdles bind the Skies : The torrid Zone
Glow with the passing and repassing Sun.
Far on the Right and Left th' Extremes of Heav'n
To Frosts, and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n.
Betwixt the Midst and these the Gods assign'd
Two habitable Seats for Human-Kind :
And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway :
Two Poles turn round the Globe : One seen to rise
O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.
The first sublime in Heav'n : The last is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the spiry *Dragon* glides,
And, like a wand'ring Stream, the *Bears* divides :
The *Less* and *Greater*, who, by Fate's Decree,
Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea.
There, as they say, perpetual Night is found,
In Silence brooding on th' unhappy Ground ;
Or when *Aurora* leaves our Nothern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
And when on us she breathes the living Light,
Red *Vespers* kindles there the Tapers of the Night. *Dryd. Virg.*
And

And as five Zones th' Ætherial Regions bind,
Five correspondent are to Earth assign'd;
The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.
The two beneath the distant Poles complain
Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.
Betwixt th' Extremes two happier Climates hold
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold. *Dryd. Ovid.*

F I N I S



DICTIONARY

O F

RHYMES.

*Quelque sujet qu' on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
 Que toujours le bon sens s' accorde avec la Rime ;
 L'un l'autre vainement ils semblent se haïr,
 La Rime est un esclave, & ne doit qu' obéir.
 Lors qu' à la bien chercher d' abord on s' evertüe,
 L'esprit à la trouver aisement s' habitüe ;
 Au joug de la Raison sans peine elle fléchet,
 Et, loin de la gêner, la sert & l' enrichit.
 Mais lors qu' on la néglige, elle devient rebelle,
 Et pour la rattraper le sens court après elle.*

BOILEAU.



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T H E

P R E F A C E.

THIS Dictionary contains a Collection of such Words only, as both for their Sense and Sound, are judg'd most proper for the Rhymes of Heroick Poetry.

For which Reason are omitted,

I. All Burlesque Words, and such whose Signification can be employ'd only in Subjects of Drollery.

II. All uncommon Words, and that are of a generally unknown Signification; as the Names of Distempers that are unusual; most of the Terms of Arts and Sciences; all proper Names, both of Persons and Places; together with all pedantick hard Words, whose Sound is generally as harsh and unpleasing as their Sense is dark and obscure.

III. All base, low Words; by which I mean such as are never met with but in the Mouth of the Vulgar, and never us'd, either in Conversation or Writing, by the better and more polite Sort of People. The French call them, *Des Mots Bas*, but our Language scarce allows us a Term to distinguish them: And if any such are inserted, the Reason is, because they are us'd in a Figurative, as well as in their proper Signification: Thus *Starch* properly signifies only that which Landresses use, to stiffen Linen; in which Sense it can hardly find Place in an Heroick Poem; but in its Figurative it may: For 'tis us'd to express an Action done with Affectation, and we say a *Startch'd*, for a formal, stiff, affected Person. Therefore I have not omitted it, nor any of the like Nature.

IV. All obsolete, spurious, and miscompounded Words, which are unworthy the Dignity of Style requir'd in an Heroick Poem; *Cujus Dictio debet esse perfecta & absoluta*.

V. All the Words that ought not to end a Verse; as the Particles *An, And, As, Of, The, &c.* together with all the

Words of more than three Syllables, that have their Accent upon the fourth Syllable from the last ; as Diffoluteness, Niggardliness, Vindicated, and the like, whose Accent being so far remov'd from their final Syllable, they ought never to end a Verse in any Sort of Poetry whatsoever.

VI. *The Terminations that have not more than one Word, that can be employ'd to end a Verse in Heroick Poetry. Thus because there are no Words that rhyme to Badge, but Fadge and Cadge ; the first of which is a Low Word, and the last very uncommon, being a Term in Falconry, and known but to a few, the Termination ADGE is entirely omitted.*

VII. *All the Words that end in Mute E, preceded by the Liquid L, and another Consonant ; as those in BLE, CLE, DLE, &c. For, besides that most of them are double Rhymes, all which, as shall be said hereafter, are excluded this Dictionary, the Sound of their last Syllable is so very weak and languishing, that the Verses that end in any of them, can never be graceful in the Delivery, nor pleasing to the Ear.*

VIII. *Almost all the Words that are compounded with any of the Particles, Out, Re, or Un ; for they may not only be easily form'd from their Simples, which are to be found under their respective Terminations, but are so very numerous in our Language, that to have inserted them, would have increas'd this Dictionary to a far greater Bulk than the Volume would permit : For this last Reason, and for that they are seldom employ'd at the End of Verses, most of the Polysyllables in AL, ANCE, ANT, ATE, ENCE, ENT, ESS, OUS, and Y, preceded by a Consonant, which are the Terminations with which our Language most abounds, have found no Place here. As have not likewise (because they are all double Rhymes) any of the Words in ION, or of the Polysyllables in ING, of both which there is an infinite Number. This Dictionary would likewise have been swell'd to a much larger Volume, had the same Words been inserted severall times, according to its different Significations. As Beam, a great Piece of Timber in Building ; Beam of a Coach or Waggon ; Beam of a Stag ; Beam of a Ballance ; Beam or Ray of Light, &c. Fearing therefore to be too prolix in a Work of this Nature, I have omitted them. However, the Words, which, tho' written alike, differ both in Sense and Sound, are inserted severally, according to their various Pronounciations. Thus Bow is plac'd twice under the Termination OW : First, among those whose W is silent, as Crow, Grow, &c. and then among those whose W is sounded ; as Cow, Vow, &c. Among
the*

the first 'tis a Noun, and signifies the Weapon so call'd, and several other Things; among the last, a Verb, to Bow or Bend.

IX. *All the Terminations that contain only Derivative Words. Thus because there are no Words that end in AILD, but the Participles in the Verbs in AIL, the Termination AILD is omitted; it being easy to find all the Words of those Rhymes, by looking for the Termination of their Primitives: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Prevail'd, consider it to be the Participle of the Verb Prevail, whose Termination is AIL. See AIL, and you shall find Hail, Sail, Bewail, and all the other Verbs of that Rhyme, whose Participles are the only Words that rhyme to Prevail'd.*

X. *Lastly the Terminations ASM, ISM, and OSM; not only because they contain none but uncommon Words, deriv'd from the Greek, but only because they properly belong to the double Rhymes; all which, as well as most of the treble, are, for the Reasons alledg'd in The Rules for making Verses, omitted in this Collection: Which, as I said before, is compos'd of a select Number of such usual Words as are of the best Sense, and that for the Agreeableness of their Sound are most proper to be employ'd in the Rhymes of Heroick Verse.*

Thus having given a short Account of the Words omitted in this Dictionary; it will be necessary to say something of the Method and Disposition of those that are contain'd in it.

In looking for a Word, consider the five Vowels A, E, I, O, U; and begin at the Vowel that precedes the last Consonant of the Word: For Example, to find Perswade, and the Words that rhyme to it, D is the last Consonant, A the Vowel that precedes it, look for ADE, and you will find Made, Fade, Invade, and all the other Words of that Rhyme.

In like manner, if a Word end in two or more Consonants, begin at the Vowel that immediately precedes the first of them: For Example, Land; N is the first of the final Consonants, A the Vowel that precedes it. See AND, and you find Band, Stand, Command, &c.

But if a Diphthong, that is to say, two or more Vowels together, precedes the last Consonant or Consonants of a Word, begin at the first of those two Vowels: Thus, to find the Rhymes to Disdain, look not for IN, but for AIN, and you will find Brain, Chain, Gain, &c.

To find a Word that ends in a Diphthong, preceded by a Consonant; begin only at the first Vowel of the Diphthong: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Subdue, look for UE, and you will find Clue, Due, Ensue, &c.

And the Words that end in a single Vowel, preceded by a Consonant, are found by looking for that Vowel only: Except always the Words that end in Mute E, which are constantly found by the same Method that has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to Perswade, whose final E is silent, and serves only to lengthen the Sound of the A in the last Syllable.

Except also the Words in Y, which are plac'd under the Termination IE, not only because their Sound is exactly the same, but also because they may be indifferently written either with a Y or IE, as Dy or Die, Ly or Lie, Defy or Defie, &c.

The Words that rhyme strictly one to another, tho' they differ in Orthography, are plac'd under the same Termination. Thus, the Words in AIGN, AIN, ANE, EIGN, and EIN, are plac'd together, because their Terminations have exactly the same Sound: But as there are more Words in AIN, than in any other of those Terminations, I have plac'd them all under AIN; and from their respective Terminations have referred thither.

The Verbs are only in the Infinitive, and the Nouns in the Singular; and from the Terminations to which any Tense, Person, or Participle of a Verb, or any Plural of a Noun rhymes, I have referr'd to the Termination of the Primitive of that Verb or Noun: For Example, after the Rhymes in AZE, I say, Also the third Person present of the Verbs, and Plural of the Nouns in AY, EIGH, and EY. The Reader is desir'd to see those Terminations, and from the Primitive Words of them, As Day, Ray, Delay, Neigh, Convey, &c. he will easily form Days, Rays, Delays, Neighs, Conveys, &c. all which rhyme perfectly to the Words in AZE.

So after the Rhymes in ADE, I say, Also the Participles of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY. See the Verbs of those Terminations, and by forming their Participles, you find they all rhyme to the Words in ADE; as from Play, Neigh, Convey, &c. Play'd, Neigh'd, Convey'd, &c.

I have observ'd the like Method thro' the whole Course of this Dictionary, as to all the regular Nouns and Verbs: But the Tenses, Persons, and Participles of all the Irregular Verbs, and Plurals of all the Irregular Nouns, are found under the several Terminations to which they rhyme. Thus, Fought, Sought, Thought, are plac'd under OUGHT, without referring to IGH, EEK, INK, the Termination of the Verbs Fight, Seek, Think, from whence they are deriv'd. Men is plac'd under EN, without referring to AN, the Termination of its Singular, Man.

Observe therefore, that whenever I say Persons, or Participles of Verbs, or Plurals of Nouns, I mean only of such as are Regular in their Formation; the Irregular being always found under the Terminations to which they rhyme.

Observe also, that the Participles and Preterperfect Tenses of all the Regular Verbs being exactly the same, whenever I had Occasion to refer to them, I have made Choice of the Word Participle, rather than Preterperfect Tense.

Some Words are plac'd twice, because they are pronounc'd differently, as Draught; which Dryden rhymes both to the Words in AFT, and OUGHT; and therefore I have put it under both those Terminations.

But as there are several Words, whose Terminations, tho' different in Writing, are pronounc'd alike; so there are others that agree in Orthography, but differ in Sound. Thus the Words in ASE have two different Sounds; some of them are pronounc'd like ACF, others like AZE; the first of which I have plac'd under ACE, the latter under AZE, and from the Termination ASE have referr'd to the two other.

The Words in OVE have three different Sounds, as Love, Prove, Rove; and though they are all plac'd under their own Termination, yet they do not in Strictness rhyme to one another. Therefore to distinguish them from each other, a little Space is left in the Printing between the different Rhymes.

There are also several other Terminations of the like Nature, whose different Sounds are distinguish'd in like manner.

I have already said, that all the Double and most of the Treble Rhymes are omitted in this Alphabet; yet by observing the Method I am going to propose, the greatest Part of the Double Rhymes may be discover'd.

Most of our Double Rhymes consist in derivative Words, and terminate either in ED, ER, ES, EST, ING, or LY.

Derivative Words are those that are form'd from Primitives, which must be either Verbs or Nouns. The Primitive of a Verb is the Infinitive; the Primitive of a Noun is the Nominative Singular.

Now all the Derivative Words, whose Primitives are accented on the last Syllable, and that are form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to their Primitives, thereby become Double Rhymes.

For it is a Rule, (and I think without any Exception) That all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is to say, on the same Syllable: From whence it follows, that the Accent that was on the last Syllable of a Primitive, or

Original Word, must be on the last save one of its Derivative, if it be form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to its Primitive; from whence it consequently follows, that such a Derivative must be a Double Rhyme: For Example, to Evade, and to Arise are Primitives, accented upon the last Syllable, and therefore are Single Rhymes; Evading and Arising are Gerunds form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being accented on the last save one, thereby become Double Rhymes. Now to find the Rhymes to Evading, consider it to be a Derivative, and see the Termination of its Primitive, which is ADE; and the Gerunds of all the Verbs of that Rhyme, that are accented on the last Syllable, must necessarily rhyme to Evading: As from Fade, Wade, Perswade, &c. Fading, Wading, Perswading, &c. In like manner to find the Rhyme to Arising, see ISE, and you will find Advise, Chastise, Despise, and many other; whose Gerunds all rhyme to Arising; as Advising, Chastising, &c.

The Observation of this Rule only will lead you to the Discovery of an infinite Number of Double Rhymes: For all the Verbs of the English Tongue, whether Regular or Irregular, and of what Termination soever they be, form their Gerunds by adding the Syllable Ing to the Infinitive; and therefore if their Infinitives rhyme, their Gerunds must of Consequence do so too; and if their Infinitives be accented on the last Syllable, their Gerunds, by the Increase of the Syllable Ing, are accented on the last save one, and thus become Double Rhymes.

The Double Rhymes in ED are generally only the Participles of the Regular Verbs; of which there are two Sorts: One that will admit of an Elision of the E that precedes their Consonant, and one that will not.

Those that will admit of an Elision, always ought to be us'd so, and it is a Fault to make Loved two Syllables, and Amazed three, by which Means they become Double Rhymes; instead of Lov'd, which is but one Syllable, and Amaz'd, which is but two, and both of them Single Rhymes.

Those that will not suffer the like Elision, and consequently are Double Rhymes, are only the Participles of the Regular Verbs that end in D or T, or in Mute E preceded by D or T, as from the Verbs to Land, Grant, Perswade, and Hate, are form'd the Participles Landed, Granted, Perswaded, Hated: Which will not admit of such an Elision, and therefore are Double Rhymes.

The Method of finding the Rhymes to these Words, is the same as has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to the Words in ING, that is to say, by seeking the Terminations of the Infinitives, from whence they are form'd; which are AND, ANT, ADE, ATE. Many

Many of the Double Rhymes in ER, are either the Comparative Degree of Adjectives, and form'd by adding ER to their Positive, or Nouns Verbal form'd by the Addition of ER to their Infinitive: For Example, to find a Rhyme to Plainer, the Comparative of Plain, see the Termination of the Positive, which is AIN, and you will find the Verb to Gain, from whence is form'd the Noun Verbal Gainer; Vain, from whence the Comparative Vainer; Profane, from whence Profaner, &c.

The like Method may also be observ'd for finding the Double Rhyme in ES, EST, and LY.

Those in ES, consist of the Third Person Present of the Verbs, and of the Plural Numbers of the Nouns whose final Letters are CE, CH, GE, S, SE, SH, X, or ZE, and that are form'd by adding the Syllable ES to their Primitive.

Those in EST, consist of the Superlative Degrees of Adjectives, form'd by adding EST to their Positives; and of their Second Person Present of Verbs form'd by adding EST to their Infinitive.

Those in LY, consist in Adverbs form'd from Adjectives, by adding the Syllable LY to their Positive.

This Method may be also useful for finding of Rhymes to Original Words: For Example, to Morning, which being accented on the last save one, is a Double Rhyme. See the Termination of that Syllable, which is ORN, and you will find Scorn, Adorn, &c. whose Gerunds are, Scorning, Adorning, &c.

There are also several other Double Rhymes that consist in Derivative Words, and may be found by the same Method. Of this Nature are several Participles in EN, that are form'd irregularly; as Given, Driven, &c. from the Verbs in IVE; Taken, Forsaken, &c. from those in AKE; and some others.

As for the Treble Rhymes inserted in this Dictionary; I have not retain'd them as such, but as they rhyme to the Words accented upon the last Syllable; that is to say, to Single Rhymes: Thus Tenderness rhymes as well to Confess, as to Slenderness. Piety to Charity and Justify, as well as to Satiety. But the Reason why most of the Treble, and all the Double Rhymes are omitted, may be seen in The Rule for making Verses. And so much for the Matter and Method of the following Alphabet. It may now be expected that I should say something of the Usefulness of it.

And here I will not pretend that it is a Work of such a Nature, as can be of any farther Use to the Publick in general, than as it may be a Help and Ease to those Persons who apply themselves to the making English Verses: And they, I presume, will reap some Advantage by it; since in a Moment, and with-

out Trouble, they may here find Words, that for a considerable Space of Time their Thoughts have, perhaps, in vain been labouring to recover

An Instance of this we daily meet with in Conversation; where we often find our selves at a Loss for a Word to express our Meaning: Nay, sometimes for the Names of Persons with whom we are conversant enough, and more than personally acquainted.

Besides, I dare almost affirm, that the Difficulty of finding Rhymes, has been the unlucky Cause that has frequently reduc'd even the best of our Poets to take up with such as have scarce any Consenance, or Agreement in Sound.

Rhyme is generally allow'd to be the chief Ornament of Versification in any of the Modern Languages; and therefore the more exact we are in the Observation of it, the greater Applause our Productions of that Nature will deservedly challenge and find.

The Italians, the Spaniards, and the French, and among them Men eminent for their Learning and Parts, have not thought their Time mispent in composing Dictionaries that contain all the Words of their Languages, dispos'd Alphabetically according to their several Rhymes, and which have been printed in all Volumes, and receiv'd with general Approbation.

But if after this, and much more that might be added in Defence of such a Work, any should be of Opinion that my Time has been thrown away in this Composition; to such I freely confess that while I was about it, I often reflected on the Operose nihil agit of Seneca, and apply'd it to my self.





A

DICTIONARY of Rhymes

AB.	Chafe	ACT	Pad
B L A B	Vase	A&t	Plad
Crab	Abase	Fact	ADE
Stab	Debase	Pa&t	Blade
Scab	Enchafe	Tra&t	Fade
	ACH	Attract	Glade
ACE	Ach	Abstract	Jade
Brace	Attach	Compact	Lade
Chace	Detach	Contract	Made
Dace	ACK	Detract	Shade
Face	Back	Distra&t	Spade
Grace	Black	Ena&t	Trade
Lace	Cack	Extra&t	Wade
Mace	Clack	Exact	Degrade
Pace	Crack	Protract	Disswade
Place	Hack	Substra&t	Evade
Race	Jack	Transa&t	Invade
Space	Knack	Catara&t	Perswade
Trace	Lack	And the Par-	Blocade
Apace	Pack	ticiples of the	Brigade
Deface	Quack	Verbs in ACK	Cavalcade
Efface	Rack	A D	Masquerade
Disgrace	Sack	Add	Renegade
Displace	Slack	Bad	Retrogate
Misplace	Smack	Clad	Serenade
Embrace	Snack	Dad	Ambuscade
Grimmace	Stack	Gad	Cannonade
Interlace	Tack	Glad	Palisade
Retrace	Track	Had	
	Thwack	Lad	Aid
Base	Wrack	Mad	Braid
Cafe	Attack	Sad	Maid

Afraid	Flag	Ail.	Veil
Upbraid	Gag	Ail	AIM. See <i>AME</i> .
And the Par-Jag		Bail	AIN.
ticiples of theHag		Fail	Blain
Verbs in AY, Lag		Flail	Brain
EY, and EIGH Nag		Frail	Chain
AFE. Quag		Hail	Drain
Chafe	Rag	Jail	Fain
Safe	Scrag	Mail	Gain
Vouchsafe	Strag	Nail	Grain
AFF. Stag		Pail	Lain
Chaff	Swag	Rail	Main
Draff	Snag	Quail	Pain
Graff	Tag	Sail	Plain
Quaff	Wag	Snail	Rain
Staff	AGE	Tail	Skain
Engraff	Age	Trail	Slain
Epitaph	Cage	Wail	Sprain
Cenotaph	Gage	Affail	Stain
Paragraph	Page	Avail	Strain
	Rage	Bewail	Swain
Laugh	Sage	Detail	Train
AFT. Stage		Entail	Twain
Aft	Swage	Prevail	Vain
Abast	Wage	Retail	Wain
Craft	Asswage	Countervail	Again
Graft	Engage		Abstain
Hast	Disengage	Ale	Amain
Rast	Enrage	Bale	Attain
Shaft	Prefage	Dale	Complain
Waft	Appennage	Gale	Contain
Draught	Concubinage	Hale	Constrain
Ingraft	Heritage	Male	Detain
Handicraft	Hermitage	Pale	Disdain
And the Par-Parentage		Sale	Distrain
ticiples of thePersonage		Scale	Enchain
Verbs in AFFPasturage		Stale	Entertain
and AUGH. Patronage		Tale	Explain
AG. Pilgrimage		Vale	Maintain
Bag	Villanage	Whale	Obtain
Brag	Equipage	Impale	Ordain
Cag	BID. See <i>ADE</i>	Exhale	Pertain
Drag	AIGHT. v. <i>ATE</i>	Regale	Refrain
Crag	AIGN. v. <i>ANE</i>	Nightingale	Regain

Remain

Remain	<i>AI</i> TH. v. <i>ATH</i> . General	Scald
Restrain	<i>AIZE</i> . v. <i>AZE</i> . Hospital	Emerald
Retain	<i>AKE</i> . Interval	And the Par-
Sustain	Ake	ticiples of the
Appertain	Bake	Verbs in <i>ALL</i> .
Daign	Brake	
Arraign	Cake	<i>ALE</i> . See <i>ALL</i> .
Campaign	Drake	
Sovereign	Flake	<i>ALF</i> .
Feign	Lake	Calf
Reign	Make	Half
	Quake	Behalf
Vein	Rake	<i>ALK</i> .
Rein	Sake	Balk
	Shake	Chalk
Bane	Slake	Stalk
Cane	Snake	Talk
Crane	Stake	Walk
Fane	Take	Calk
Lane	Wake	Hawk
Mane	Awake	<i>ALL</i> .
Plane	Betake	All
Vane	Spake	Ball
Wane	Forfake	Call
Profane	Mistake	Fall
Hurricane	Partake	Gall
<i>AIN</i> T.	Overtake	Hall
Faint	Undertake	Mall
Paint	Bespake	Pall
Plaint	<i>AL</i> .	Scall
Quaint	Cabal	Shall
Saint	Canal	Small
Taint	Animal	Stall
Acquaint	Admiral	There are ma-Tall
Attaint	Cannibal	ny Words of Thrall
Complaint	Capital	this Terminati-Wall
Constraint	Cardinal	on; but as they Appall
Restraint	Comical	are seldom us'd Befall
	Conjugal	to end Verses, Enthral
Feint	Corporal	'tis needless to Forefall
Teint	Criminal	insert them. Install
<i>AIR</i> . v. <i>ARE</i> . Critical		Miscall
<i>AISE</i> . v. <i>AZE</i> . Festival	<i>ALD</i>	Recall
<i>AIT</i> . v. <i>ATE</i> . Funeral	Bald	

Awl	Salve	Proclaim	Glance
Caul	AM.	Reclaim	Lance
Bawl	Am	AMP.	Trance
Brawl	Cram	Camp	Prance
Crawl	Dam	Champ	Intrance
Drawl	Dram	Cramp	Advance
Mawl	Flam	Damp	Romance
Scrawl	Ham	Stamp	Mischance
Sprawl	Ram	Lamp	Complaisance
Squawl	Stam	Vamp	Circumstance
Yawl	Slam	Decamp	Countenance
	Swam	Encamp	Deliverance
ALM.	Anagram	AN.	Consonance
Calm	Epigram	Ban	Dissonance
Balm		Brان	Extravagance
Palm	Dam	Can	Ignorance
Pfalm	Lamb	Clan	Inheritance
Qualm	AME.	Fan	Intemperance
Becalm	Blame	Man	Maintenance
Embalm	Came	Pan	Exorbitance
Alms, which	Dame	Plan	Ordinance
rhymes to the	Fame	Ran	Concordance
Plurals of the	Flame	Scan	Sufferance
Nouns, and 3d	Frame	Span	Sustenance
Persons Present	Game	Tan	Temperance
of the Verbs of	Lame	Van	Utterance
this Terminati-	Name	Began	Arrogance
on.	Same	Trepan	Vigilance
ALT.	Shame	Unman	
Halt	Tame	Foreran	Expanse
Malt	Defame	Partisan	Inhance
Salt	Inflame	Artisan	
Shalt	Misname	Pelican	ANCH.
Smalt	Became	Caravan	Branch
Exalt	Misbecame	Courtesan	Lanch
	Overcame	Swan	Panch
Revolt		Wan	Blanch
	Aim	These two	Ranch
Fault	Claim	sometimes,	Hanch
Vault	Maim	rhyme to the	Stanch
Affault	Acclaim	Words in ON,	AND.
Default	Decaim	ANCE.	Band
ALVE.	Disclaim	Chance	Brand
Calve	Exclaim	Dance	Grand

Hand	Drank	Elegant	Nape
Land	Flank	Elephant	Rape
Rand	Frank	Exorbitant	Scape
Sand	Hank	Conversant	Scrape
Stand	Lank	Extravagant	Shape
Strand	Plank	Ignorant	Tape
Wand	Prank	Insignificant	Escape
Command	Rank	Inhabitant	<i>APH.</i> See <i>AFF.</i>
Countermand	Thank	Militant	<i>APSE.</i>
Demand	Disfrank	Predominant	Lapse
Disband	Mountebank	Sycophant	Elapse
Expand	<i>ANSE.</i> See	Vigilant	Relapse
Gainstand	<i>ANCE.</i>	Petulant	Perhaps
Withstand	<i>ANT.</i>	<i>AP.</i>	And the Plu-
Understand	Ant	Cap	ral of the Nouns
Reprimand	Cant	Chap	and Third Per-
Aland <i>Dryd.</i>	Chant	Clap	son Present of
<i>ANE. v. AIN.</i>	Grant	Crap	the Verbs in
<i>ANG.</i>	Pant	Flap	<i>AP.</i>
Bang	Plant	Gap	<i>APT.</i>
Clang	Rant	Hap	Apt
Fang	Slant	Lap	Adapt
Gang	Want	Map	And the Par-
Hang	Aslant	Nap	ticiples of the
Pang	Complaisant	Pap	Verbs in <i>AP.</i>
Tang	Displant	Rap	<i>AR.</i>
Twang	Enchant	Sap	Bar
Harangue	Gallant	Scrap	Car
<i>ANGE.</i>	Implant	Snap	Far
Change	Recant	Slap	Gnar
Range	Supplant	Strap	Jar
Grange	Transplant	Tap	Mar
Mange	Absonant	Trap	Scar
Strange	Adamant	Wrap	Spar
Estrange	Arrogant	Enwrap	Star
Arrange	Combatant	Mishap	Tar
Exchange	Consonant	Entrap	War
Interchange	Cormorant	<i>APE.</i>	Afar
<i>ANK.</i>	Protestant	Ape	Debar
Bank	Significant	Cape	Unbar
Blank	Visitant	Chape	Catarh
Shank	Covenant	Crape	Particular
Clank	Dissonant	Gape	Perpendicular
Dank	Disputant	Grape	Secular

Angular	Regard	Pair	Wharf
Regular	Disregard	Stair	ARGE.
Popular	Interlard	Affair	Barge
Singular	Retard	Debonnair	Charge
Titular	And the Par-	Despair	Large,
Vinegar	inciples of the	Impair	Targe
Scimitar	Verbs in AR.	Repair	Discharge
Calendar			O'ercharge
Colendar	Ward	Bear	Surcharge
	Award	Pear	Enlarge
ARB.	Reward	Swear	ARK.
Barb	ARE.	Tear	Ark
Garb	Are	Wear	Bark
	Bare	Forbear	Cark
ARCE.	Blare	Forswear	Clark
Farce	Care		Dark
Scarce	Dare	There	Hark
And the Plu-	Fare	Were	Lark
ral of the Nouns	Flare	Where	Mark
and Third Per-	Glare	E'er	Park
son Present of	Hare	Ne'er	Shark
the Verbs in	Knare	Elsewhere	Spark
AR.	Mare	Whate'er	Stark
	Pare	Howe'er	Embark
ARCH.	Rare	Howfoe'er	Remark
Arch	Scare	Whene'er	ARL.
March	Share	Where'er	Carl
Parch	Snare		Snarl
Starch	Spare	Heir	Marl
Countermarch	Square	Coheir	ARM.
	Stare	Their	Arm
ARD.	Tare	Theirs	Earm
Bard	Ware	Unawares	Charm
Card	Aware	Which Rhyme	Farm
Guard	Beware	to the Plurals	Harm
Hard	Compare	of the Nouns	Alarm
Lard	Declare	and third Per-	Disfarm
Nard	Ensnare	sons present of	
Pard	Prepare	the Verbs of	Swarm
Shard	Air	this Termina-	Warm
Sward	Chair	tion.	These last
Yard	Fair	ARF.	Words rhyme
Bombard	Hair	Scarf	to the Termi-
Discard	Lair	Dwarf	nation ORM.
			ARN.

ARN.	ARTH.	Shash	ASTE.
Barn	<i>See</i>	Sash	Baste
Darn	EARTH.	Squash	Chaste
Yarn	ARVE.	Splash	Haste
	Carve	Slash	Paste
Warn	Starve	Thrash	Taste
Fore-warn	AS and ASS.	Trash	Waste
These two	Asfs	Wash	Distaste
rhyme to the	Brasfs	Abash	And the Par-
words in	ORN. Clafs	ASK.	ticiples of the
ARP.	Glasfs	Ask	Verbs in ACE.
Carp	Grasfs	Bask	
Harp	Lasfs	Cask	AT.:
Sharp	Masfs	Flask	Bat
Warp	Pasfs	Mask	Brat
Counterfcarp	Tasfs	Task	Cat
ARSH.	Alasfs	ASP.	Chat
Harsh	Amasfs	Asp	Fat
Marsh	Cuirasfs	Clasp	Flat
ART.	Repasfs	Gasp	Gnat
Art	Surpasfs	Grasfs	Hat
Cart	Morasfs	Hasp	Mat
Chart		Rasp	Pat
Dart	Was	Wasp	Plat
Hart	Has	AST.	Rat
Mart		Blast	Sat
Part	ASE. <i>See</i> ACE	Cast	Spat
Quart	and AZE.	Hast	Sprat
Smart		Last	That
Start	ASH.	Mast	Vat
Tart	Ash	Past	
Wart	Cash	Vast	Squat
Apart	Clash	Fast	What
Depart	Crash	Agast	These two
Impart	Dash	Avast	may rhyme to
Dispart	Flash	Forecast	the Termini-
Counterpart	Gash	Overcast	on OT.
Heart	Gnash	Outcast	
	Hash	Repast	ATCH.
Thwart	Lash		Batch
Athwart	Mash	And the Par-	Catch
These two	Plash	ticiples of the	Hatch
rhyme to the	Quash	Verbs in ASS	Latch
words in	ORT. Rash		Match

Patch	Accommodate	Degenerate	Intimate
Scratch	Accumulate	Delegate	Intimidate
Smatch	Accurate	Deliberate	Intoxicate
Snatch	Adequate	Denominate	Intricate
Thatch	Affectionate	Depopulate	Invalidate
Watch	Advocate	Dislocate	Inveterate
Dispatch	Adulterate	Deprecate	Inviolate
ATE.	Aggravate	Discriminate	Irritate
Ate	Agitate	Derogate	Legitimate
Bate	Alienate	Disipate	Magistrate
Date	Animate	Delicate	Meditate
Fate	Annihilate	Disconsolate	Mitigate
Gate	Antedate	Desolate	Moderate
Grate	Anticipate	Desperate	Necessitate
Hate	Antiquate	Educate	Nominate
Late	Arbitrate	Effeminate	Obstinate
Mate	Arrogate	Elevate	Participate
Pate	Articulate	Emulate	Passionate
Plate	Affassinate	Estimate	Penetrate
Prate	Calculate	Elaborate	Perpretrate
Rate	Capitulate	Equivocate	Personate
Sate	Captivate	Eradicate	Potentate
Scate	Celebrate	Evaporate	Precipitate
Slate	Circulate	Exaggerate	Predestinate
State	Coagulate	Exasperate	Predominate
Abate	Commemorate	Expostulate	Premeditate
Alate	Commiserate	Exterminate	Prevaricate
Belate	Communicate	Extricate	Procrastinate
Collate	Compassionate	Facilitate	Profligate
Create	Confederate	Fortunate	Prognosticate
Debate	Congratulate	Generate	Propagate
Dilate	Congregate	Gratulate	Recriminate
Elate	Consecrate	Hesitate	Regenerate
Estate	Contaminate	Illiterate	Regulate
Ingrate	Corroborate	Illuminate	Reiterate
Innate	Cultivate	Imitate	Reprobate
Rebate	Candidate	Immoderate	Reverberate
Relate	Cooperate	Impetrate	Ruminate
Sedate	Celibate	Importunate	Separate
Translate	Considerate	Imprecate	Sophisticate
Abdicate	Consulate	Inanimate	Stipulate
Abominate	Capacitate	Innovate	Subjugate
Abrogate	Debilitate	Instigate	Subordinate
Accelerate	Dedicate	Intemperate	Suffocate
			Terminate

Terminate	AUCH	<i>See</i>	Claw
Tolerate	<i>See</i>	OUGHT.	Draw
Temperate	OACH.		Flaw
Vindicate		AULT.	Gnaw
Violate	AUD	<i>See</i>	Haw
Unfortunate	Fraud	ALT.	Jaw
	Laud		Law
Bait	Applaud	AUNCH.	Maw
Plait	Defraud	Launch	Paw
Strait		Paunch	Raw
Wait	Bawd		Saw
Await		AUNSE.	Straw
	Broad	<i>See</i>	Thaw
Great	Abroad	ONSE.	Withdraw
Freight	And the Par-		Forefaw
Eight	ticiples of the	AUNT.	
Sleight	Verbs in AW.	Aunt	AWD. <i>v.</i> AUD.
Streight	AVE.	Daunt	AWK. <i>v.</i> ALK.
Weight	Brave	Gaunt	AWL. <i>v.</i> ALL.
Height	Cave	Flaunt	
	Gave	Jaunt	AWN.
Conceit	Grave	Haunt	Brawn
Deceit	Crave	Taunt	Dawn
Receipt	Have	Vaunt	Fawn
ATH.	Knave	Avaunt	Pawn
Bath	Lave	AUSE.	Spawn
Lath	Pave	Cause	Drawn
Path	Rave	Cause	Gnawn
	Save	Pause	Sawn
Wrath <i>v.</i> OTH.	Shave	Applause	Yawn
	Slave	Because	Withdrawn
Hath	Stave	And the Plu-	Lawn
Faith	Wave	ral of the Nouns	Thawn
ATHE.	Behave	and Third Per-	AX.
Bathe	Deprave	son Present of	Ax
Swathe	Engrave	the Verbs in	Flax
Scathe	Outbrave	AW.	Tax
Rathe	Forgave	AUST. <i>v.</i> OST.	Wax
	Misgave		Lax
AUB. <i>See</i> OB.	Architrave	AW.	Relax
		Aw	And the Plu-
AUCE.	AUGH. <i>v.</i> AFF.	Craw	ral of the Nouns
<i>See</i>		Chaw	and Third Per-
AUSE.	AUGHT.	Daw	son Present of
			the

the Verbs	inSpay	Gainfay	Gaze
ACK.	Spray	Inlay	Glaze
AY.	Splay	Relay	Graze
Bay	Stay	Repay	Maze
Bray	Stray	Withfay	Raze
Clay	Sway	Roundelay	Amaze
Cray	Tray	Virelay	Eraze
Day	Way	Neigh	Imblaze
Dray	Affray	Inveigh	
Flay	Allay	Hey	Adays
Fray	Array	Prey	Chaife
Gay	Aftray	Key	Raife
Gray	Away	Grey	Praise
Hay	Belay	They	Always
Jay	Bewray	Whey	Dispraise
Lay	Betray	Convey	Phrase
May	Decay	Obey	Paraphrase
Pay	Defray	Disobey	And the Plu-
Play	Delay	Purvey	ral of the Nouns
Pray	Disarray	Survey	and Third Per-
Nay	Display	AZE.	son Present of
Ray	Dismay	Craze	the Verbs in
Say	Effay	Daze	AY, EIGH,
Slay	Forelay	Blaze	and EY.

E and EA.	Approach	Plague	Weak
See	Impeach	Vague	Wreak
EE.	Misteach	Intrigue	Bespeak
		Fatigue	
EACE	Beech	Brigue	Cheek
See	Breech	EAK.	Creek
EASE.	Leech	Beak	Greek
	Speech	Bleak	Leek
EACH.	Beseech	Break	Meek
Beach	Screech	Creak	Reek
Bleach		Freak	Seek
Breach	EAD. See EDE	Leak	Peek, or
Each	and EED.	Peak	Pique
Peach		Speak	Screak
Preach	EAF. See IEF.	Sneak	Sleek
Leach		Steak	Week
Reach	EAGUE.	Squeak	Shriek
Teach	League	Streak	

AEL.	Gleam	Skreen	See ART.
Deal	Seam	Seen	
Heal	Scream	Green	EARTH.
Meal	Steam	Spleen	Earth
Neal	Stream	Ween	Dearth
Peal	Team	Between	Hearth
Seal	Deem	Careen	Birth
Steal	Seem	Foreseen	Mirth
Sweal	Teem	Mien	EASE.
Teal	Beseem	Machine	Cease
Veal	Misdeem		Crease
Weal	Esteem	EANS.	Lease
Zeal	Disesteem	See	Grease
Squeal	Foredeem	ENSE.	Please
Anneal	Redeem	EANT.	Decease
Appeal	Phlegm	See	Decrease
Confeal	Scheme	ENT.	Encrease
Congéal	Blaspheme		Release
Repeal	Extreme	EAP. See EEP.	
Reveal	Supreme	and EP.	Peace
	EAN.	EAR See EER.	Piece
Eel	Bean		Niece
Heel	Clean	EARD.	Apiece
Feel	Dean	Beard	
Keel	Glean	Heard	Frontispiece
Kneel	Lean	Herd	Fleece
Peel	Mean	Sherd	Geese
Reel	Quean	And the Par-	EASH:
Steel	Wean	ticiples of the	See
Wheel	Yean	Verbs in ER.	ESH.
EALM.	Demean		
See ELM.	Unclean	EARCH.	EAST.
EALTH	Convene	Search	East
Health	Obscene	Research	Feast
Stealth	Serene	Perch.	Least
Wealth	Terrene	EARL:	Beast
Common-	Intervene	Earl	Left
wealth.	Demesne	Pearl	Priest
EAM.		Girl	And the Par-
Beam	Been	EARN.	ticiples of the
Iream	Keen	See ERN.	Verbs in EASE.
Cream	Queen	EARSE.	
Dream	Sheen	See ERSE.	EAT.
		EART.	Beat
			Bleat

Bleat	Teeth	Deck	Verbs in ECK.
Cheat		Neck	
Eat	Breathe	Peck	ED:
Feat	Sheathe	Fleck	Bed
Great	Wreath	Speck	Bled
Heat	Inwreath	Wreck	Fed
Meat	Bequeath	ECT.	Fled
Neat	Seeth	Seet	Bred
Seat	Beneath	Abjeet	Led
Sweat	Underneath	Affect	Red
Pleat	EAVE.	Correct	Shed
Teat	Cleave	Incorrect	Shred
Treat	Heave	Collect	Sled
Threat	Leave	Dejeet	Sped
Wheat	Weave	Deteet	Wed
Compleat	Bereave	Direct	Abed
Defeat	Inweave	Disrespect	Inbred
Escheat	Interweave	Disaffect	Misled
Estreat		Disseet	
Intreat		Effect	Said
Retreat	Sleeve	Elect	Bread
Beet	Eve	Ejeet	Dread
Feet		Ereet	Dead
Fleet	Grieve	Expeet	Head
Gleet	Sieve	Indireet	Lead
Greet	Thieve	Inseet	Slead
Meet	Aggrieve	Inspect	Spread
Sheet	Atchieve	Negleet	Stead
Sleet	Believe	Objeet	Thread
Street	Disbelieve	Project	Tread
Sweet	Relieve	Protect	Behead
Discreet	Reprieve	Recollect	O'erspread
	Retrieve	Reflect	Maidenhead
Mete	Conceive	Rejeet	
Obsolete	Deceive	Respect	EDE v. EEd.
Replete	Perceive	Select	
Concrete	Receive	Subject	EDGE.
	EB.	Suspect	Edge
EATH.	Ebb	Architect	Fledge
Breath	Webb	Circumspect	Hedge
Death	Glebe	Dialect	Ledge
	ECK.	Interlect	Pledge
Heath	Beck	And the Par-	Sedge
Sheath	Check	ticiples of the	Sledge
			Wedge

Wedge	EED.	Keep	Cashier
Alledge	Creed	Peep	
Priviledge	Bleed	Sheep	Blair
Sacriledge	Breed	Sleep	Chear
Sortilege	Deed	Steap	Clear
EE.	Feed	Sweep	Dear
Bee	Heed	Weep	Ear
Fee	Meed	Asleep	Fear
Flee	Need		Gear
Free	Reed	Cheap	Hear
Glee	Speed	Heap	Near
Knee	Seed	Leap	Rear
Lee	Steed	Reap	Sear
See	Weed	EER.	Shear
Three	Exceed	Beer	Smear
Thee	Proceed	Deer	Spear
Tree	Succeed	Fleer	Tear
Agree	Indeed	Geer	Year
Alee		Jeer	Appear
Decree	Concede	Peer	Besmeare
Degree	Impede	Meer	Disappear
Disagree	Intercede	Rear	Endear
Foresee	Precede	Leer	
O'ersee	Recede	Queer	Here
Pedigree	Supercede	Sheer	There
He		Seer	Where
Me	Bead	Sleer	Were
We	Knead	Sneer	Sphere
She	Lead	Steer	Adhere
Be	Mead	Twier	Cohere
Jubile	Plead	Veer	Interfere
Key	Read	Pikeer	Persevere
Flea	Implead	Domineer	Revere
Pea	Mislead	Compeer	Austere
Plea		Engineer	Severe
Sea	EEF. See IEF.	Mutineer	Sincere
Yea	EEK. v. EAK.	Pioneer	Hemisphere
Tea	EEL. v. EAL.	Privateer	Arrears, which
	EEM. v. EAM.	Charioteer	rhymes to the
	EEN. v. EAN.	Chanticleer	Plurals of the
EECE.		Career	Nouns, and 3d
See EASE.	EEP.	Mountainier	Persons Present
EECH.	Creep		of the Verbs
See EACH.	Deep	Bier	

of this Termination.	West	Dispel	Dealt
	Bereft	Excel	Dwelt
	EG.	Expel	Felt
EESE. See	Egg	Foretel	Melt
EEZE.	Beg	Impel	Pelt
	Dreg	Rebel	Smelt
EET. See	Leg	Repel	Spelt
EAT.	Peg	Refel	Welt
		Cittadel	ELVE.
EETH	EIGH v. AY.	Infidel	Delve
See	EIGHT. See	Sentinel	Helve
EATH.	ATE.	Parallel	Twelve
	EIGN. v. AIN.	ELD.	Whelve
EEVE.	EIL. v. AIL.	Held	ELVES.
See	EIN. v. AIN.	Geld	Elves
EAVE.		Upheld	Themselves
	EINT. See	Withheld	
EEZE.	AIN.	Beheld	And the Plu-
Breeze	EIR. v. ARR.	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Freeze	EIT. v. ATE.	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Sneeze	EIVE. v.	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Squeeze	EAVE.	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Wheeze	EIZE. See	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Eafe	EEZE.	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Greafe		And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Please	ELL.	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Teafe	Bell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Appeafe	Cell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Displeafe	Dwell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
These	Ell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Frieze	Fell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Seize	Hell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Disseize	Knell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
And the Plu-	Quell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
ral of the	Sell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Nouns, and 3d	Shell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Person Present	Smell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
of the Verbs in	Spell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
EE.	Swell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
	Tell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Cleft	Well	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Deft	Yell	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Left	Befel	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
Theft	Compel	And the Par-	ral of the Nouns
		ELT.	Exempt
		Belt	EN.
		Gelt	Den
			Hen

Hen	Indifference	Tench	Recommend
Fen	Indigence	Trench	Reprehend
Ken	Indolence	Wench	Dividend
Men	Inference	Wrench	Reverend
Pen	Intelligence	Intrench	
Ten	Innocence	Retrench	Friend
Then	Magnificence	END.	Befriend
Wen	Munificence	Bend	Fiend
When	Negligence	Blend	
Wren	Omnipotence	End	And the Par-
Denizen	Penitence	Fend	ticles of the
ENCE.	Preference	Lend	Verbs in EN.
Fence	Providence	Mend	
Hence	Recompence	Rend	ENDS.
Pence	Reference	Send	Amends. To
Thence	Residence	Spend	which rhyme
Whence	Reverence	Tend	the Plurals of
Sense	Vehemence	Vend	the Nouns, and
Defense	Violence	Amend	Third Person
Expense		Attend	Present of the
Offence	Cense	Ascend	Verbs in END.
Pretence	Sense	Commend	
Commence	Dense	Contend	ENE. v. EAN.
Abstinence	Condense	Defend	
Circumference	Immenſe	Depend	ENGE.
Conference	Intenſe	Descend	Avenge
Confidence	Propenſe	Distend	Revenge
Consequence	Diſpenſe	Expend	
Continence	Suſpenſe	Extend	ENGTH.
Benevolence	Prepenſe	Foreſend	Length
Concupiſcence	Incenſe	Impend	Strength
Difference	Frankincenſe	Miſpend	ENSE.
Diffidence	Cleanſe	Obtend	See
Diligence	Alſo the Plu	Offend	ENCE.
Eloquence	ral of the Nouns	Portend	
Eminence	and 3d Perſon	Pretend	ENT.
Evidence	preſent of the	Protend	Bent
Excellence	Verbs in EN.	Suſpend	Cent
Impenitence	ENCH.	Transcend	Dent
Impertinence	Bench	Unbend	Gent
Impotence	Clench	Apprehend	Lent
Impudence	Drench	Comprehend	Pent
Improvvidence	Quench	Condeſcend	Rent
Incontinence	Stench	Diſcommend	Scent
		O	Sent

Sent	Acknowledge	Impudent	Supplement
Shent	ment.	Incident	Terement
Spent	Aliment	Incompetent	Temperament
Tent	Arbitriment	Incontinent	Testament
Vent	Argument	Indifferent	Tournament
Went	Banishment	Indigent	Turbulent
Abscent	Battlement	Innocent	Vehement
Assent	Blandishment	Insolent	Violent
Attent	Astonishment	Instrument	Virulent
Augment	Armipotent	Intelligent	Accoutrements
Cement	Bellipotent	Irreverent	Which
Consent	Benevolent	Languishment	rhymes to their
Content	Chastisement	Ligament	Plurals
Descent	Competent	Lineament	
Dissent	Compliment	Magnificent	EP.
Event	Confident	Management	
Extent	Continent	Medicament	Skep
Ferment	Corpulent	Malecontent	Step
Foment	Detriment	Monument	Leap
Frequent	Different	Negligent	Reap
Indent	Diffident	Nourishment	
Intent	Diligent	Nutrimment	EPT.
Invent	Disparagement	Occident	Accept
Lament	Document	Omnipotent	Except
Mispend	Eloquent	Opulent	Intercept
O'erspent	Eminent	Ornament	
Present	Equivalent	Parliament	And the Par-
Prevent	Establishment	Penitent	ticles of the
Relent	Evident	Permanent	Verbs in EP,
Repent	Excellent	Pertinent	and of some of
Resent	Excrement	President	the Verbs in
Ostent	Exigent	Prevalent	EEP.
Outwent	Experiment	Provident	
Unbent	Firmament	Punishment	ER.
Underwent	Fraudulent	Ravishment	Err
Miscontent	Government	Regiment	Her
Circumvent	Imbellishment	Resident	Aver
Discontent	Imminent	Redolent	Defer
Represent	Impenitent	Rudiment	Infer
Abstinent	Impertinent	Sacrament	Deter
Accident	Implement	Sediment	Interr
Accomplish-	Impotent	Sentiment	Referr
ment.	Imprisonment	Settlement	Transfer
Admonishment	Improvident	Subsequent	Conferr

Preſer	Sepulchre	Yearn	Expert
Parterr	Thunderer		Infert
Adminiſter	Traveller	ERSE.	Invert
Waggoner	Murderer	Herſe	Pervert
Iſlander	Uſurer	Terſe	Subvert
		Verſe	
Arbiter	ERCH.	Abſterſe	ERVE.
Character	See	Adverſe	Serve
Villager	EARCH.	Averſe	Nerve
Cottager		Converſe	Swerve
Dowager	ERCE.	Diſperſe	Conſerve
Forrager	See	Inimereſe	Deſerve
Pillager	ERSE.	Perverſe	Obſerve
Voyager		Reverſe	Preſerve
Maſſacre	ERD.	Traverſe	Diſſerve
Gardiner	See	Aſperſe	Subſerve
Slanderer	EARD.	Interſperſe	
Flatterer		Univerſe	ESS.
Idolater	ERE. v. EER.	Rehearſe	Bleſs
Provender			Ceſs
Theatre	ERGE.	Amerce	Cheſs
Amphitheatre.	Abſterge	Coerce	Dreſs
Foreigner	Verge	Commerce	Gheſs
Lavender	Emerge		Leſs
Messenger	Dirge	Fierce	Meſs
Paſſenger		Tierce	Preſs
Sorcerer	ERK.	Pierce	Streſs
Interpreter	Clerk		Treſs
Officer	Jerk	And the Plu-	
Mariner	Perk	ral of the Nouns	Acquiſce
Harbinger	Querck	and Third Per-	Acceſs
Minifter		ſon Preſent of	Adreſs
Register	ERN.	the Verbs in	ER. Aſſeſs
Canifter	Chern		Compreſs
Choiriſter	Dern	ERT.	Confeſs
Sophiſter	Hern	Wert	Careſs
Presbyter	Fern	Advert	Depreſs
Lawgiver	Stern	Aſſert	Digreſs
Philosopher	Concern	Avert	Diſpoſſeſs
Aſtrologer	Diſcern	Concert	Diſtreſs
Loiterer	Quern	Convert	Exceſs
Prifoner		Controvert	Expreſs
Graſshopper	Earn	Deſert	Impreſs
Aſtronomer	Learn	Divert	Oppreſs

Possess	Littleness	Wickedness	Detest
Profess	Liveliness	Wilderness	Digest
Recess	Loftiness	Wretchedness	Diveit
Repress	Lioness	Drunkennes	Impress
Redress	Lowliness		Invest
Success	Manliness	ESE.	Infest
Transgress	Masterless	See	Molest
Adulteress	Mightiness	EEZE.	Obtest
Bashfulness	Motherless		Protest
Bitterness	Motionless	ESH.	Request
Cheerfulness	Nakedness	Flesh	Suggest
Comfortless	Neediness	Fresh	Unrest
Comeliness	Noisomeness	Mess	Interest
Dizziness	Numberless	Thresh	Manifest
Dioceſs	Patroness	Afresh	
Drowsiness	Peevishness	Refresh	Breast
Eagerness	Perfidiousness		Abreast
Easiness	Pityless	ESK.	
Embassadress	Poetess	Desk	And the Par-
Emptiness	Prophetess	Grotesque	ticiples of the
Evenness	Ransomless	Burlesque	Verbs in ESS.
Fatherless	Readiness		
Filthiness	Righteousness	EST.	ET.
Foolishness	Shepherdess	Best	Bet
Forgetfulness	Sorceress	Chest	Get
Forwardness	Sordidness	Crest	Jet
Frowardness	Spiritless	Drest	Fret
Fruitfulness	Sprightliness	Guest	Let
Fulsomeness	Stubborness	Jest	Met
Giddiness	Sturdiness	Lest	Net
Greediness	Surliness	Nest	Pet
Gentleness	Steadiness	Pest	Set
Governess	Tenderness	Quest	Spet
Happiness	Thoughtfulness	Rest	Wet
Haughtiness	Ugliness	Test	Whet
Heaviness	Uneasiness	Vest	Yet
Heinousness	Unhappiness	West	Debt
Hoariness	Votares	Wrest	Abet
Hollowness	Usefulness	Yest	Beget
Holiness	Wakefulness	Best	Beset
Idleness	Wantonness	Arrest	Forget
Laciviousness	Weaponless	Attest	Regret
Lawfulness	Weariness	Bequest	Alphabet
Laziness	Willingness	Contest	Amulet

Anchoret

Anchoret	Crew	Interview	<i>EWN.</i>
Cabinet	Dew		See
Epithet	Drew	Clue	<i>UNE.</i>
Parapet	Ew	Cue	
Rivulet	Few	Due	<i>EX.</i>
Violet	Flew	Glue	Sex
Coronet	Grew	Hue	Vex
Counterfeit	Knew	Rue	Annex
	Hew	Spue	Perplex
Sweat	Jew	Scruce	Convex
Teat	Mew	Sue	Complex
Threat	New	True	Circumflex
<i>ETCH.</i>	Pew	Accrue	And the Plu-
Etch	Shew	Enfue	ral Number of
Fetch	Shrew	Endue	the Nouns, and
Stretch	Strew	Imbrue	Third Person
Vetch	View	Imbue	Present of the
Wretch	Threw	Pursue	Verbs in <i>ECK.</i>
Sketch	Yew	Subdue	
	Hew	Adieu	<i>EXT.</i>
<i>ETE. v. EAT.</i>	Lew	Purlieu	Next
<i>EVE. v. EAVE.</i>	Anew	Perdue	Pretext
<i>EUM. See UME.</i>	Askew	Residue	
	Bedew		And the Par-
<i>EW.</i>	Eschew	<i>EWD.</i>	ticiple of the
Blew	Renew	See	Verbs in <i>EX.</i>
Brew	Review	<i>EUD.</i>	
Chew	Withdrew		<i>ER. See AY.</i>

<i>IB.</i>	Tribe	Ice	Entice
Bib	Ascribe	Lice	Device
Crib	Circumscribe	Mice	
Drib	Describe	Nice	Artifice
Fib	Imbibe	Price	Avarice
Glib	Inscribe	Rice	Cockatrice
Nib	Prescribe	Slice	Benefice
Rib	Proscribe	Spice	Cicatrice
Squib	Subscribe	Splice	Edifice
<i>IBE.</i>	Transcribe	Thrice	Orifice
Bribe	Superscribe	Trice	Precipice
Gibe		Twice	Prejudice
Ribe	<i>ICE.</i>	Vice	Sacrifice
Scribe	Dice	Advice	

Rife	Contradiſt	Subdivide	Rye
Conciſe	Interdiſt	Conſide	Shy
Paradiſe		Decide	Sly
<i>ICH. v. ITCH.</i>	And the Par-	Deride	Spy
	ticiples of the	Divide	Sky
ICK.	Verbs in ICK.	Preſide	Sty
Brick		Provide	Tie
Chick	ID.	Subſide	Try
Click	Bid	Miſguide	Vie
Crick	Chid		Why
Kick	Did	IDES.	
Lick	Hid	Ides	High
Nick	Kid	Befides	Nigh
Pick	Lid		Sigh
Prick	Slid	Which rhyme	Thigh
Quick	Rid	to the Plurals	
Rick	Beſtride	of the Nouns, Ally	
Sick	Forbid	and 'Third Per-	Apply
Slick	Pyramid	ſons of the	Awry
Stick		Verbs of this	Belie
Tick	Parricide	Termination.	Comply
Thick	Homicide		Decry
Trick	Regicide	Bridge	Deſie
Wick		Ridge	Deſcry
Arithmetick	IDE.	Abridge	Deny
Aſthmatick	Bide	IDST.	Imply
Cholerick	Chide	Midſt	Eſpy
Catholick	Glide	Amidſt	Outvie
Flegmatick	Hide		Outfly
Heretick	Pride	IE. or Y.	Rely
Rhetorick	Ride	By	Reply
Sciſmatick	Side	Buy	Supply
Splenatick	Slide	Cry	Untie
Lunatick	Stride	Die	Amplify
Afterick	Tide	Dry	Beautify
Politick	Wide	Eye	Certify
Empirick	Bride	Fly	Crucify
	Abide	Fry	Deify
ICT.	Guide	Fie	Dignify
Striſt	Aſide	Hie	Edify
Addiſt	Aſtride	Ly	Faſify
Aſſiſt	Befide	Pie	Fortify
Conviſt	Beſtride	Ply	Gratify
Inſiſt	Betide	Pry	Glorify
			Indemnify

Indemnify	Comedy	Recovery	Tapestry
Justify	Cosmography	Robbery	Majesty
Magnify	Geography	Novelty	Modesty
Modify	Elegy	Antipathy	Immodesty
Mollify	Certainty	Apathy	Honesty
Mortify	Sov'reignty	Sympathy	Dishonesty
Pacify	Loyalty	Idolatry	Courtesie
Petrify	Disloyalty	Galaxy	Heresy
Purify	Penalty	Husbandry	Poesie
Putrify	Casualty	Cruelty	Poetry
Plurify	Ribaldry	Enemy	Secresy
Chymistry	Chivalry	Blasphemy	Leprosy
Qualify	Infamy	Prophecy	Perfidy
Ratify	Constancy	Clemency	Subsidy
Rectify	Faalty	Decency	Drapery
Sanctify	Cavalry	Emergency	Symmetry
Satisfy	Bigamy	Inclemency	Geometry
Scarify	Polygamy	Regency	Drollery
Signify	Vacancy	Progeny	Policy
Specify	Inconstancy	Energy	Prodigy
Stupify	Infancy	Poverty	Mutiny
Terrify	Company	Liberty	Destiny
Testify	Dittany	Property	Scrutiny
Verify	Accompany	Adultery	Hypocrisy
Versify	Tyranny	Artery	Family
Vilify	Villany	Artillery	Ability
Vitrify	Anarchy	Battery	Acclivity
Vivify	Monarchy	Beggary	Avidity
Academy	Lethargy	Bribery	Assiduity
Apostacy	Incendiary	Bravery	Civility
Conspiracy	Infirmity	Delivery	Community
Confed'racy	Library	Drudgery	Concavity
Exstasy	Salary	Flattery	Consanguinity
Democracy	Sanctuary	Gallery	Conformity
Embassy	Votary	Imag'ry	Congruity
Fallacy	Auxiliary	Lottery	Diuturnity
Legacy	Contrary	Misery	Facility
Supremacy	Diary	Mystery	Falsity
Lunacy	Granary	Nursery	Familiarity
Privacy	Rosemary	Railery	Formality
Piracy	Urgency	Slavery	Generosity
Malady	Infantry	Sorcery	Gratuity
Remedy	Knavery	Treachery	Humidity
Tragedy	Livery	Discovery	Absurdity
			Activity

Activity	Humanity	Sensuality	Obscurity
Adversity	Humility	Solidity	Opportunity
Affability	Immanity	Temerity	Partiality
Affinity	Immaturity	Timidity	Perpetuity
Agility	Immensity	Tranquillity	Posterity
Alacrity	Immorality	Virginity	Priority
Ambiguity	Immunity	Visibility	Prodigality
Animosity	Immutability	University	Prosperity
Antiquity	Impartiality	Trumpery	Quality
Austerity	Impossibility	Apology	Quantity
Authority	Impetuosity	Genealogy	Scarcity
Brevity	Improbability	Etymology	Security
Calamity	Inanity	Simony	Severity
Capacity	Incapacity	Symphony	Simplicity
Captivity	Incivility	Soliloquy	Sincerity
Charity	Incongruity	Allegory	Solemnity
Chastity	Inequality	Armory	Sterility
Civility	Indemnity	Factory	Stupidity
Credulity	Infinity	Pillory	Trinity
Curiosity	Inflexibility	Faculty	Vacuity
Finery	Instability	Treasury	Validity
Declivity	Invalidity	Usury	Vanity
Deformity	Jollity	Augury	Vivacity
Deity	Lenity	Importunity	Unanimity
Dexterity	Lubricity	Impunity	Uniformity
Dignity	Magnanimity	Impurity	Unity
Disparity	Majority	Inactivity	Anxiety
Diversity	Mediocrity	Inability	Gayety
Divinity	Minority	Incredulity	Impiety
Enmity	Mutability	Indignity	Piety
Enormity	Nicety	Infidelity	Satiety
Equality	Perversity	Infirmity	Sobriety
Equanimity	Perplexity	Iniquity	Society
Equity	Perspicuity	Integrity	Variety
Eternity	Posterity	Laity	Custody
Extremity	Privity	Liberality	Melody
Fatality	Probability	Malignity	Philosophy
Felicity	Probity	Maturity	Astronomy
Fertility	Propensity	Morality	Anatomy
Fidelity	Rarity	Mortality	Colony
Frugality	Rapidity	Nativity	Gluttony
Futurity	Sagacity	Necessity	Harmony
Gravity	Sanctity	Neutrality	Agony
Hostility	Sensibility	Nobility	Gallantry

Canopy	the Verbs in	Rig	Trill
History	EAL.	Sprig	Will
Memory		Twig	Disill
Victory	IEEN. v. EEN.	Swig	Fulfill
Calumny	IEEND. v. END.	Wig	Infill
Injury	IERCE. See	Whig	Camomil
Luxury	ERCE.		Codicil
Penury	IEEST. v. EAST.	IGE. v. IEGE.	Daffadil
Perjury	IEVE. v. EAVE	IGH. See IE.	Volatil
Usury		IGHT. v. ITE.	Utenfil
Indultry	IFE.	IGN. v. INE.	
	Fife	IGUE. See	ILD.
IECE. See	Knife	EAGUE.	
EASE.	Life		Child
	Rife	IKE.	Mild
IEF.	Strife	Dike	Wild
Chief	Wife	Like	And the Par-
Fief		Pike	ticiples of the
Grief	IFF.	Spike	Verbs in ILL.
Thief	Cliff	Strike	
Belief	Skiff	Alike	ILE.
Relief	Stiff	Dislike	Bile
Brief	Whiff	Oblique	Chyle
Beef			File
Leaf	IFT.	ILL.	Guile
Sheaf	Drift	Bill	Isle
Deaf	Gift	Chill	Mile
IEGE.	Lift	Drill	Pile
Liege	Rift	Gill	Smile
Siege	Sift	Fill	Style
Oblige	Shift	Hill	Tile
Disoblige	Swift	Ill	Vile
Affiege	Thrift	Kill	While
Besiege	Adrift	Mill	Wile
ELD.		Pill	Awhile
Field	IG.	Quill	Compile
Shield	Big	Rill	Defile
Wield	Dig	Shrill	Exile
Yield	Fig	Skill	E'erwhile
Afield	Gig	Spill	Reconcile
	Grig	Still	Reville
And the Par-	Jig	Swill	Stile
ticiples of some	Pig	Thrill	Beguile
	Prig	Till	

ILK.	Rime	the Verbs of	Winch
Bilk	Rhyme	the foregoing	
Milk	Time	Termination.	INCT.
Silk	Sline		Distinct
Whilk	Grime	IN.	Extinct
	Thyme	Chin	Instinct
ILT.	Sublime	Din	Precinct
Gilt	Maritime		Succinct
Jilt		Fin	
Hilt	Betimes	Gin	And the Par-
Quilt	Sometimes	Grin	ticiples of some
Guilt		In	of the Verbs in
Spilt	Which rhyme	Inn	INK.
Stilt	to the Plurals	Kinn	
Built	of the Nouns,	Pin	IND.
Tilt	and Third Per-	Sin	Bind
	sons Present of	Shin	Blind
ILTH.	the Verbs of the	Skin	Find
Filth	preceding Ter	Spin	Hind
Tilth	mination.	Thin	Kind
		Twin	Grind
IM.	IMN.	Tin	Mind
Brim	Hymn	Win	Rind
Dim	Limn	Begin	Wind
Grim		Within	Behind
Him	Which may	Affassin	Unkind
Prim	be rhym'd to	Javelin	Remind
Rim	those in IM.	Magazin	
Skim			And the Par-
Slim	IMP.	INCE.	ticiples of the
Swim	Imp	Mince	Verbs in INE.
Trim	Limp	Prince	
Whim	Pimp	Quince	Rescind
Limb	Gimp	Rince	
IMB. See IM.	Shrimp	Since	Which rhymes
and IME.		Wince	to the Partici-
	IMPSE.	Convince	ples of the Verbs
Chime	Glimpse	Evince	in IN.
Clime			
Climb	Which rhymes	INCH.	INE.
Crime	to the Plurals	Clinch	Brine
Lime	of the Nouns,	Flinch	Chine
Prime	and Third Per-	Inch	Dine
Mime	son Present of	Pinch	Fine

Line	These Poly-Drink	Tip
Mine	syllables in Ink	Trip
Nine	INE are often Link	Whip
Pine	rhy'm'd to those Pink	Atrip
Shine	in IN. Shrink	Equip
Shrine	Sink	Eldership
Swine	Sign Slink	Fellowship
Kine	Assign Stink	Workmanship
Thine	Consign Think	Rivalship
Trine	Design Wink	
Twine	Resign Bethink	IPE.
Vine	Forethink	
Whine	ING.	Gripe
Wine	Bring INT.	Pipe
Combine	Cling Dint	Ripe
Confine	Fling Flint	Snipe
Decline	King Hint	Type
Define	Ling Lint	Tripe
Divine	Ring Mint	Stripe
Incline	Sing Print	Wipe
Inshrine	Sling Squint	Archetype
Entwine	Spring Stint	Prototype
Opine	Sting Asquint	
Calcine	String Imprint	IPSE.
Recline	Swing	Eclipse
Refine	Wing IP.	And the Plu-
Repine	Wring	ral of the Nouns
Supine	Thing	and Third Per-
Undermine		son of the Verbs
Countermince	INGE.	in IP.
Interline	Cringe	
Superfine	Fringe	IR. See UR.
	Hinge	IRCH.
Concubine	Singe	See
Discipline	Springe	URCH.
Feminine	Swinge	IRD. v. URD.
Libertine	Twinge	
Masculine	Infringe	IRE.
Magazine		Gire
Origine	INK.	Dire
Porcupine	Blink	Fire
Serpentine	Brink	Ire
Heroine	Chink	Lyre
	Clink	Mire
		Quire

Quire	Skirt	Crisp	Flit
Sire		Lisp	Grit
Spire	IRTH.	Wisp	Hit
Squire	Birth		Rit
Hire	Mirth	IST.	Knit
Wire	Girth	Fist	Nit
Tire		Grist	Pit
Attire	See EARTH.	List	Quit
Acquire		Mist	Sit
Admire	IS and ISS.	Twist	Slit
Aspire	Bliss	Whist	Smit
Conspire	Hiss	Wist	Spit
Desire	His	Wrist	Split
Enquire	Is	Assist	Tit
Intire	Kiss	Consult	Twit
Expire	Miss	Defist	Whit
Inspire	This	Exist	Wit
Require	Abyss	Insist	Writ
Retire	Amis	Persist	Admit
Transpire	Submis	Subsist	Acquit
	Dismiss	Alchymist	Commit
Nigher	Remis	Amethyft	Emit
Higher	Whizz	Anatomist	Omit
Brier		Antagonist	Outwit
Choire	ISE. v. ICE.	Annalist	Permit
Fryar	and IZE.	Antichrist	Remit
		Evangelist	Submit
IRGE. v. ERGE	ISH.	Eucharist	Transmit
	Dish	Exorcist	Refit
IRL.	Fish	Herbalist	Benefit
Girl	Wish	Humourist	Perquisit
Whirl	Cuish	Oculist	
Twirl	Pish	Organist	ITCH.
		Satirist	Bitch
IRM.	ISK.		Ditch
Firm	Brisk	And the Par-	Flitch
Affirm	Frisk	ticiples of the	Hitch
Confirm	Risk	Verbs in ISS.	Itch
Infirm	Whisk		Pitch
	Disk	IT.	Stitch
IRST. v. URST.	Bafilisk	Bit	Switch
IRT. v. URT.	Tamarisk	Cit	Twitch
		Chit	Witch
Girt	ISP.	Fit	Bewitch

Nich
Which
Rich
Enrich

Expedite
Blight
Benight

Tithe
Writhe
Lithe

Donative
Inquisitive
Lenitive
Negative

ITE.

Bright
Fight

IVE.

Perspective
Positive
Preparative
Provocative
Purgative
Restorative

Bite
Blite
Cite
Kite
Mite
Quite
Rite
Site
Smite
Spite
Trite
White
Write
Contrite
Disunite
Despite
Endite
Invite
Excite
Incite
Polite
Requite
Recite
Unite
Reunite
Aconite
Appetite
Favourite
Hypocrite
Infinite
Parasite
Profelyte
Requisite
Apposite
Opposite
Exquisite

Flight
Fright
Hight
Height
Knight
Light
Might
Night
Plight
Right
Tight
Sight
Slight
Spight
Spright
Wight
Wright
Affright
Alight
Aright
Foresight
Delight
Despight
Unfight
Upright
Bedight
Overfight

Five
Gyve
Give
Hive
Dive
Drive
Rive
Shrive
Swive
Strive
Thrive
Wive
Arrive
Connive
Contrive
Deprive
Derive
Alive
Revive
Survive

IX.

Six
Fix
Flix
Mix
Affix
Infix
Prefix
Transfix
Intermix
Crucifix

And the Plu-
ral of the Nouns
and 3d Person
Present of the
Verbs in ICK.

IXT.

Betwixt
which rhymes
to the Partici-
ples of the pre-
ceding Termini-
nation.

ITH.

Frith
Pith
Smith
With

Prerogative
Primitive
Sensitive
Vegetive
Affirmative
Alternative
Contemplative
Demonstrative
Diminutive
Distributive

ISE and IZE.

Prise
Rise
Size
Wife
Guise

ITHE.

Hithe
Blithe
Scythe

P

Disguise

Disguise	Despise	Revise	
Advise	Devise	Signalize	And the Plu-
Authorize	Enterprize	Solemnize	ral of the Nouns
Canonize	Excise	Surprise	and 3d Person
Chastise	Exercise	Suffice	Present of the
Civilize	Idolize	Surmise	Verbs in IE and
Comprize	Immortalize	Sympathize	Y. See also ICE.
Criticise	Premise	Tyrannize	

O. See OO.	Rob	Stock	Shrewd
and OW.	Sob		
	Throb	OCT.	Goad
OACH.	Daub	Concoct	Load
Broach	Bedaub	which rhymes	Road
Coach		to the Parti-	Toad
Poach	OBE.	ciples of the	Wood
Roach	Globe	Verbs in OCK.	
Abroach	Lobe		OE. See OW.
Approach	Probe	OD.	
Incroach	Robe	Cod	OFF.
Reproach	Conglobe	Clod	Scoff
Debauch		God	Off
	OCE. v. OSE.	Hod	
OAD. v. AUD.		Nod	Cough
and ODE.	OCK.	Plod	Trough
OAF. v. OFF.	Block	Odd	
OAK. v. OKE.	Brock	Rod	OFT.
OAL. v. OLE.	Chock	Shod	Of
OAM. v. OME.	Clock	Sod	Croft
OAN. v. ONE.	Crock	Trod	Soft
OAP. v. OPE.	Cock	ODE.	Loft
OAR. v. ORE.	Dock	Bode	Aloft
OARD. v. ORD.	Frock	Code	
OAST. v. OST.	Flock	Mode	And the Par-
OAT. v. OTE.	Hock	Ode	ticiples of the
OATH. v. OTH.	Knock	Rode	Verbs in OFE.
	Lock	Strode	
OB.	Mock	Abode	OG.
Bob	Pock	Corrode	Eog
Fob	Rock	Explode	Cog
Job	Sock	Forebode	Clog
Knob	Shock	Incommode	Dog
Mob	Smock	Episode	Flog

Fog	Toil	OIT.	ticsples of the
Frog	De poil	Coit	Verbs in OLE.
Hog	Imbroil	Exploit	OLE.
Jog	Recoil	OKE.	Bole
Log	Turmoil	Broke	Dole
Prog	Disembroil	Choke	Jole
Agog	OIN.	Poke	Hole
	Coin	Smoke	Mole
OGUE.	Groin	Spoke	Pole
Rogue	Join	Stroke	Sole
Vogue	Loin	Yoke	Stole
Disembogue	Adjoin	Bespoke	Whole
Prorogue	Conjoin	Invoke	Shole
Collogue	Disjoin	Provoke	Cajole
	Injoin	Revoke	Condole
Dialogue	Parloin	Choak	Parole
Epilogue	Rejoin	Cloak	Patrole
Synagogue	Subjoin	Oak	Pistole
Catalogue	OINT.	Soak	Coal
Pedagogue	Joint	Stroke	Foal
The last rhyme	Oint	OL.	Soal
also to the	Point	Loll	Shoal
Words of the	Anoint	Extol	Goal
foregoing Ter-	Appoint	Capitol	Soul
mination.	Disappoint	OLD.	Bowl
OICE.	Disjoint	Bold	Droll
Choice	Counterpoint	Cold	Prowl
Voice	OISE.	Fold	Roll
Rejoyce	Noise	Gold	Scroll
OID.	Poise	Hold	Stroll
Void	Counterpoise	Mold	Toll
Avoid	And the Plu.	Old	Troll
And the Par-	ral of the	Nouns	Controll
ticsples of the	and Third Per-	Sold	Enroll
Verbs in OY.	son present of	Told	OLN.
OIL.	the Verbs in	Behold	Stoln
Boil	OY.	Infold	Swoln
Broil	OIST.	Unfold	OLT.
Coil	Foist	Uphold	Bolt
Foil	Hoist	With-hold	Colt
Moil	Joist	Foreto'd	Holt
Oil	Moist	Manifold	Dolt
Soil	Rejoyc'd	Marygold	Molt
Spoil		And the Par-	Jolt

Revolt	OND.	Disown	You
Thunderbolt	Bond	O'erthrown	OOD.
OLVE.	Fond	ONG.	Brood
Solve	Pond	Long	Food
Absolve	Beyond	Prong	Mood
Convolve	Abseond	Song	Rood
Involve	Correspond	Strong	Good
Devolve	Despond	Throng	Stood
Dissolve	Vagabond	Wrong	Hood
Revolve	Diamond	Along	Wood
	ONE.	Among	Withstood
OM. v. UM.	Bone	Belong	Understood
OME.	Cone	Prolong	Brotherhood
Dome	Done		Livelihood
Lome	Drone	ONCE.	Likelihood
Home	Crone	See	Neighbourhood
Tome	Jone	UNCE.	Widowhood
Come	Hone	ONGUE.	And the Par-
	Prone	See	ticiples of the
Foam	None	UNG.	Verbs in OO.
Roam	One		
Comb	Stone	ONK. v. UNK.	Wou'd
	Shore	ONSE.	Cou'd
OMB. v. OOM.	Tone	Sconse	Shou'd
OMPT.	Lone	Esconse	COF.
v. QUNT.	Throne	Ascaunse	Hoof
ON. See UN.	Zone	ONT.	Proof
On	Alone	Font	Roof
Con	Attone	Front	Weof
Don	Enthroned	Affront	Allof
Anon	Dethrone	Confront	Disproof
Upon	Postpone		Reproof
Yon	Groan	Want	Behoof
Gone	Loan		OOK.
Undergone	Moan	OO.	Book
Amazon		Coo	Brook
Cinnamon	Own	Shoo	Cook
Comparison	Grown	Too	Crook
Caparison	Shown	Woo	Hook
Garrison	Sown	Do	Rook
Skeleton	Blown	Ado	Shook
Union	Known	Undo	Took
Juppon	Flown	Who	Mistook
	Thown	Thro'	Undertook
			Forfook

Forsook	Loop	OOZE.	Moap
Betook	Poop	Ooze	Soap
OOOL.	Soop	Nooze	OPT.
Cool	Scoop	Whose	Adopt
Fool	Stoop	Choose	And the Par-
Pool	Troop	Lose	ticiples of the
School	Whoop	Use	Verbs in OP.
Stool	Droop	OP.	OR.
Tool	Swoop	Chop	Abhor
Befool		Drop	Metaphor
And to the Par-	OOR.	Crop	Creditor
ticiples of these	Boor	Fop	Counsellor
rhyme	Door	Hop	Confessor
Would	Poor	Lop	Competitor
Could	Floor	Mop	Emperor
Should	Moor	Pop	Ancestor
OOM.	Tour	Prop	Progenitor
Bloom	Your	Shop	Conspirator
Broom	Amour	Slop	Orator
Doom	Paramour	Sop	Senator
Gloom		Stop	Successor
Groom	OOSE.	Swop	Conqueror
Loom	Goose	Top	Governor
Room	Loose	Underprop	Ambassador
Spoorn		OPE.	ORCH.
Whom	OOT.	Cope	Scorch
	Boot	Grope	Torch
Bomb	Coot	Hope	Porch
Tomb	Root	Mope	ORCE.
Womb	Foot	Pope	Force
Entomb	Shoot	Rope	Corse
OON.	Soot	Scope	Divorce
Boon	Hoot	Slope	Inforce
Moon		Ope	Perforce
Noon	OOTH.	Tope	
Soon	Booth	Trope	Source
Spoon	Sooth	Aslope	Resource
Swoon	Smooth	Elope	Course
Buffoon		Interlope	Discourse
Lampoon	Tooth	Telescope	Reccurse
Poltroon	Youth	Heliotrope	Intercourse
OOP.	Truth	Horoscope	
Coop	Uncooth	Antelope	Coarse
Hoop			Hoarse

ORD.	Restore	Multiform	Retort
Cord	Forbore		Snort
Lord	Forswore	Worm	Fort
Ford	Heretofore		Port
Sword	Hellebore	ORN. See ARM.	Sport
Word	Sycamore	Born	Comport
Accord		Corn	Disport
Record	Boar	Horn	Effort
Abhor'd	Goar	Morn	Export
	Hoar	Scorn	Import
Hoard	Oar	Thorn	Report
Afford	Roar	Adorn	Support
Board	Soar	Suborn	Transport
Aboard	Four	Unicorn	
And the Par-	ORGE.	Capricorn	Court
ticiples of the	Forge		ORTH.
Verbs in ORE.	Gorge	Shorn	Forth
ORE.	Disgorge	Sworn	Fourth
Bore	Regorge	Borne	North
Core	ORK.	Torn	Worth
Gore	Cork	Worn	OSE.
Lore	Ork	Forborn	Close
More	Fork	Forlorn	Dose
O'er	Stork	Forsworn	Jocose
Ore	Pork	Overborn	Morose
	Work		
Frore	ORLD.	Mourn	Gross
Pore	World		Engross
Score	And the Par-	ORSE.v.	ORCE
Shore	ticiples of the	Horse	OSE, or OZE.
Snore	Verbs in URL.	Worse	Close
Sore		Unhorse	Chose
Store	ORM. See ARM.	Endorse	Doze
Swore	Form	Remorse	Glose
Tore	Storm		Froze
Wore	Conform	ORST.v.	URST.
Whore	Deform	ORT. See ART.	Nose
Yore	Inform	Short	Pose
Adore	Perform	Sort	Prose
Afore	Reform	Consort	Those
Ashore	Misinform	Distort	Rose
Deplore	Transform	Exhort	Whose
Explore	Uniform	Extort	Compose
Implore		Resort	Depose
			Disclose

Disclose	Holocaust	Scotch	Oath
Dispose			Loath
Discompose	Ghost	Watch	Cloath
Expose	Host	OTE.	Growth
Impose	Most	Cote	
Inclose	Post	Note	OU. See OO, and OW.
Interpose	Rost	Lote	OUBT. v. OUT.
Oppose		Mote	
Propose	Coast	Quote	
Recompose	Boast	Rote	OUCH.
Repose	Toast	Vote	Couch
Suppose	OT-Sec. AT.	Smote	Crouch
Transpose	Clot	Wrote	Pouch
Arose	Cot	Denote	Slouch
Appose	Dot	Promote	Vouch
Presuppose	Got	Remote	Touch
Foreclose	Hot	Devote	Avouch
And the Plu-Jot		Antidote	LOUD.
ral of the Lot			Cloud
Nouns and Knot		Bloat	Crowd
Third Person Not		Boat	Loud
Present of the Plot		Coat	Proud
Verbs of the Pot		Doat	Shroud
Termination. Scot		Float	Aloud
OW.	Shot	Gloat	O'ercloud
OSS.	Sot	Goat	And the Par-
Bofs	Spot	Moat	ticiples of fe-
Cross	Trot	Oat	veral of the
Dross	Rot	O'erfloat	Verbs in OW.
Gloss	Blot	Afloat	OVE.
Loss	Grot	Throat	Clove
Moss	Wot	OTH.	Grove
Toss	Begot	Broth	Rove
Across	Forgot	Cloth	Stove
Imboss	Allot	Froth	Strove
OST.	Besot	Moth	Throve
Cost	Complot	Troth	Drove
Frost	Abricot	Betroth	Wove
Lost	Counterplot	Wrath	Devove
Toft	OTCH.	Wroth	Alcove
Accost	Blotch		Inwove
Imboss'd	Botch	Both	Interwove
Exhaust	Crotch	Loth	
	Notch	Sloth	Dove

Glove	OULD.	OUNT.	the Nouns and
Shove	Mould	Count	3d Person pre-
Love	And the Par-	Fount	sent of the Verbs
Above	ticiples of the	Mount	in OUR; and
	Verbs in OWL.	Amount	YOURS,
Move	OUNCE.	Dismount	which rhymes
Prove	Bounce	Remount	in like manner
Approve	Flounce	Surmount	to the Termi-
Behove	Pounce	Account	nation OOR.
Disapprove	Ounce	Accompt	
Disprove	Trounce	Discount	OURSE.
Improve	Denounce	Miscount	See
Remove	Pronounce		ORCE.
Reprove	Renounce	OUP. v. OOP.	
	OUND.		OURT. v. ORT.
OUGH. v. OF.	Bound	OUR.	OURTH.
OW, and UFF.	Found.	Four	See
	Ground	Flour	ORTH.
UGHT.	Hound	Hour	OUS. See US.
Bought	Mound	Our	
Brought	Pound	Scour	OUSE.
Methought	Round	Lour	House
Forethought	Sound	Pour	Louse
Fought	Wound	Sour	Mouse
Nought	Abound	Tour	Chowse
Drought	Aground	Deflour	Sowse
Ought	Around	Devour	OUT.
Sought	Confound	Cow'r	Bout
Thought	Compound	Bow'r	Rout
Wrought	Expound	Flow'r	Clout
Befought	Profound	Pow'r	Flout
Bethought	Rebound	Show'r	Out
	Redound	Tow'r	Prout
Caught	Resound		Grout
Fraught	Surround	OURGE.	Gout
Naught	Renown'd	See	Rout
Taught	And the Par-	URGE.	Scout
Draught	ticiples of some	OURN. v. ORN.	Shout
Yacht	of the Verbs in	and URN.	Snout
	OWN.	OURS.	Spout
OUL. v. OLE.		Ours	Sprout
and OWL.	OUNG. v. UNG.	which rhymes	Trout
		to the Plurals of	Stout
			Devout
			Without

Without	O'erflow	Vow	<i>OWT.</i>
Throughout	O'erthrow	Avow	See <i>OUT.</i>
Glowt	Reflow	Allow	<i>OWZE.</i>
Lowt		Disallow	Blowze
Powt	Sew		Browze
Doubt	Shew	Thou	Carowze
Redoubt	Strew	Bough	Owze
Mildoubt	Beshrew	Plough	Rowze
Drought	Foreshew	Slough	Towze
<i>OUTH.</i>			Spouse
Mouth	Do	<i>OWL. v. OLE.</i>	Esponse
South	Fro'	Bowl	And the Plu-
	Oh	Cowl	ral of the
See <i>OOTH,</i>	So	Fowl	Nouns and 3d
and <i>OTH.</i>	Lo	Howl	Person Present
<i>OW.</i>	No	Growl	of the Verbs in
Crow	Tho'	Owl	<i>OW.</i>
Blow	Ho	Prowl	<i>OX.</i>
Bow	Go	Fout	Box
Flow	Lo!	Scoul	Fox
Trow	Wo!		Ox
Glow	Who	<i>OWN. v. ONE.</i>	Pox
Grow	Ago	Blown	Equinox
Know	Forego	Brown	Orthodox
Low	Undergo	Clown	Heterodox
Mow		Crown	And the Plu-
Ow	Foe	Own	ral of the
Row	Doe	Sown	Nouns and 3d
Show	Roe	Down	Person Present
Sow	Sloe	Drown	of the Verbs of
Stow	Toe	Flown	<i>OCK.</i>
Slow	Dough	Frown	<i>OY.</i>
Strow	Hough	Town	Boy
Snow	Plough	Thrown	Buoy
Throw		Gown	Coy
Tow	Bow	Grown	Cloy
Trow	Cow	Adown	Joy
Ailow	Brow	Renown	Toy
Below	Now	Imbrown	Alloy
Bestow	Prow		Annoy
Foreknow	How	<i>OWSE.</i>	Convoy
Outgrow	Mow	See	Decoy
O'ergrow	Plow	<i>OUSE</i>	Destroy
O'erflow	Sow		Employ

Enjoy

Enjoy

OZE. v. OSE.

UB.	UCH. v. UYCH.	Conclude	Drudge
Club		Delude	Grudge
Cub	UCK.	Elude	Judge
Chub	Buck	Exclude	Snudge
Dub	Chuck	Include	Trudge
Drub	Cluck	Intrude	Adjudge
Grub	Duck	Obtrude	Prejudge
Rub	Luck	Prelude	
Snub	Muck	Seclude	UE. See EW.
Shrub	Pluck	Altitude	
Stub	Suck	Fortitude	UFF.
Tub	Struck	Gratitude	Buff
	Truck	Interlude	Cuff
UBE.	Tuck	Latitude	Chuff
Cube		Longitude	Bluff
Tube	UCT.	Magnitude	Huff
	Conduct	Multitude	Gruff
UCE.	Deduct	Solitude	Luff
Luce	Instruct	Vicissitude	Muff
Pruce	Obstruct	Aptitude	Puff
Sluce	Aqueduct	Habitude	Snuff
Spruce	And the Par-	Ingratitude	Stuff
Truce	ticiples of the	Ineptitude	Ruff
Conduce	Verbs in UCK.	Inquietude	Rebuff
Deduce		Lassitude	Counterbuff
Induce	UD.	Plenitude	Rough
Introduce	Bud	Promptitude	Tough
Produce	Cud	Servitude	Enough
Reduce	Scud	Similitude	Slough
Seduce	Spud	Solicitude	
Traduce	Stud		UFT.
Juice	Mud	Leud	Tuft
Use		Feud	And the Par-
Abstruse	Flood		ticiples of the
Abuse	Blood	And the Par-	Verbs in UFF.
Disuse		ticiples of the	
Excuse	UDE.	Termination	UG.
Misuse	Crude	EW.	Bug
Obtuse	Prude		Drug
Profuse	Rude	UDGE.	Dug
Recluse	Allude	Budge	Hug

Jug

Jug	Sorrowful	Indult	UME.
Lug	Dutiful	Insult	Fume
Pug	Merciful	Occult	Plume
Rug	Wonderful	Result	Spume
Shrug	Worshipful	Difficult	Assume
Slug		UM.	Consume
Mug	ULE.	Chum	Perfume
Snug	Mule	Crum	Resume
Tug	Rule	Drum	Deplume
	Ridicule	Glum	Presume
UICE. v. USE.	Misrule	Grum	Rheum
UIDE. v. IDE.	Over-rule	Gum	
UILD. v. ILD.		Hum	UMP.
UILE. v. ILE.	ULGE.	Mum	Bump
UILT. v. ILT.	Bulge	Scum	Crumpp
UINT. v. INT.	Indulge	Plum	Dump
UISE. v. ISE.	Divulge	Rum	Jump
and USE.		Stum	Lump
UIE. v. IE.	ULK.	Summ	Mump
	Bulk	Swum	Plump
UKE.	Hulk	Thrum	Pump
Duke	Sculk	Numn	Rump
Rebuke		Benumn	Stump
Puke	ULP.	From	Thump
	Gulp	Whom	Trump
UL. v. ULL.	Pulp		
Cull	Sculp	Come	UN.
Dull		Become	Bun
Gull	ULSE.	Overcome	Dun
Hull	Pulse		Gun
Lull	Impulse	Burthenfome	Nun
Mull	Expulse	Christendom	Pun
Null	Convulse	Cumberfom	Run
Trull	Repulse	Frolickfom	Shun
Scull	And the Plu-	Humourfom	Sun
Annul	ral of the	Quarrellfom	Stun
Disannul	Nouns, and 3d	Troublefome	Tun
	Person Present	Martyrdom	Spun
	of the Verbs in	Hecatomb	Begun
	ULL.	UMB.	
Bull	ULT.	Dumb	Son
Full	Adult	Thumb	Won
Pull	Consult	Succumb	One
Wool	Exult		Done
Bountiful			Undone
Fanciful			

Undone	Expunge	Demur	Procure
UNCE.		Incur	Secure
Dunce	UNK.	Firr	Adjure
Ounce	Drunk	Sir	Calenture
UNCH	Funk	Stir	Coverture
Bunch	Punk	Bestir	Epicure
Hunch	Slunk		Investiture
Punch	Shrunk	URB.	Forfeiture
Lunch	Stunk	Curb	Furniture
Munch	Sunk	Disturb	Miniature
UND.	Trunk		Nouriture
Fund	Monk	URCH.	Overture
And the Par-	UNT.	Church	Portraiture
ticiples of the	Brunt	Lurch	Primogeniture
Verbs in UN.	Blunt	Birch	Sculpture
UNE.	Hunt		Temp'rature
June	Runt	URD.	
Prune	Grunt	Curd	URF.
Tune	Sprunt	Absurd	Turf
Importune	Wont	Bird	Scurf
Jeune		Word	Turve
Untune	UP.	And the Par-	
UNG.	Cup	ticiples of the	URGE.
Bung	Sup	Verbs in UR.	Purge
Clung	Up		Surge
Dung		URE.	Urge
Flung	UPT.	Cure	Scourge
Hung	Abrupt	Dure	Spurge
Rung	Corrupt	Lure	
Strung	Interrupt	Pure	URK.
Sung	And the Par-	Sure	Lurk
Sprung	ticiples of the	Abjure	Work
Slung	Verbs in UP.	Allure	
Stung		Affure	URL.
Lung	UR.	Demure	See
Swung	Blur	Conjure	IRL.
Wrung	Bur	Endure	Churl
Unfung	Cur	Enure	Curl
Young	Furr	Insure	Furl
Tongue	Pur	Immature	Hurl
UNGE.	Slur	Immure	Purl
Plunge	Spur	Manure	Uncurl
Spunge	Concur	Mature	Unfurl
		Obscure	

URN.

Burn
Churn
Spurn
Turn
Urn
Return
Overturn
Aturn
Sojourn
Adjourn
Rejourn

URSE.

Curse
Burse
Nurse
Purse
Accurse
Disburse
Imburse
Re-imburse
Worse

URST.

Curst
Burst
Durst
Worst
First
Thirst
Athirst
Accurst

URT.

Blurt
Flurt
Hurt
Spurt
Dirt
Girt
Skirt
Squirt
Shirt

US or US3.

Buss
Thus
Incubus
Puss
Trust
Overplus
Us
Disgust
Amorous
Boisterous
Clamorous
Credulous
Dangerous
Degenerous
Emulous
Fabulous
Frisolous
Generous
Hazardous
Idolatrours
Infamous
Miraculous
Mischievous
Mountainous
Mutinous
Necessitous
Numerous
Ominous
Perilous
Poisonous
Populous
Prosperous
Ridiculous
Riotous
Ruinous
Scandalous
Scrupulous
Scurrilous
Sedulous
Traiterous
Treacheraus
Tyrannous
Venomous

Vigorous
Villanous
Adventurous
Adu'terous
Ambiguous
Blasphemous
Dolorous
Fortuitous
Gluttonous
Gratuitous
Incredulous
Leacherous
Libidinous
Magnanimous
Obstreperous
Odoriferous
Ponderous
Ravenous
Rigorous
Slanderous
Solicitous
Timorous
Valorous
Unanimous
Calamitous

and Third Per-
son Present of
the Verbs in
EW.

USH.

Blush
Brush
Crush
Hush
Gush
Flush
Plush
Rush
Bush
Push
Thrush

USK.

Busk
Dusk
Husk
Musk
Rusk
Tusk

USE.

Chuse
Muse
Use
Abuse
Accuse
Amuse
Diffuse
Excuse
Infuse
Misuse
Peruse
Refuse
Suffuse
Transfuse
Bruise

UST.

Bust
Crust
Dust
Gust
Just
Must
Lust
Rust
Thrust
Trust
Aduft
Adjust
Disgust
Distrust
Intrust

And the Plu-Mistruft
ral of the Nouns Robuft

Unjust	Englut	Compute	Prostitute
Joust	Abut	Confute	Resolute
And the Par-		Depute	Substitute
ticiples of the	UTCH.	Dilute	
Verbs in USS	Hutch	Dispute	Fruit
	Clutch	Impute	Suit
But	Crutch	Pollute	Recruit
Cut		Refute	
Glut	Much	Repute	UX.
Gut	Such	Salute	Flux
Hut	Tuch	Absolute	Reflux
Jut	Retouch	Attribute	And the Plu-
Nut		Constitute	ral of the Nouns
Put	UTE.	Destitute	and Third Per-
Shut	Brute	Dissolute	son Present of
Strut	Flute	Execute	the Verbs in
Rut	Lute	Institute	UCK.
Scut	Mute	Irresolute	
Slut	Sute	Persecute	UZE. v. USE.
Smut	Acute	Prosecute	Y. See IE.

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